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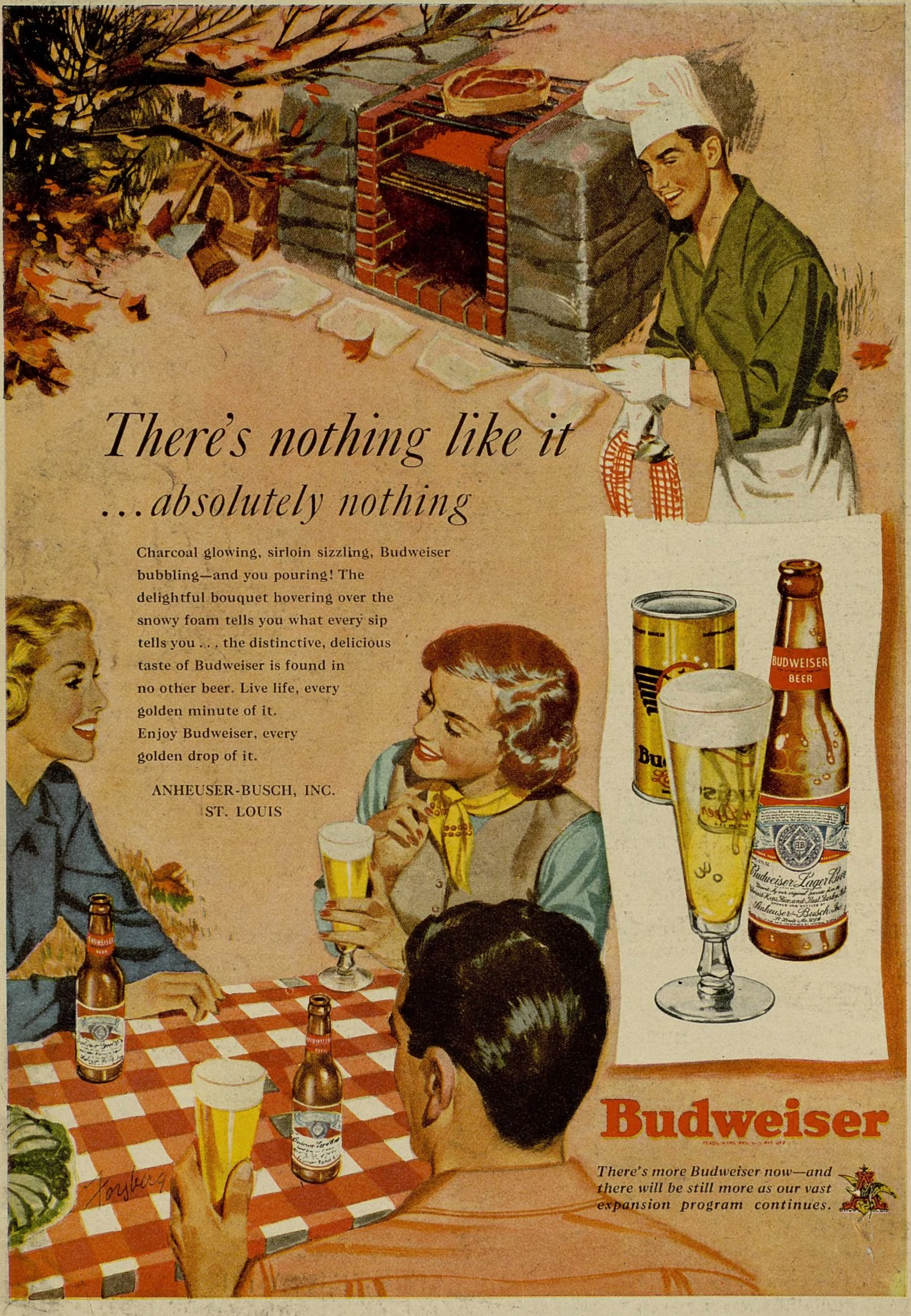
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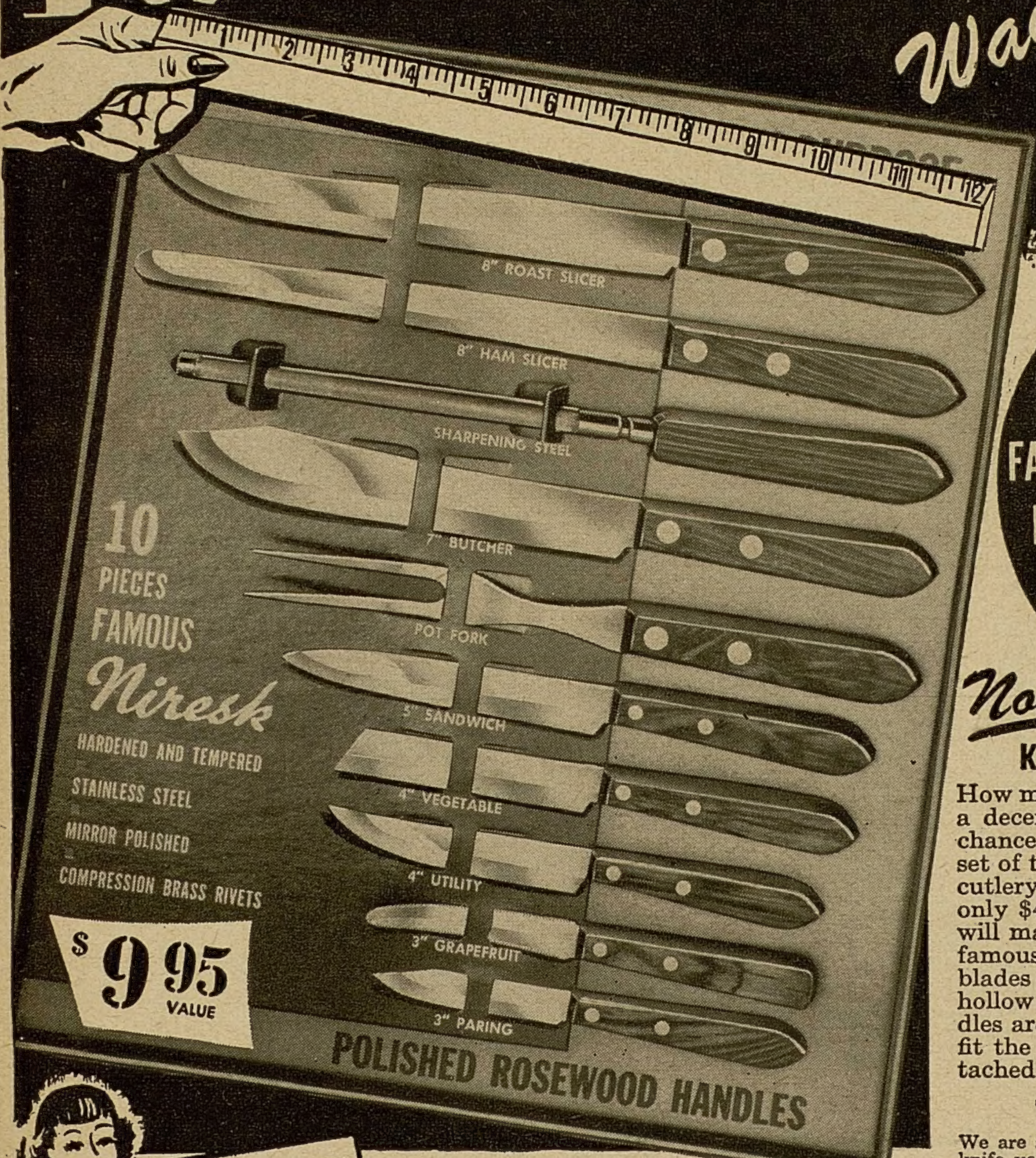

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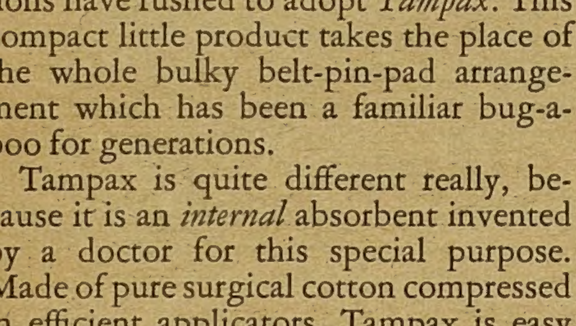
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Liberty

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

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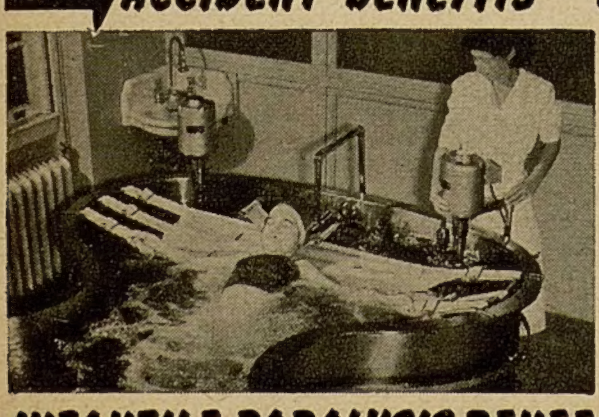

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Liberty WASHINGTON

By STACY V. JONES

JOBS IN UNIFORM That young friend of yours who is looking for a permanent job may find it in one of the armed services—Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard. A recruit gets his food, quarters, uniforms, and medical and dental care all free, plus his pay. Furthermore, he has 30 days' leave a year, and can't be laid off.

If he hasn't finished high school, a man can get his diploma, and even college credits, from many institutions through correspondence courses provided at little or no cost. Training in the trade and technical schools maintained by all the services should help in related civilian occupations after discharge. And if he stays in and applies himself, a man has the prospect of steady promotions to high noncommissioned rank, with retirement pay for life after 20 years. He also has a chance at a commission, of course.

Pay, as fixed by Congress, is uniform in the services, except that there's an extra 50 per cent for flying or submarine duty. Anybody serving at sea or overseas gets an added 20 per cent, and a man is upped 5 per cent every three years. A recruit's pay, at this writing, is $75 a month, subject to increase in the pending pay bill.

Recruiting officers stress different enticements. The Navy offers travel and adventure, the Marines prestige, the Air Force the glamor of flight. The Army gives a wide choice of combat and supply branches—infantry, armored, artillery, engineers, signal, ordnance, quartermaster, medical, chemical, transportation, and so on. The Coast Guard, founded 1790, is now in the Treasury, but goes Navy in wartime.

Age and physical requirements vary somewhat. All the services want men to enlist for three years or more, but the Army, Navy, and Marines take a few for shorter periods if they agree to stay several years in the reserves.

Women, too, are being enlisted in the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines, but not in the Coast Guard.

Ask the sergeant or chief at the recruiting station for illustrated pamphlets. There are special regulations covering aviation cadets. An elaborate Occupational Handbook describing Navy jobs and 4,000 related civilian occupations is on file at schools, colleges, libraries, and state employment offices.

HOME WALKIE-TALKIES You can now get a license to operate a "citizen's radiotelephone" or portable hand set between your house and car, but the question is whether you can get the equipment. As this is written, only two makers have received approval for sets and they haven't any ready for sale.

The Federal Communications Commission, which issues the licenses, expects great popular interest when the business gets started, both for novelty and utility. Only practical operation will prove what the citizens' radios can do, but the range in the country is expected to be as great as seven miles, and—if operation is from a height—about as far as you can see. Among steel buildings in a city the range might be only two blocks.

Some of the expected uses are house to barn, foreman to construction crew, office to doctor, hospital to ambulance, shop to delivery truck, private plane to home, and parade grand marshal to leader of the Boy Scout contingent.

Send the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C., a nickel for FCC Part 19: Rules and Regulations Governing the Citizens Radio Service. Then you can get a citizen's radio station license application from the Secretary, FCC, Washington 25, D. C., or from one of the 32 field offices in principal cities. Licenses are issued only to citizens 18 or older, and are good for five years.

You have a choice of finding a set on the market or making one that conforms to the rules. It takes a pretty good radio engineer now to build his own or convert an old military walkie-talkie.

COINS For your information, no copper cents were struck in 1943, notwithstanding rumors that have spread throughout the United States and Canada. That was the year the government minted those troublesome zinc-coated steel cents which are so easy to confuse with dimes in a poor light. The Bureau of the Mint has received a flood of inquiries about the 1943 coppers, many reporting radio-station offers of a new car for one.

You can get new coins through your bank as they are released by

(*Continued on page 11*)

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The police warn Mason to stay off the case. And when Perry refuses, his assistant, Della Street, is indicted for hiding a witness and PERRY IS HELD AS HER ACCESSORY! Even though things look bad—Perry declines to call a single defense witness. Instead he whispers a few words to the jury—and RESTS HIS CASE! *What were those few words that broke the mystery?*

3 THE CASE OF THE HAUNTED HUSBAND

IMAGINE YOU are a beautiful blonde thumbing your way to Hollywood. You hitch a ride with a stranger. Then, BANG!—you "black out" in a crash. Next thing you know, you're lifted from BEHIND the wheel—and *charged with manslaughter*. And the driver has disappeared! You're a "dead duck" unless Mason can catch up with the driver. He does, too — only to find him sprawled across a hotel bed—MURDERED! Then Perry finds ANOTHER CORPSE — in YOUR apartment!

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Liberty SHORT CUTS TO BETTER LIVING

EDITED BY NANETTE KUTNER

◆ Actress Fanny Brice's hobby is interior decorating; her fee only that her clients allow her to be sole boss; and her favorite jobs the ones she can do as inexpensively as possible.

The apartment I saw was that of Marjorie Cantor (eldest of Eddie's famous five). And the Short Cut was indirect lighting over two tall bookcases. The light gently glowed from what appeared to be a pair of smart upturned lamps. "Wooden salad bowls, bought at the dime store," said Miss Brice. "They were fifty-nine cents apiece. Inside each I put a tin pie plate; the bulb sits safely on the plate, the wire going behind the case and into its wall connection. It cost three bucks."

CLOCK DIAL When the luminous dial on my alarm clock grows dim and unintelligible in the dark, I restore the brightness of the numerals by holding the dial of the clock close to a bright light bulb for a few minutes. Then it glows again for weeks.—*Zigmunt Trzcinski, Albuquerque, N. M.*

PAINTING In painting woodwork in an old house, I use a mixture of flour and paint to fill nail holes, etc. It dries quickly into a cement hardness, is inexpensive and convenient, also it has the added advantage of being the same color as the paint you are using. A tablespoon of flour with enough paint to moisten it will take care of imperfections in a room.—*Jean Dacken, Mineral Wells, Tex.*

STOCKING SEAMS To keep stocking seams straight, apply a small amount of glycerin to the seam.—*C. Hamilton, Georgetown, Ky.*

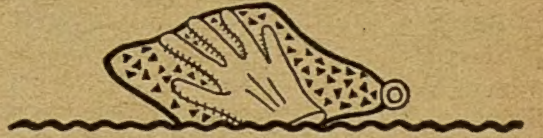
FOR A YOUNG PATIENT When my small son had an infection in his hand, and numerous soakings in a prescribed solution were ordered by our doctor, it was impossible to hold such an active youngster's hand still—until I hit upon this idea: I used two pans of the solution, placing sterilized marbles in one of them. So my child had a great time dropping those marbles from one pan to the other. Meantime his hand was kept soaked, and healed in record time.—*R. D. Bender, Polo, Ill.*

DOG TRAINING As a dog trainer I have successfully used this method to discourage a dog from lying upon a couch or bed or any other off-limits area. Place upon the forbidden spot five small snap-type mousetraps, cover with several layers of newspapers. The resulting racket as the traps go off under Fido's weight will convince him the region is taboo.—*George McGuire, Jr., Staten Island, N. Y.*

SAFE DRIVING I have been driving since 1915, when we used Prestolite for headlights and coal-oil lamps for taillights. I have learned to wear white gloves for night driving, as they make my hand signals visible to other drivers.—*Margaret Romer, San Diego, Calif.*

FOR SEWING When your apartment is too small for a regular table, try a piece of beaverboard, five feet by three. It makes an excellent cutting table for dressmaking. When not in use it can be stored in any small space. I slip mine under the living-room rug.—*Mrs. R. K. Hoffman, Bradenton, Fla.*

BURN PREVENTIVE To the back of my pot holder I stitch a discarded washable right-hand glove, fingers spread slightly apart. It prevents burns on the back of my hand, especially when I reach in a hot oven.—*Mrs. K. Van Landingham, Chattanooga, Tenn.*



ASH TRAYS On the porch, for ash-tray use, we fill jars with water or white sand. This prevents the ashes from flying. It is a fire preventive as well.—*Mrs. R. Morrison, Franklin, Ohio.*

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Liberty VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

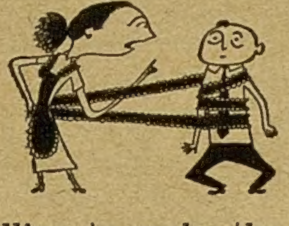
Will Some Cow Settle This?

New York, N. Y.—On page 7 of your August issue, question 7 asks, "How many quarts of average milk are needed to make one pound of butter?" The answer is given as "Ten quarts (9.77)." Since when is butter made from milk? Possibly what Mr. Haw. meant was that it takes *that* much milk to give the amount of cream to be churned into one pound of butter.—*Len Larkin.*

Apron-String Blues

New York, N. Y.—Thank you for publishing How to Sell Your Husband Success (August). It's too late to do me any good, but it may help others.

Years ago I had an opportunity to take a better job in Detroit. My wife's friends and relatives all live in and around New York and she was unwilling to make the change. The chance was offered to a fellow worker, who accepted and is now one of the top officers in the company.



I am still on the same job I held then, making only ten dollars more a week.—*J. J.*

Cross Word

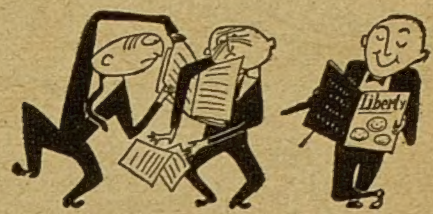
Dallas, Texas—Why do you put the Cockeyed Puzzle (which is the only interesting thing in your magazine) on the wrong side of the page? If you would put it on the opposite side of the page, it would be much easier to handle. Please do something about it.—*E. Hicks.*

Foundation Facts

New York, N. Y.—I wish to compliment you on your very timely and most interesting article on Polio, by Nanette Kutner (August). The Sister Kenny Foundation is the only infantile paralysis foundation to offer a specific treatment for the dread disease. The Unmodified Kenny Treatment is administered only at the Kenny Institutes, seven in all, located throughout the United States. It is administered only by Kenny doctors and Kenny-trained technicians. Further, the Kenny treatment is available to all victims of polio, regardless of race, color, creed, or ability to pay.—*Peter U. Gazzola, Sister Elizabeth Kenny Foundation, Inc.*

Right Number, This Time?

White River Junction, Vt.—I have been reading the August issue of Liberty. I believe I can supply the information that Robert Marks (Vox Pop) is looking for He has the right idea. There is not an ME-190. The MEs are as follows: ME-109, -110, -210, and -410. It is an FW-190. —*Ronald Cowen.*



So're You, Murray

San Francisco, Calif.—

L ots of people that
I know pull your
B ook to pieces, but not me.
E very time I
R ead it I feel like saying
T hanks, Liberty, for a swell
magazine.
Y ou're welcome!
—*Murray Chase.*

Anita, You Embarrass Us

Austin, Texas—I guess I shall see two Libertys instead of the usual one when I receive my next issue. Or am I really seeing double? I am referring to Thyra Samter Winslow's Technique (August). Her description of Zara Evans states she wore a single strand of pearls. I even looked at her reflection in the mirror. Still the same!

Please enlighten this bead on this string of confusion.—(*Mrs.*) *Anita A. Ledesma.*

Medical Mystery

Pueblo, Colo.—Just what sort of cut is Dr. Damewood treating the young lady for on page 16 of the August issue, that he puts the bandage *over* her nylons? She has nice legs, however, even if they are a bit bulgy.—*Mary Lou Jones.*

What'll He Do, Folks?

Boston, Mass.—Before I married her, my wife was the best cook in seven counties. I can still remember the chocolate cake she fed me one Sunday night when I was courting her. Before I went home she was engaged to me. Didn't have to be coaxed, either. She's stuck to me for 20 years and she's still the best cook cookin'. She sits me down every night to things like pot roast and gravy, with a lot of fixings, and some good sweet dessert. Do I eat it

(*Continued on page 12*)

Liberty WASHINGTON

Continued

the Federal Reserve System, but some of them move slowly into general circulation. The Benjamin Franklin half dollars, with the Liberty Bell on the reverse, the minting of which began last year, haven't yet reached all parts of the country. No silver dollars have been made since 1935, as most people prefer the folding kind.

From January 1 to March 31, 1950, you can get from the Treasurer of the United States a set containing two uncirculated specimens of each coin struck this year at each of the three mints—Philadelphia, Denver, and San Francisco. The number of coins (the maximum is 30), and therefore the cost, aren't yet known, but the price may be around six dollars, including the postage, if all coins are struck at all mints. Don't send money now, but next January ask the Treasurer for a circular giving details.

The Bureau of the Mint will send on request a popularly written mimeographed memorandum, Facts About United States Money, or a more technical study, also free, Coins and Currency of the United States. It will also supply a list of commemorative coins, but does not distribute the coins themselves. The Superintendent of Documents sells for 15 cents a 100-page booklet, Domestic Coin Manufactured by Mints of the United States. The address is Washington 25, D. C.

ORIENTALIA If you want to identify the maker of that Japanese sword your kid brother brought back from Tokyo, the Freer Gallery of Art may be able to help you. An inscription showing the artisan's name and the date is often engraved on the tang—the extension of the blade that runs up into the handle.

The gallery, which is a unit in the Smithsonian Institution, also tells many an owner of Oriental pottery, porcelain, or painting what he has. Last year 3,000 people brought in pieces or wrote about them. Don't try to copy inscriptions, however; send a photograph or (if it's raised) a careful pencil rubbing. One question the gallery can't answer is what a thing is worth; that depends on scarcity at a given time.

Like the other galleries and museums in the Smithsonian (not forgetting the zoo), the Freer Gallery is meant to be visited. Besides its exhibits of Far Eastern and Near Eastern art, it has a world-famous collection of Whistler paintings. Pending your visit, you can reach the Freer Gallery by mail at Washington 25, D. C.

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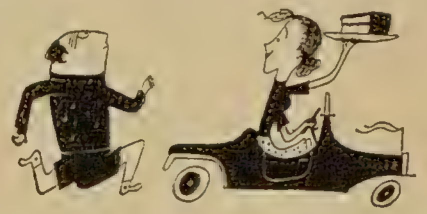
Liberty VOX POP

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 10*)

up! But when I fall asleep at the movies afterward, she tells me I'm getting to be an old man and she



makes fun of my waistline. Then, if I try to go on a diet she gets mad, because she just loves to cook. So what'll I do?—*Mel Grant.*

Here's Telling Her

DOWNEY, CALIF.—Mrs. Arthur W. White's letter (August Vox Pop) about the Grand Canyon being in Arizona is right enough, but does she know that it is generally spoken of as the Grand Canyon *of the Colorado*—meaning "of the Colorado River" which formed the canyon through countless ages? It has nothing to do with what state it flows through.—*Harry E. Morse.*

Why Stop There?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Clint Mosher's article, How San Francisco Sobers 'Em Up (July), draws attention to a problem that should well be the concern of many other cities. This article should be required reading by civic-minded leaders throughout the United States.—*Frank Reil.*

Talk About a Dog's Life!

WICHITA, KANS.—If I filled a pillowcase with all the ice cubes in the house to make our dog comfortable (Short Cut, August), I am afraid I would have to seek shelter elsewhere and so would our dog. That would be a short cut to starving, not better living. I also know a lady that has a heating pad which her dog sleeps on when the nights are chilly, and perhaps Robert Faiss should know about this as I am quite sure his dog needs this additional comfort.—*Mrs. Eva Collins.*

What the World Needs

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Congratulations on your book condensation, You Live After Death by Harold M. Sherman (July). My husband and I and many others have long believed in a similar concept of the after life.

It is encouraging that such ideas are being backed up by scientific experiments.—*Mrs. John P. Scott.*

VOL. 26, NO. 10. Liberty OCTOBER 1949

How the F. B. I. Investigates You

You'll probably never meet a G-man, but if you do, you'll find he isn't a member of the Gestapo or interested in any smear campaign

By STACY V. JONES

READING TIME 15 MINUTES Once a gangster accused F.B.I. special agents of holding him prisoner for three days in a New Orleans hotel room. All that time, he said, one agent stood behind him with a tommy gun aimed at his head, waiting for an automobile to backfire on the street outside so as to cover the sound of a shot.

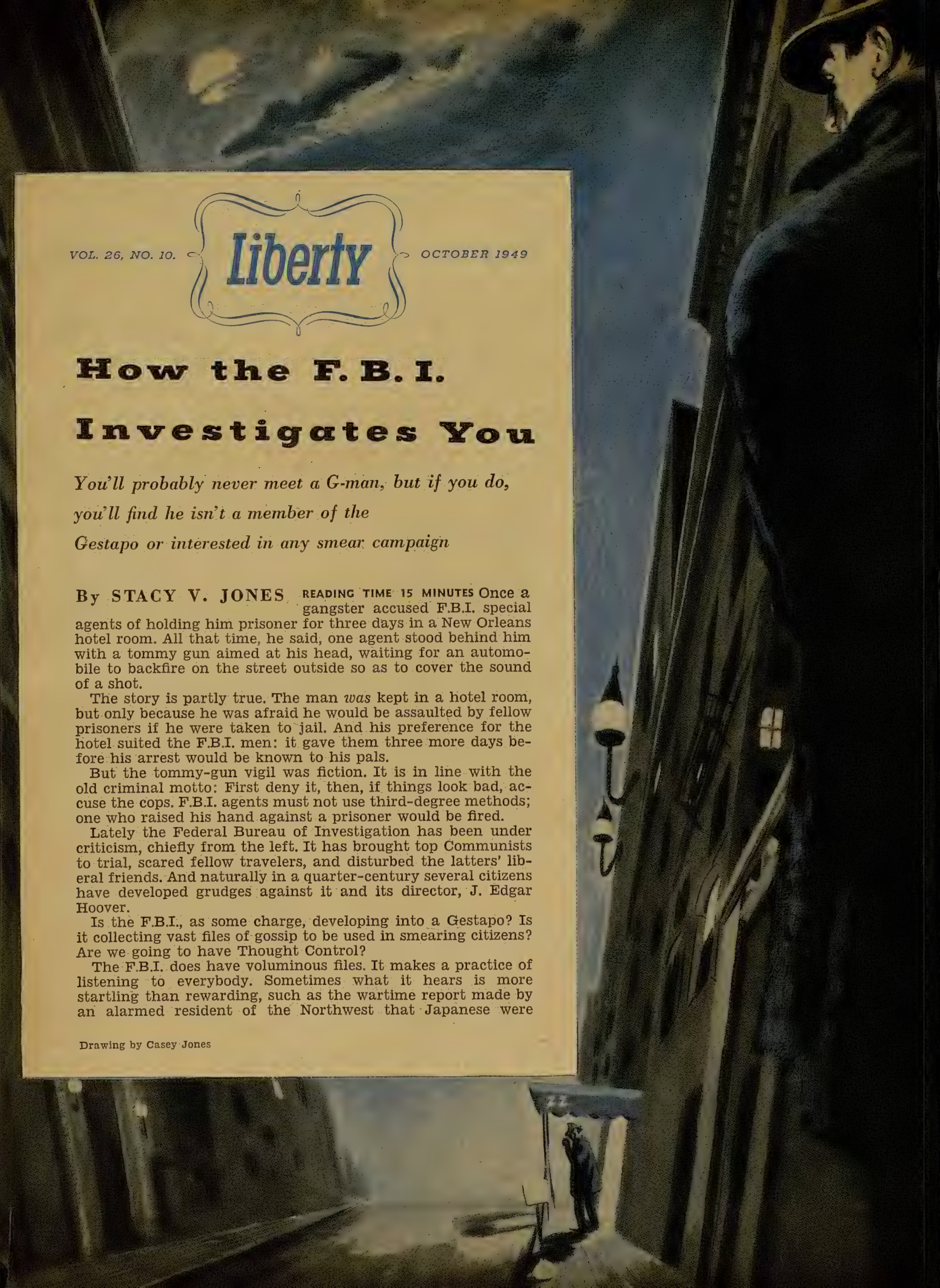
The story is partly true. The man *was* kept in a hotel room, but only because he was afraid he would be assaulted by fellow prisoners if he were taken to jail. And his preference for the hotel suited the F.B.I. men: it gave them three more days before his arrest would be known to his pals.

But the tommy-gun vigil was fiction. It is in line with the old criminal motto: First deny it, then, if things look bad, accuse the cops. F.B.I. agents must not use third-degree methods; one who raised his hand against a prisoner would be fired.

Lately the Federal Bureau of Investigation has been under criticism, chiefly from the left. It has brought top Communists to trial, scared fellow travelers, and disturbed the latters' liberal friends. And naturally in a quarter-century several citizens have developed grudges against it and its director, J. Edgar Hoover.

Is the F.B.I., as some charge, developing into a Gestapo? Is it collecting vast files of gossip to be used in smearing citizens? Are we going to have Thought Control?

The F.B.I. does have voluminous files. It makes a practice of listening to everybody. Sometimes what it hears is more startling than rewarding, such as the wartime report made by an alarmed resident of the Northwest that Japanese were



Drawing by Casey Jones

How the F.B.I. Investigates You

Continued

swimming up the Columbia River disguised as salmon. But apparently trivial information often leads to something important. In June, 1942, a man phoned from a Washington hotel and told the F.B.I. an incredible story about Germans being landed from submarines and gave the names of several alleged accomplices, which turned out to be wrong. But he mentioned Chicago, and the F.B.I. office there discovered the real identity of a German who had been missing for several years. Two days later they had the man, and two months later six U-boat saboteurs were executed. Two others were sentenced, one to imprisonment for life, the other to 30 years.

◆

There's a saying that you can't do police work without informers, because there aren't any more Sherlock Holmeses. This is as true of the F.B.I. as of any other law-enforcement agency. Most of the F.B.I.'s informers are volunteers who work for patriotic motives. For every subversive in the country there are a hundred citizens ready to tell what they know about him.

A series of F.B.I. reports which were intended to be secret but were put into open court records a few weeks ago are illuminating. Appearance of the initials CNDI revealed the existence of a large corps of Confidential National Defense Informants. This is not an organized body, and its members don't wear buttons, but are individuals who have come forward with offers of information, or whose assistance has been asked by the F.B.I. in particular cases. In the bureau's reports they are identified merely by symbols, as SF-53 or T-5, and their names and addresses are secret.

Some have revealed their own identity by appearing as government witnesses in recent Communist trials. They had joined the party to keep the F.B.I. informed. The context of the reports shows others to be government employees, business men, industrialists, bankers, and even neighbors of suspected persons.

Occasionally undercover men representing various agencies have to be untangled. In one case (the names and places are fictitious) the F.B.I. was called on to investigate the loyalty of Arnold J. Harwood, a federal employee. James Haggerty, who once had joined the Communist Party as investigator for a New Jersey agency, reported to the F.B.I. that Harwood had been active in affairs of the party as well as of the Workers Alliance and the American League Against War and Fascism, all cited by the Attorney General as subversive. He did not believe Harwood belonged to them, but said he had attended meetings, had taken part in discussions, and once had made a speech before a Communist-front meeting which Haggerty interpreted as an attempt to stir up racial misunderstanding among returning servicemen.

Harwood cleared himself with his government employers by proving he, too, had had an assignment to listen in on subversive meetings, but for another New Jersey agency. He recalled his speech about returning veterans, but explained that he had been describing the rehabilitation work of a draft board whose chief clerk he was, and had sounded off against racial discrimination, a subject on which he had strong feelings.

Although the F.B.I. may seize papers only with a search warrant or when making an arrest, its confidential informants are credited with many an assist, giving the bureau the full text of letters and documents, and other papers.

A device known as a "mail cover" has been very useful to the F.B.I., the court records reveal. Mail itself, whether addressed to citizens or non-citizens, is inviolate, under the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution. But the F.B.I. can and does, in cases of some importance, get, through the Post Office Department, a list of incoming letters, with copies of each address, return address, and postmark.

Like other government agencies, the F.B.I. uses paid informers, but the extent has never been revealed. The most important spy case in U.S. history was solved by the F.B.I. in this way through a man known as Harry Sawyer, a naturalized American whom the Germans had forced into their espionage service. Sawyer nominally carried out Berlin's orders—but under F.B.I. direction—until a trap could be sprung on the whole spy ring. Frederick Joubert Duquesne and 32 other Germans received sentences totaling more than 320 years.

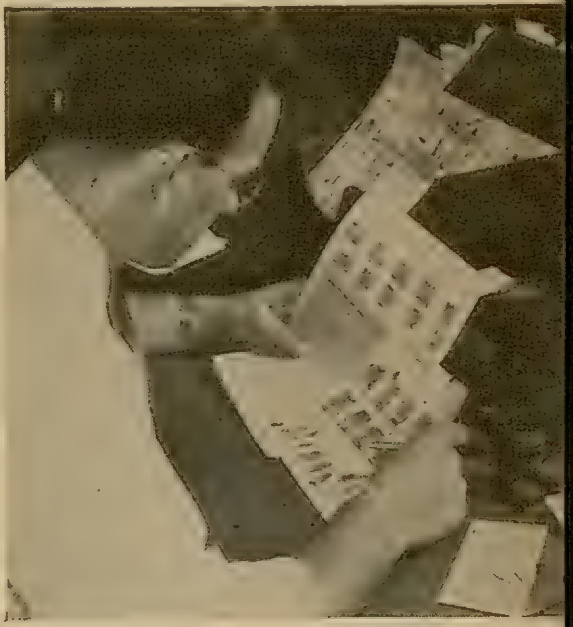
◆

Since the war the F.B.I. has obtained through paid informers inside the Communist Party such details as the card and membership numbers of persons on the federal payroll, enabling government loyalty boards to spot subversives.

It is no secret either that the F.B.I. taps telephones. This is done only in cases involving the national security or when human life is in jeopardy, and then only with the express approval of the Attorney General in each case.

As every newspaper reader knows, the F.B.I. shadows suspects, installs microphones, and takes street photographs. The spectacular counter-spy paraphernalia, such as two-way mirrors through which agents can watch suspects, and hidden motion-picture cameras, are reserved for important and complex espionage cases. What the newspaper reader doesn't realize is the amount of just plain digging and plugging.

Preliminary work is usually done by "special employees," young men who aspire some day to be full-fledged G-men or special agents. The best basic sources, of course, are the bureau's own records, which include 112 million fingerprints, 31 million index cards, and 3.5 million files. The files constitute the raw material, or "research" from which reports are built up for other divisions of the Department of Justice, or in loyalty cases for the employ-



A fingerprint expert is shown verifying an identification in the bureau's important assembly section in Washington.

The F.B.I. has 112 million fingerprints, 31 million index cards, and 3.5 million files. Shown here is a card-sorting machine.

ing government agencies and the Civil Service Commission.

The highly revealing reports were introduced last June at the trial of Judith Coplon, who had carried extracts from them to a rendezvous with her Russian friend, Valentin Gubitchev, an employee of the United Nations. A few lines from one report, quoted widely in the newspapers, caused some popular alarm. It recounted a story told the F.B.I. by a suburban Washingtonian that a couple living next door had entertained army and navy officers, who all carried briefcases, at all-night parties. An unknown civilian appearing to be a foreigner, the neighbor added, occasionally attended the gatherings, but on such occasions the curtains were drawn. At different times the man and wife had been observed "moving around the house in a nude condition" and the informant's son, aged 11, had seen the man "on one occasion go out on the porch in the nude and pick up his paper."

This happened in 1945 when the capital's streets were filled with officers carrying briefcases, and all-night parties were no rarity. The published extracts led many an honest citizen to wonder whether if he gave noisy parties and picked up his paper on a warm morning clad only in his underwear, it would be reported to the F.B.I. and whether the F.B.I. would take it seriously. The answer to the last query, fortunately, is No.

A letter comes to the F.B.I., for instance, reporting the peculiarities of a man who gets up at six o'clock every morning and runs ten times around the block. He is of dignified appearance, wears a beard, entertains lavishly, has a Harvard accent, and has no visible means of support. He must be, the informant thinks, on somebody's payroll for no good reason. The F.B.I. stamps this, "No Action. File."

Perhaps the stranger has meetings at his house three times a week, with out-of-state cars parked about, and the shades drawn. The neighbors think it's a Communist meeting. There is still no action, and the report still goes on file. If another agency asks what the F.B.I. has on the man, the reply will be, "No investigation made."

But suppose the maid at the house of mystery tells of seeing a bundle of Communist literature and overhearing from the pantry a discussion of plans to seize the White House and the Capitol. Or suppose she finds her master going over with visitors, behind drawn curtains, a lapful of jewelry and uncut diamonds. Obviously the F.B.I. in either case has to find out more.

(*Continued on page 34*)

Many a criminal has had the finger put on him by the efforts of an F.B.I. searcher working through the files. Files also constitute the raw material from which reports are built up in loyalty cases for employing government agencies and the Civil Service.

It takes a battery of telephone operators and a large switchboard to keep information coming to the F.B.I. This is only part of its big board.

The records section has to be large to provide room for all the gossip that filters into the bureau, which lends an ear to just about everybody.

Washington Party Queen

Perle Mesta, long ruler of the capital's drawing rooms, now takes her talents abroad as Minister to Luxembourg

By ROBERT S. ALLEN and STEVEN CASEY WILLIAMS

READING TIME 16 MINUTES In Washington, D. C., when a lady named Perle Mesta sneezes, socialites, politicos, and government officials—big, small, and medium—say *Gesundheit* with a singular sycophantic fervor.

Since Harry S. Truman took office attractive, plumpish, sixtyish Mrs. Mesta, rich as a maharajah and blithe as an Irish sprite, has reigned as queen of the world's plushiest, most glittery social whirl—Washington society. But she is more than that. She is also mistress at the game of socio-politics—one of the deftest seen around capital drawing rooms in many an administration.

To Widow Mesta, famed far and wide as a lavish hostess to important people, entertaining even Presidents is nothing to become particularly fussed over. She's been a personal friend of a number of them—Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, and Truman. Truman, of course, is her very special President.

To him she owes practically her social all. His ascension to the White House in 1945 enthroned her in the first place. His election last November fixed her firmly on the potent and coveted throne.

Not only that. Last June Mr. Truman named Mrs. Mesta American Minister to Luxembourg, a fact that brought shouted approval from all but one U. S. senator. A loud "No" was heard from Senator Forrest C. Donnell, a Republican from the President's home state of Missouri, when Mrs. Mesta's appointment was called up for confirmation. Senator Tom Connally, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, promptly accused Senator Donnell of wanting to send "somebody with britches on," and Senator James E. Murray of Montana quickly jumped to Mrs. Mesta's defense by declaring that the Senate should examine the qualifications of some of those who were wearing pants in the foreign service before criticizing her.

Senator Donnell then brought up Mrs. Mesta's contributions to the Democratic Party. Senator J. Howard McGrath, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, readily admitted that she was a heavy contributor to the party. Donnell also noted that she had attended private schools in Texas and a music school in Chicago, "but that doesn't qualify her as a diplomat."

"She's an outstanding hostess," said B. Russell Long of Louisiana. "Doesn't that require ability?" That was a statement almost any senator would second, for Mrs. Mesta as the capital's No. 1 party-giver has wined and dined just about every senator and top officeholder in Washington.

It has taken Mrs. Mesta a quarter of a century to reach the place where the mention of her name brings U. S. senators to bat for her. Actually, she didn't clinch her position in the capital until early 1945. Then she forged ahead with one spectacular spurt. At the time there were whispers that Roosevelt's health was not good. Mrs. Mesta respected and admired Roosevelt, but being practical, she proceeded on a facts-are-facts-so-let's-face-them basis.

She gave a party in honor of Vice-President Truman. It was one of the most brilliant and costly parties in Washington's long history of brilliant and costly parties. It had all the charm of an English court tea, the sparkle of a Viennese ball, the razzle-dazzle of a Hollywood première. The best names in society and officialdom attended.

Truman was pleased, and a warm and apparently lasting friendship was born between the Trumans and Perle Mesta. Exactly as Mrs. Mesta had planned it.

Two weeks after the party Mr. Truman became President.

Overnight, society writers acclaimed Mrs. Mesta "Queen of Washington Society."

She had attained the position of her dreams.

But if she wasn't firmly implanted by that series of events, she surely was when Truman chalked up his astounding victory last November.

Today no one openly disputes Mrs. Mesta's claim to the throne.

"I knew," she says, "that the only way a woman like me could achieve an important political place in Washington was to plan carefully, work wisely, and—well, sort of worm my way in. That's just what I did. And my personal background proved to be a natural background for it."

Mrs. Mesta was born in New York when Fourteenth

Above: Mrs. Mesta being sworn in as Minister to Luxembourg by Stanley Woodward, Chief of Protocol at the State Department. Vice-President Barkley is looking on. A society editor called it "The most social swearing-in that ever happened."

Left: Here is Mrs. Mesta with the President and his family at the Inaugural Ball. Edgar Morris, a co-chairman of the ball with Mrs. Mesta, greets Mr. Truman. Arthur Bergman (right) is director of the National Guard armory where the ball was held.

Below: Presidents, generals, Supreme Court justices, and most of the other top people in the upper strata of official Washington have been wined and dined here. This is Uplands, on the banks of the Potomac and Mrs. Mesta's home in the capital city.

Photos by International News, Harris & Ewing, Acme

Street was "uptown." Her mother, Harriett Butler of the Butler, Pennsylvania, Butlers, was a great-grandniece of Alexander Hamilton; and her father, W. B. Skirvin, who brought in a fabulous Texas oil gusher, was a descendant of His Britannic Majesty's ace eighteenth-century international trouble shooter, Balsen W. Skirvin.

Her only marriage was to George Mesta, head of the Mesta Machine Company of Pittsburgh, who died soon after the couple moved to Washington in the early 1920s.

Slightly over five feet tall, blue-eyed, and charged with energy, Mrs. Mesta looks as if she were in her late forties, but she is unquestionably older—she won't say just how much older. Her brown hair has no signs of gray and there are no visible wrinkles in her face. She rises at an early hour and, except for an afternoon nap, is on the go far into the night. On an ordinary day she'll dictate 20 letters to her secretary, make and answer as many phone calls, attend three or four functions, ranging from a Congressional hearing to a musical benefit, supervise the multitudinous details of her large household, and top it off by presiding at a big formal dinner.

Her friends call it a "killing pace," but it seems to agree very nicely with Mrs. Mesta. She takes it in easy stride. That's about the way she has done everything since she first began her campaign to rule society along the shores of the Potomac.

She spotlighted her wealth and lavish parties by exuding a sensational aura of down-to-earth simplicity. She eschewed tiaras and other costly gewgaws and wore plain clothes—on the theory that she was so rich she could afford to look plain. The desired effect was achieved.

"I get a laugh," she says, "when they call me the worst-dressed woman in Washington."

They may call her that, but there's nothing cheap about the fabrics that go into her wardrobe. The F.B.I. was called in recently to track down $10,000 worth of angel-skin satins, silky failles, and gold-threaded brocades intended for her diplomatic wardrobe. The costly fabrics were reported to have been stolen en route from New York to Washington.

One trait that has gone over big is her unaffected manner of speaking. Not for her those gushing horrors of the social world: "How utterly charming you look, dear!" or "Dahling, how NICE to see you!" She talks straightaway, tersely, without trimmings; picks her point and comes right to it. Her "No comment" has as much snap in it as that of the wariest politician.

When Mrs. Mesta first went to Washington a Republican administration was in power. So she became a Republican. But she did not neglect the Democrats. While nominally of the GOP she showed a talent for sipping from both ends of the straw by developing warm Democratic ties. Her circle widened with time. Her parties grew fancier and more frequent. She also occasionally embellished her home standing with a foreign conquest. She made numerous trips abroad. Each junket added something new to her home campaign. In 1932, for instance, she tripped over to London, remaining just long enough to be presented at the Court of St. James's—another feather for her social cap.

(Continued on page 49)

what every man wants...and few women give

That was what separated Ken and Celia.
Here's more truth than fiction
in a compelling story of married love

By FRANCES ANCKER and CYNTHIA HOPE

READING TIME 35 MINUTES The trouble about coming to a crossroad in your life, Celia thought afterward, was that you never knew it was a crossroad.

And yet on that August evening while she called up last-minute guests for the cocktail party she and Ken were giving, she did feel the strangest premonition. Her wedding ring, new and extravagantly simple, clicked against the phone as she muffled it with the palm of her hand.

"Fred's calling back," she told Ken. She saw her husband looking at her, his dark eyes intent yet far away. He jotted some figures on the memo pad on their night table and ran a hand through his dark thick hair.

Celia reminded him: "Fred's on the wire." Her palm still covered the phone. "He's at Twenty-one. And, Ken, he's got the president of National Tobacco with him. Fred wants to bring him along."

Their eyes met and they were both thinking what it would mean if Fred could swing the National Tobacco account Ken's way. Ken had been about to reach for his shirt, but his hand waited, tense and forgetful. "National Tobacco could be a lifesaver this week. Tell Fred we'll paint 'Welcome, National Tobacco' on our front doormat!"

"O.K., Fred," Celia said into the phone. "Mr. Phelps of National Tobacco will be welcome as prairie rain."

As Fred spoke for a few minutes longer, she sat listening and watching Ken's nervous pacing at the same time.

"Yes, you're right, Fred," she said at last. And glancing into the gathering darkness, she tried to sound untroubled. "I know. I'll try."

She dropped the receiver back in place and went over to Ken, who was now looking absently into the mirror. He was brushing his hair with quick uneven strokes that left it lying seal dark except for that one obstinate lock at the back that could never be pushed into place.

"Ken," she said tentatively, and the hand she laid on his arm was warm and urgent. It was a small, squarish hand, and the diamond rings Ken had given her looked almost too ornate by contrast.

Celia had protested the price of those rings last December when they'd gone to Cartier's to buy them.

It had been snowing that day, the first dry light flurry of the winter. A fluffy whiteness had carpeted the usual city gray of Fifth Avenue and snow sifted lightly down over Ken's shoulders and even onto the tip of Celia's nose.

She remembered just how she and Ken had looked when she'd unexpectedly caught sight of their laughing faces reflected in the mirror behind Cartier's showcase.

They'd stood there, flushed, happy, and a little self-conscious. And though Celia happened to be a top-flight model, with her chestnut hair just set by Antoine, her blue eyes had been bright with an almost childish protest as she'd pushed the tray of diamonds away. Ken, (*Continued on page 43*)

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

“Are You For

By ELIZABETH WILSON

JERRY LEWIS

DEAN MARTIN

READING TIME 9 MINUTES Legend has it that in the summer of 1949 Mr. Bing Crosby made a very omniscient remark. The remark was made to Mr. Bob Hope, who was sunning himself by the Paramount fish pond. Mr. Crosby was returning from projection room B, where he had just seen a rough cut of My Friend Irma. His remark was, “Might as well go home and start clipping our coupons, Robert. I have just seen the comedy team that will take our place.”

Bing was referring to Martin and Lewis. Everybody else is referring to Martin and Lewis. The boys are the talk of show business. They are the comedy sensation of 1949. Dean Martin (born Dino Crosetti) is a handsome 31-year-old Italian who looks like Cary Grant and sings like Bing Crosby. As his press agent describes him: “Dean is the stretch-and-yawn type of Italian—the exact opposite of Frank Sinatra, the explosive type.” Jerry Lewis (born

Lewis is working on a gag as well as his thumb. The other half of this zany team, Dean Martin, is asking “Wha' hoppen?”

Real?"

Jerry Lewis' wife asked him that one day. Now he and Dean Martin are supplying an amazingly hilarious answer

Joseph Levitch) is a screwball comic with a voice with rising inflections, a bangtail haircut, fantastic energy, and the ability to outmug any comedian living or dead, with the possible exception of Milton Berle. Twenty-three-year-old Jerry ("I'm only twenty-three years old. What do I know?") has made household words out of such zany expressions as "Are you for real?" "Give me a for instance," "Wha' hoppen?" "I'm head over heels in love and I look better that way," and "I made a boo-boo."

As far as show business is concerned, 1949 has been strictly a red-ink year. But the two young night-club comics recently turned movie stars will have earned more than $750,000 before the income-tax man comes around. Jerry can well say, "Is this for real?" For real, yes, but not for keeps.

In a year notable for a night-club depression the boys smashed an eight-year house record for receipts at New York's plushy Copacabana. When they played Slapsy Maxie's in Hollywood, the place was so packed the boys had to eat their between-show dinners in the kitchen for lack of table space. The National Broadcasting Company, is reportedly shelling out $10,000 a week to break them into big-time radio. Capitol Records is going to town on their recordings. Dean does romantic ballads which find great favor with the swoon-happy girls. The Money Song, a novelty he and Jerry do together, has already sold over 100,000 records.

But their biggest slug of moola comes from producer Hal Wallis and Paramount Pictures. Their first picture, My Friend Irma, in which they play supporting roles, is scheduled for release this October. A few days ago they began work on their second film, The Stooge. Wallis, who signed them after catching their zany act at Slapsy Maxie's ("We used guns on him"), originally contracted them for one picture a year. But Wallis was so pleased with the daily rushes, that he arranged for them to do another picture within three months. Producers usually wait for audience reaction at the sneak previews. But that's how sure Mr. Wallis is that he has a hit.

The most popular place in Hollywood during the late spring and early summer was the My Friend Irma set. "Boys, make with the gags," were their instructions from director Marshall. They took him literally. There was no shooting the first day. Only clowning. "The second day," says Dean, "they had to close the set." "But they had to let us on," chimes in Jerry. "They'd written us into the script."

"Imagine having a ringside table without any cover charge," says Marie Wilson, who plays Irma. Marie and other members of the cast—John Lund, Diana Lynn, and Don DeFore—always appeared for work even when they didn't have a call. Most unheard of in actors.

Extras, usually the most phlegmatic people in the world, made a big pitch to be allowed to work in Irma. Directors on other pictures shooting on the lot complained they couldn't keep their stars on the set. Betty Hutton, Victor Mature, June Havoc, Hedy Lamarr, Ray Milland—they were all visiting Irma. Writers from the writing building and secretaries from the front offices would sneak in every chance they had. Visiting firemen, exhibitors, and relatives of the studio cops made the set a "must." "It was the gayest spot in town," says Jerry proudly.

On the set one day the action called for Jerry to snuggle up to Diana Lynn. "Hold your voice down; it's too high," directed Marshall. "But I gotta talk in a high voice," said Jerry. "I'm making love to a tall girl." When the set audience broke into laughter, Jerry made a strange noise that has no earthly counterpart but passes for a laugh and said, "Dean, I made a funny." "So did your mother," said Dean, who is not always the straight man. Marshall decided it was time to

(*Continued on page 82*)

Even in the make-up room Martin and Lewis can't resist clowning. Glen Alden, make-up man, gets the works from Lewis.

Isn't that a doll! Not really. It is pert Marie Wilson and you know who. The boys are making like a movie-camera crew on the set of My Friend Irma.

Hal Wallis (right), producer for Paramount, gave the boys their fattest pay check so far when he signed them to star roles in films.

The Lasso

By RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME 11 MINUTES A girl's scream made his heart leap. It was the voice of his sweetheart. She came running madly down the lane toward him. She was fleeing from a famous huge black bull escaped from the Sanchez farm, where he was being trained for the royal arena, where young Bernal Mora hoped one day to win fame and wealth as a toreador.

Bernal had no lance, or sword and cape, to defend Pepita with. He had only the rawhide rope he had practiced casting at tame cows or calves, sheep or goats, or even leaping hares. All he could do now, as the bull thundered past with horns lowered to toss and gore the doomed girl and dye her dress a deeper red—all Bernal could do now was to cast his *riata* at the beast.

As the noose settled about the dreadful horns, Bernal ran twice around a tree. The *lazo* snapped, but the bull went sprawling in the dust. The red-eyed monster rose and charged Bernal, but the lad scrambled up into the tree and laughed to see Pepita safe and the Sanchez men coming with pitchforks to recapture the bull.

How Bernal blessed his *lazo!* How Pepita blessed him and vowed to give him the life he had saved! But her father forced her, weeping, to the altar with old Sanchez, who had many acres, much cattle, and some gold.

Bernal wept, too, and cursed Spain, and vowed never to return to his home in Estramadura till he could come back rich, and with a title perhaps, as did so many of those adventurers who went to that New India which Columbus had plucked from the ocean sea some fifty years ago.

And now Bernal was lost in that other vaster unknown unmapped mysterious water-world that Balboa had found some thirty years ago. Bernal had had his bellyful of the sea. He leaned on the tottering rail of the caravel tottering drunkenly in the wind-lashed waves, and was bitterly reminded of Pepita's screams two years ago by the more horrible screams of the sailors writhing on the deck behind him. They were dying from the ghastly scurvy that rotted their gums away till their toothless mouths babbled with torment. Even the padre who confessed them wrote in his journal:

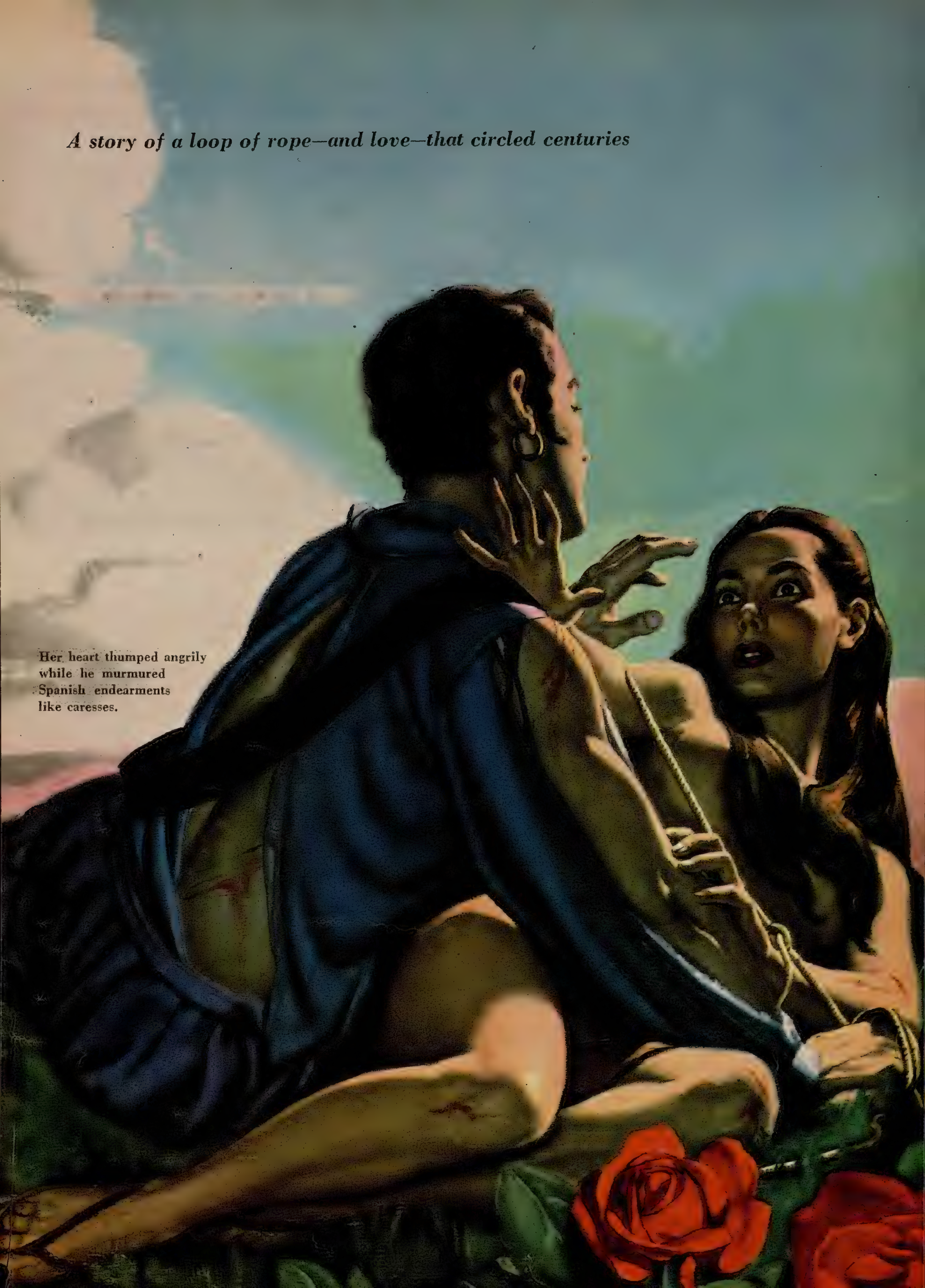
"It is hard to say whether it is the greater torture to lie shrieking on the deck, or to stand by helplessly watching and wondering how soon one must meet the same fate himself."

Fresh water, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables would bring

(*Continued on page 78*)

Illustrated by Gilbert Fullington

A story of a loop of rope—and love—that circled centuries



Her heart thumped angrily while he murmured Spanish endearments like caresses.

WATCH OUT FOR THIS STUFF!

Clothing that won't wear out and motor oil that never needs changing are in the offing now that science has tamed fluorine, nature's most vicious element

By VICTOR BOESEN

READING TIME 9 MINUTES One day in mid-1946, in a Philadelphia laboratory, a workman crouched behind a heavy steel wall, his hand on a control device and eyes peering tensely through a bulletproof window.

Slowly he moved the control. The needle on a gauge started to tilt. A pale gas had begun to flow under pressure into the steel cylinder on the other side of the wall. When the needle showed that the gas, turning to liquid under the pressure, was now pushing out against its sides at 400 pounds per square inch, he released the control. He was glad to do so, for any flaw in the cylinder might cause it to blow up, and the general effect would be like blasting the hatches off of hell. Everything the freed gas contacted—even the walls—would start disappearing in smoke, flame, and detonations. When the gas had seared through the steel wall and bulletproof window, it would start on the operator. One whiff into his lungs would riddle them as if they had been hit by a load of buckshot.

But nothing disastrous happened, and thus Philadelphia achieved another moment in history: the production and packaging in quantity of fluorine, nature's most vicious and intractable element.

For wild destructiveness, nothing else known approaches it. On mere contact it reduces another gas, a liquid, or a solid to flames. Turn the jet on a glass of water, and both glass and water go up. It burns cement and steel. Asbestos, otherwise fireproof, it destroys in a puff. It goes after porcelain, copper, and silver like a starved pig for corn.

That the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company, makers of this ferocious merchandise, got far enough along to have any to bottle was in itself an accomplishment.

Nor was it a small thing to get the source of fluorine pinned down so it could be handled. This source is hydrofluoric acid, the "glass-eating acid," long used to etch the markings on thermometers, barometers, and your finer glassware. Until fluorine was pried loose from it, it was the devil of the lab. It bit at anyone who touched it, burning holes in the skin that took weeks to heal. A speck of it lodged under a fingernail tunneled north like a hot termite, defying all efforts to stop it. It gave off fumes that killed.

Incongruously, all this hell-fire comes from one of the most placidly beautiful stones in nature—fluorspar. This stone runs the color gamut from transparency and all delicate tints through the deep hues of the rainbow. The old Indian Mound Builders prized it as their finest jewel, and carved it into trinkets.

Fluorspar has an imposing list of uses as is. Steel wouldn't be much good without it. A few pounds in gravel form are thrown into every ladle of the molten metal. The "spar" melts and rises quickly to the top, bearing impurities along with it so they can be skimmed off. It's the fluorspar in it that made all your household enamel smooth and glossy.

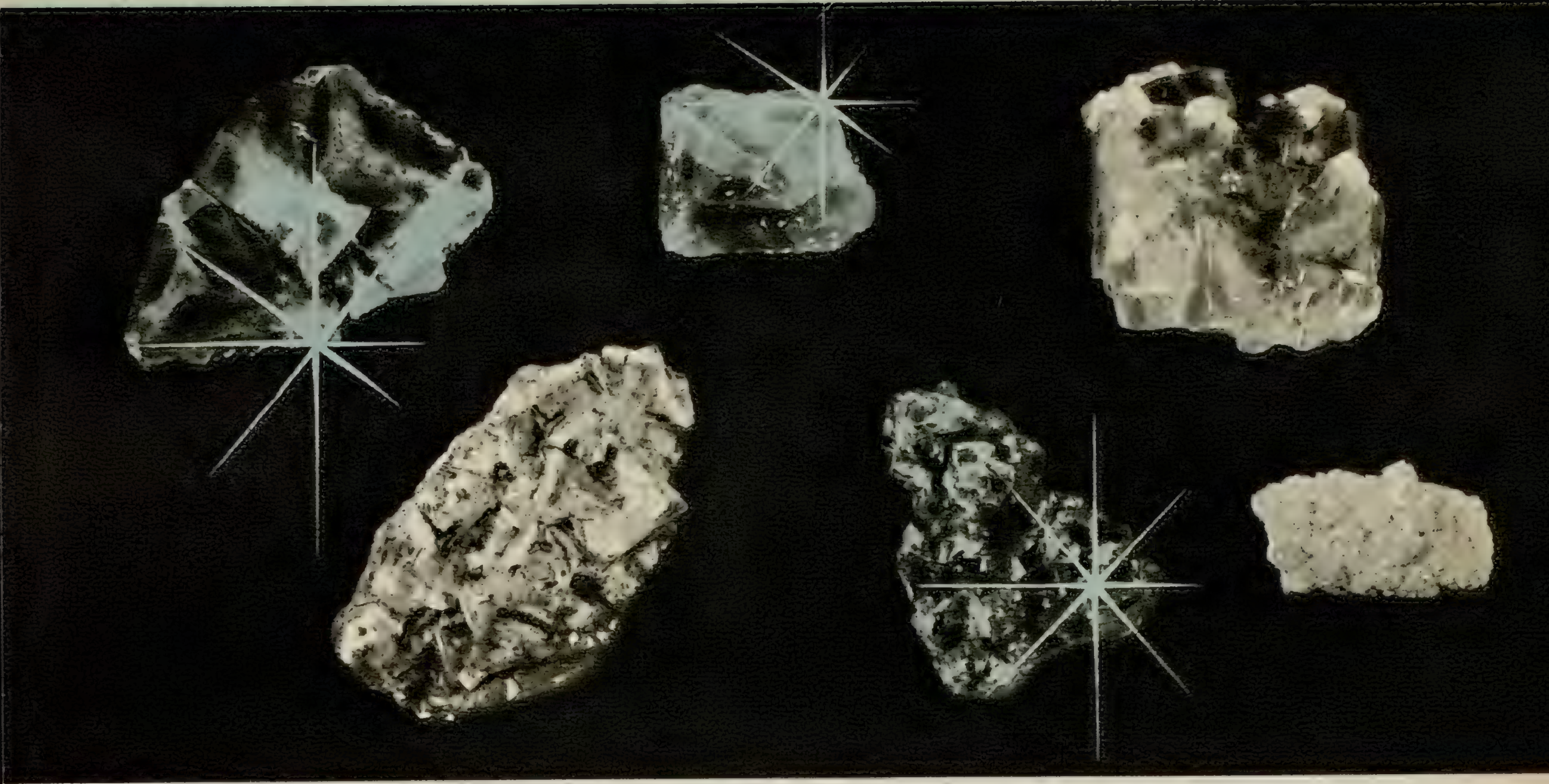
Ground up and mixed with sand in making glass, it accounts for the opalescence of your cosmetic jars and the assorted colors of your vases, lamp shades, globes, and so forth.

Pure spar, transparent and colorless, is the finest lens material you can get. For a single piece of the right grade, the optical trade has offered up to $10,000.

But fluorspar's versatility is nothing compared to that of fluorine, the demonic substance it conceals. That is why scientists have gone to considerably more trouble to get at it than the Curies went through for radium. Fluorine was more important. Fluorine is the answer to the dreams of alchemists who have sought the fabled "alkahest," or universal solvent, since the Middle Ages. Fluorine, at long last, is it—the agent that will combine and separate *all* of Nature's 96 elements.

With such powers, fluorine is already making a vast difference in our lives. There could have been no atomic bomb without fluorine. The pay load in the bomb was uranium 235. This comes out of nature tightly packaged with uranium 238. There was no adequate way to separate them—except with fluorine.

The bomb was only one of the miracles achieved with



It is from fluorspar, one of the most placidly beautiful stones in nature, that the hell-fire fluorine comes. Fluorspar's coloring runs from transparency to every hue.

Photo by Dan Riordan

the alkahest yielded by this mineral. Remember the rubber emergency and how, all at once, there wasn't any emergency? Fluorine was the answer. With its help we made rubber faster, cheaper, and better than we had ever done before. By using fluorine a way was perfected to weld instead of rivet airplanes together. We needed tremendous amounts of 100-octane gasoline to keep the planes flying during wartime. Again fluorine gave us the solution. The Germans blocked us out of Greenland, only source of natural cryolite, important in the production of aluminum, vital to airplanes. With fluorine we made cryolite artificially, and went on turning out aluminum without a stop. Fluorine gave fluorescence, which provided tough, heat-resistant glass.

◆ The fabulous aerosol bomb, the pocket-size gas sprayer that subdues insects, was a fluorine creation. The gas used in these, a fluorine compound known commercially as Freon, is one of the few that are nontoxic and nonodorous. No other gas is so easily compressible into liquid form, or so widely dispersant upon escape. A single bomb with one pound of solution fumigated 150,000 cubic feet, equal to about ten average homes.

You have this same gas in your kitchen refrigerator probably, where it has nearly displaced ammonia as the cooling agent. You also have it in your air-conditioning unit, a fixture that would have cost you more with some other kind of cooler.

Many new weapons against germs and disease-carrying insects—evolved from the lessons of the aerosol bomb—are being developed. For these the gas is being loaded with lethal combinations that promise to be 100-per-cent killers—far better than the fluorinated powders you've been using against lice, ants, and cockroaches. Brigadier General James Stevens, chief of the Army's preventive-medicine division, hails the aerosol bomb as the biggest contribution of wartime military medicine to the civilian population, "a contribution even greater than that of blood plasma."

There will be new rodent killers. One of these, "1080," and now on the market, is the deadliest rat poison yet devised. Another still in the works, though containing fluorine in the ratio of only one part to a million, knocks them off with the speed of a bullet.

Bad teeth in this country, even with less than half the population seeing the dentist, cost a half billion dollars a year, mostly because of cavities. How fluorine stands to change this situation may be judged from the preventive effect on cavities, already proved by its presence in drinking water.

Our alkahest holds out the prospect of soaps that clean better and faster, dyes that won't run, clothing fibers that won't wear out, improved metal cleaners, fireproofings, fire extinguishers, weed killers, anesthetics, embalming fluids. Yes, and perfumes that last longer.

Combine fluorine with certain of the elements that contain the hydrocarbon molecule, and the result is a material that won't rust, burn, blow up, break down, or rot from any cause whatsoever. This may mean paints and varnishes, rustproofings, and wood preservatives which forever disdain any damage from nature. It means plastics able to withstand new extremes of punishment—like Teflon, which is probably what the gasket in your new pressure cooker is made of.

Oil is chiefly hydrogen and carbon—that is, hydrocarbon. Replace the hydrogen with fluorine and you have a lubricant which may last indefinitely, portending the day when you can stop changing the oil in your car's crankcase. Such a lubricant, since it is virtually unaffected by heat, also gives the green light to new types of engines.

Fluorine is going to help us make things faster—radio recordings, for example. These used to take 12 hours, sparing us certain programs. Now, with the connivance of fluorine, the recordings are made in three hours, the time difference between our two coasts, so we can hear a transcontinental broadcast at the same time.

Not all of the uses lying ahead for this new wonder tool are peaceful. But what *(Continued on page 50)*

THE RETURN

By BARRY STEVENS

READING TIME 32 MINUTES It was old Sid Todd's ferry, Anna was sure, nosing toward her at last through the cold Maine fog. Slowly the ancient green boat, more faded and battered now, nudged up to the wharf. A wrinkled face stared up at her, its blue eyes not seeming to recognize her.

"Sorry, miss," he called out. "Can't be takin' you nowhere in this soup. It's comin' in fast. Can't do it."

She bent down, clutching the snow-wet wharf piling, hoping that she looked at ease, sure of herself; not bleak and humble and lonesome, as she was inside.

"I'm Anna Hopkins," she said. "Don't you remember me, Mr. Todd? Dan Hopkins' daughter."

He took his pipe from his mouth and stared harder in the thin fog and falling light. She had a sudden feeling that he wished he hadn't answered her eager waving. She thought, He isn't seeing me as I am. He is seeing the sleekly dressed, auburn-haired night-club singer from New York—and remembering, as all the town will, the flirting, glamor-loving little ninny of four years ago; Dan Hopkins' wild daughter who won Gil Norman from her own sister and then left Gil and the town to run off to New York.

"Why—yes," Todd said. "Anna Hopkins—yes," and lowered his eyes, as had the others she'd recognized coming from the bus to the wharf. He muttered, "You—goin' home, Anna?"

She tried to hold back the hunger that wouldn't keep out of her voice, hearing him say the word "home."

"Yes," she said. "Out to Pine Point. I guess I forgot they don't have a taxi in the winter. Home."

She thought for the barest moment that he was still going to refuse. Then he stretched up and took her suitcase and helped her down. She sat quiet as he sent the boat put-putting out over the oil-filmed water. She looked back at the fogging snow-covered huddle of buildings, and pictured Hale's drugstore where she and Gil had had sodas nearly every afternoon; the red-brick Trust Company where her sister Susan worked. Susan—and Gil. She kept wondering, achingly, if she were too late. . . .

◆

She thought, Susan will be home now. Pa will have come in in the Sea Horse from the day's fishing.

"Just visitin', Anna?" Todd broke in.

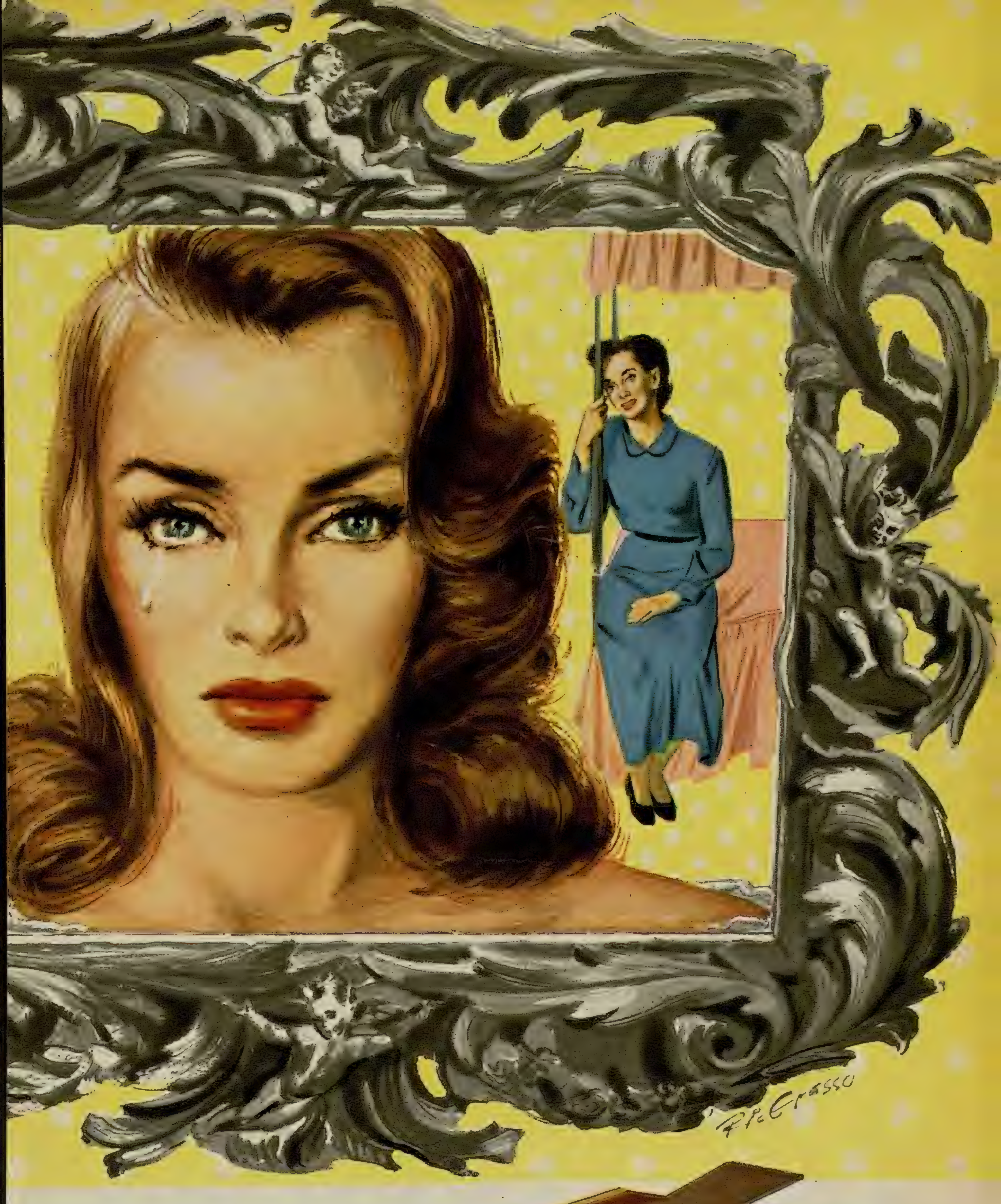
He was sitting across from her, his

(*Continued on page 70*)

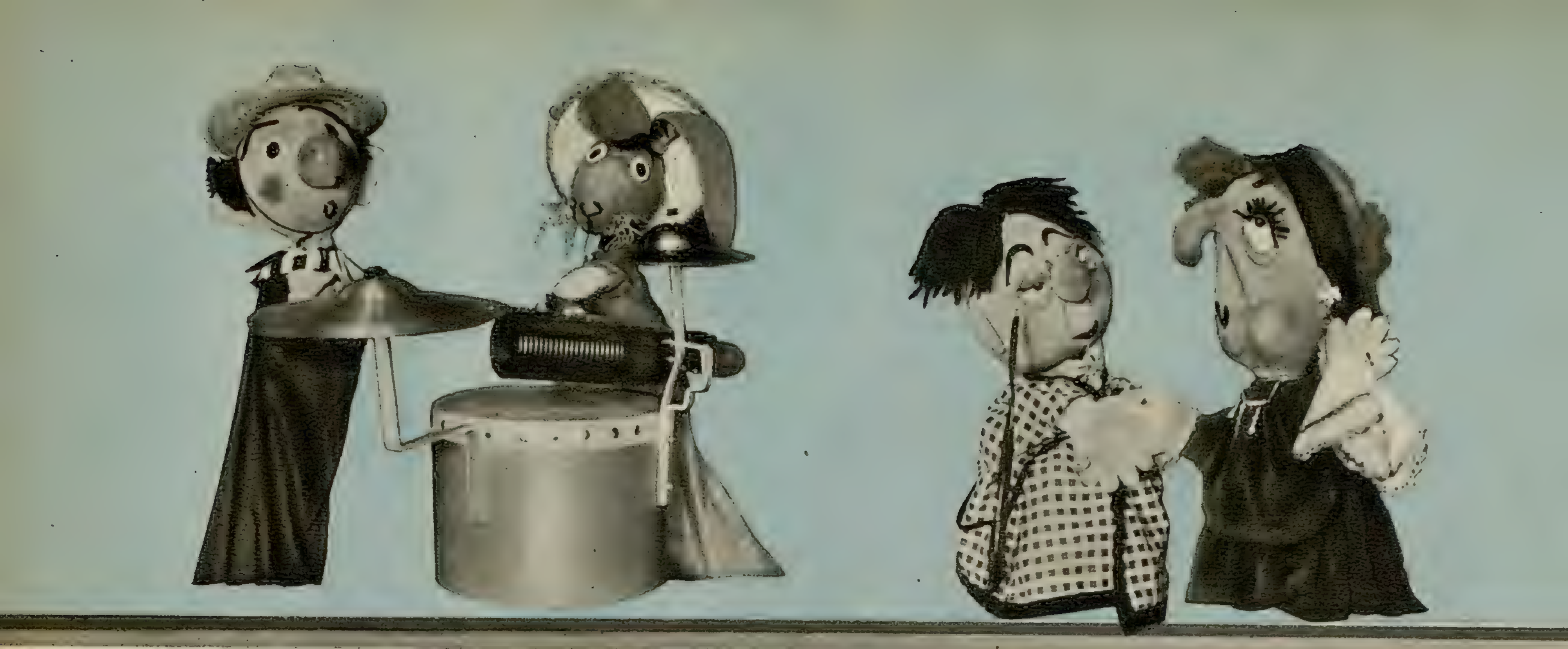
Illustrated by Ric Grasso

Susan still had not moved. In the
"Anna." she said in a quiet voice.

It took courage—and Anna had it—to risk a second heartache. The story of a glamor girl, a home-town boy, and the girl between them



mirror Anna saw her smiling strangely. "why don't you stand the picture up?"



KUKLA. FLETCHER RABBIT. COLONEL CRACKIE. MME. OOGLEPUSS.

MEET THE KUKLAPOLITANS

These puppet stars of television receive 3,500 fan-mail letters a week and have some people almost believing that rabbits starch their ears

READING TIME 12 MINUTES Nine little people with heads the size of oranges have bewitched several million human beings into almost believing that a rabbit starches his ears and a dragon eats buttered popcorn. They appear five nights a week on the television program, Kukla, Fran and Ollie.

Two years ago the Kuklapolitans began enchanting the Midwest and soon won popularity unprecedented since the early days of Amos 'n' Andy. Last January their sponsors, RCA Victor, sent them over the NBC video network. Now adults and children from Boston to St. Louis, grateful for seeing on their television screens this gay and gentle world, swamp them with 3,500 letters a week and presents ranging from sun glasses and parasols to raincoats and a full set of teeth for Ollie.

The Kuklapolitans are puppets. Their tiny cloth craniums, stuffed with cotton, are set on hollow bodies as tall as one's forearm so they can be operated from below by two unseen hands. All their voices and gestures are the creation of one young Midwesterner, Burr Tillstrom, to whom the puppets are real people. The words and actions of these Kuklapolitans are always spontaneous and unrehearsed. "If I plotted, in a grim kind of way, what I was going to say, they wouldn't work for me very long," Burr explains. "They won't stand for cut-and-dried stuff."

As their audience sees them, the Kuklapolitans are a troupe of players drawn together by a mutual passion for show business and chocolate sodas. They reverence Shakespeare but also play melodramas and musical comedies. They muddle their lines and miss their cues, but even in their darkest hours they never lose a robust faith in themselves. Unspoiled by success, they are not above doing the chores around Station WNBQ, sweeping the dust under the rugs, then wiping their hot tired faces on the curtains. Often, too, their admirers see them going about their private lives, taking showers, trying on new clothes, having their small tiffs, and, above all, gossiping. There is no villain on their show. On account of their weaknesses, the Kuklapolitans are their own villains, as is the case with human beings.

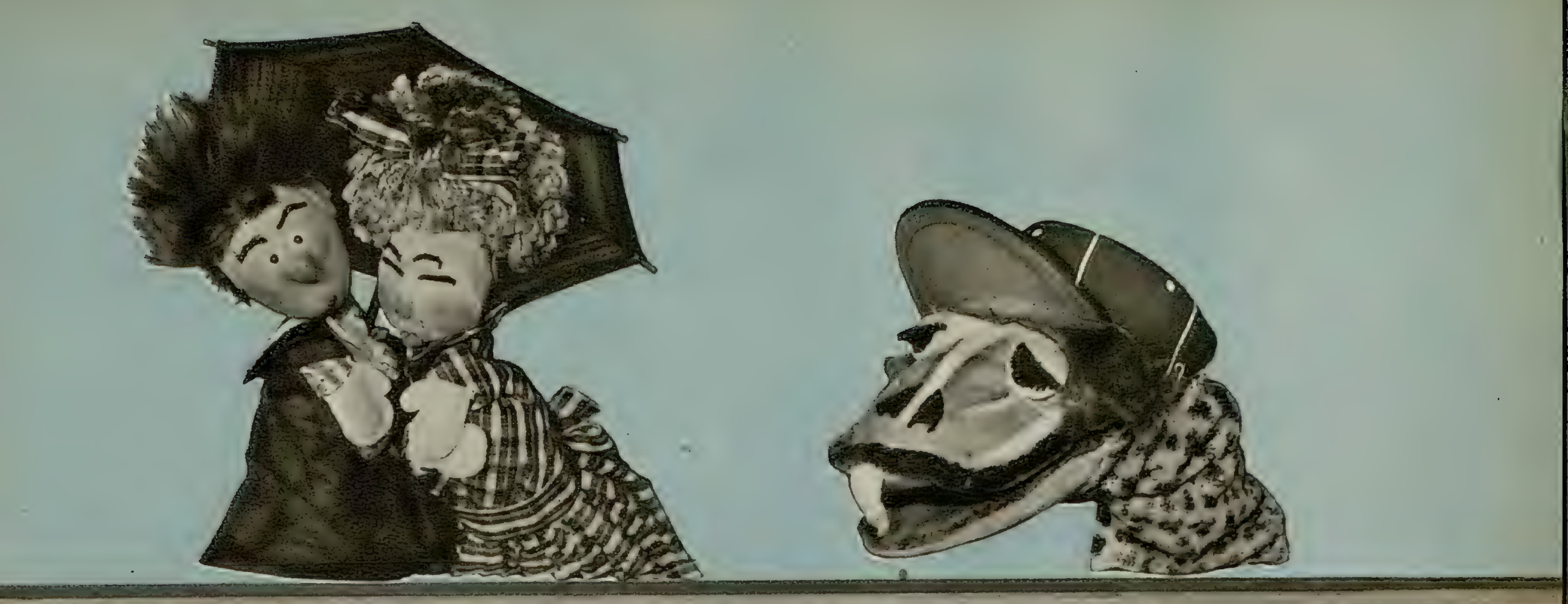
By DOROTHY WALWORTH

On first sight the Kuklapolitans may seem slow, for they think there is too much hurry nowadays. Their humor is subtle and they have no message.

Kukla, their impresario, is both young and old. He has the face of a little boy, with worried eyebrows and a large blob of a nose, but he is almost bald. Like all good executives, he tries to rule by kindness, but in emergencies he brings onstage a hammer from his toolbox, a sight which calms the most unruly spirit. Since he is conservative, anxious for things to stay put, he does most of the chores, mopping the stage and muttering, "Somebody has to do the work around here!" Kukla is not as merry as the others, for he is wiser. He is the only one who knows they are puppets, and he hasn't the heart to tell the others so.

Ollie, who is the irresponsible opposite of Kukla, is an extrovert dragon from Vermont. He has a spotted body, wide pleasant jaws, one prehensile tooth, and a short mane which he sometimes puts up in curlers. With a heart of gold, he is always in trouble, suffering the bitter fate of everyone who means well. However, he dreams that some day he too will be successful. He reads a book called 301 Things a Bright Boy Can Do and makes inventions that don't quite come off. Once he contrived a machine which, by means of bells, would register the popularity of each Kuklapolitan. When it rang wildly for the others but was silent for him, he threw it downstairs.

Fletcher Rabbit is the mailman. Sometimes he sings, Nobody Writes to the Mailman, which always brings him many we-too-have-suffered messages from postmen ev-



CECIL BILL. MERCEDES. OLLIE.

erywhere. During the spring season, out of loyalty to his race, he also works at an Egg Plant. However, mail and eggs do not trouble Fletcher as much as his ears, which fall into his eyes, so he must dip them into a bowl of starch. When he goes formal, he uses glossy starch; for less brilliant occasions, the ordinary kind.

Beulah Witch, in charge of communications, patrols the coaxial cable. At her alma mater, Witch Normal, she studied electronics, for this modern magic is the only subject worth a serious witch's attention. Flying about her job, Beulah uses an ordinary broom, keeping herself on the beam by means of electronic hairpins known as Little Radar Beauty Pins. When famous scientists visit her, trying to probe the secrets of her brain, she takes them for rides on her best gold broom.

Other Kuklapolitan stars are Mme. Ophelia Ooglepuss, a haughty retired opera singer, who spends her life trying to keep people out of her trunkful of wigs and antiwrinkle creams; Colonel Crackie of the Deep South, who calls every woman his fragile magnolia blossom; and Cecil Bill the stagehand, who speaks a language all his own which only Kukla can understand.

The only human being who appears on the show is Fran Allison. The Kuklapolitans love her dearly and she takes them very seriously. If Kukla broods, she may cheer him with a song; or when one of Ollie's inventions fails, she tells him he can always invent something else.

◆

The creator of the Kuklapolitans, Burr Tillstrom, is a slender man with blue eyes and bushy light-brown hair. He is 31 years old, unmarried, lives in a modest Chicago apartment and, like Kukla, appears ingenuous. Humor keeps flickering over his mind.

When Burr was five years old he had diphtheria. During his long illness the world of fancy became very real, and his toys seemed to come alive. His favorites were always small: a rabbit, a clown, and Teddy bears six inches high. At night his tiny possessions were laid on one chair and covered with a blanket. He wanted them to be, like a stanch little company of friends, together.

After he got well the boy continued turning his toys into people. When children gathered outside his window, he crouched down inside and brought his toys up over the sill, making them speak in different voices. While in high school, he made some marionettes, operated by strings, and earned a few dollars giving shows for clubs and churches near his home. In 1935, at the age of 18, he went to the University of Chicago, but six months later—unable to resist the magic window of the stage—he joined a group of marionette players under the Federal Theater Project of WPA.

"One day a friend asked me to make a hand puppet for him," Burr told me. "So I made Kukla. I don't know how he happened to be what he is. He just got born that way. It seemed as if he looked at me and said, 'Let me stay with you.' I thought that was nonsense, and wrapped him up in a shoebox. However, I could still feel his reproachful eyes. I couldn't bear to give him away, so I took him out of the box

(Continued on page 68)

The world of the Kuklapolitans, with a heavy theatrical flavor, has admitted only two human beings—Burr Tillstrom, originator, manipulator, and the voice of the tiny troupe, and ex-radio actress Fran Allison, who is now their best friend.

A Bullet For My Love

The car was a shambles. I didn't need to feel her pulse to know that Valerie Palmer was dead

By *OCTAVUS ROY COHEN*

SYNOPSIS

PART I: In Las Vegas, Judy Overton—star of the Judy & Oliver radio show—and I—Keith Williams, advertising representative—dined with Valerie Palmer, a dynamic young widow. Rocky Moran—a used-car dealer—and Stanley Bishop, his manager, came over for a chat. L. Joshua Quincy, Judy's sponsor, told us the answer to a riddle he had written that would reward the correct guesser with $100,000.

PART I

Driving back to Los Angeles that night, we were followed, but after firing one shot, the driver turned back.

Bonita Clayton, Moran's secretary, introduced me to Robert Abernathy.

At Judy's I met Helen Dunbar, a New York songwriter in search of Cliff Harrison. He had known Valerie's husband; but Valerie denied knowing his whereabouts. Helen was sure she lied, because on Valerie's piano she had seen a piece of music with some annotations that were unmistakably in Cliff Harrison's writing.

Returning from the broadcast one night, Judy and I discovered Helen—murdered!

PART II: Helen's murderer had left a scribbled copy of the radio-contest riddle and Abernathy's gun. After questioning Abernathy, detectives Lane and Walsh let him go.

Oliver Sherman, Judy's partner, begged her to marry him.

Valerie told me Rocky Moran had been her friend until she found he was chiefly interested in the $300,000 her husband had left her. Rocky and Bonnie had also been intimate.

PART II

Bonnie Clayton won the $100,000 riddle contest. Quincy gave a big party for her. At its height, Rocky strolled in. He went straight to Bonnie and kissed her. She slapped his face. He grew ugly and I managed to get him outside. Bonnie followed us, and Moran knocked her down. He and I fought. His hands were almost on my throat when I heard a shot. Rocky pitched forward. He was dead.

PART III: When I came to, I found my head on Judy's lap, and that was how we discovered we loved each other. We smiled at what our discovery would do to L. Joshua Quincy's publicity plan of having Judy marry Oliver Sherman.

In talking over the second murder with detectives Lane and Walsh, I insisted it was connected with the killing of Helen Dunbar. They did not agree.

I had a long talk with Stanley Bishop and found he had known Michael Palmer and that he, Bishop, was very fond of Valerie. About Cliff Harrison he said he knew nothing.

PART III

Then I paid Valerie a visit. She said her husband had died of cancer; that she hadn't seen Cliff Harrison since they had moved to California; that she and Abernathy were nothing to each other; that she'd known Stanley Bishop only casually.

Valerie was angry at my questioning her. She had planned a cozy evening. I figured I had given her a bad time. As I got up to go, I asked for a kiss. She said, "You asked for it."

It was the first time I knew what was meant by "shock treatment."

PART FOUR

READING TIME 37 MINUTES "Life is funny," I informed my mirrored reflection.

What I was thinking was this: I, Keith Williams, was a healthy young man wallowing in the throes of a first—if belated—love. More than anything in the world, I wanted to be alone with Judy Overton. And it never worked out that way. Oliver Sherman kept getting in my hair. So did L. Joshua Quincy. And Norton Van Hoven, the program's announcer. Especially Norton. There was a guy who believed in going after what he wanted.

What he wanted now, and always, was whatever would help Norton Van Hoven, announcer on the Judy & Oliver program. He kept the full force of his gorgeous personality turned on Judy. He probably didn't really think she'd fall for him, but there was always a chance. He played the role of Oliver's best friend. He worked on Mr. Quincy. His insistence that the show could gradually be slanted to give him greater importance at the expense of Oliver wasn't entirely without logic.

So things conspired to keep me from Judy except for brief ecstatic moments which didn't do a darned thing but make me want more. On the other hand, I had all the opportunity in the world to be alone with Valerie Palmer, and that was something I preferred to avoid. It wasn't that my free time was different; it was merely that Valerie was alone a good deal of the time, and Judy wasn't.

Valerie had gone for radio people in a big way. She invited the folks from our show up to her house all the time. Plenty of free drinks, slews of eats. Norton Van Hoven figured she had taken one look at him and fallen flat on her face.

She and Oliver Sherman saw a good deal of each other. Oliver was abysmally in love with Judy, and had a bad case of frustration jitters. Since he needed a shoulder to weep on, he probably couldn't have found a nicer one than Valerie's. I also had a hunch that Oliver was doing a little sleuthing on his own.

Every minute when I wasn't busy with the show, I was speculating about who killed whom and why.

After our Wednesday-night show I drove Judy to her home in Los Feliz. We spent a pleasant two hours together and made a date for Friday night. Judy had an idea. She boasted that she was a good cook. She said she wanted me to come up for dinner. She'd fix it herself, and we would wash the dishes together. "Sort of practice being married," she said.

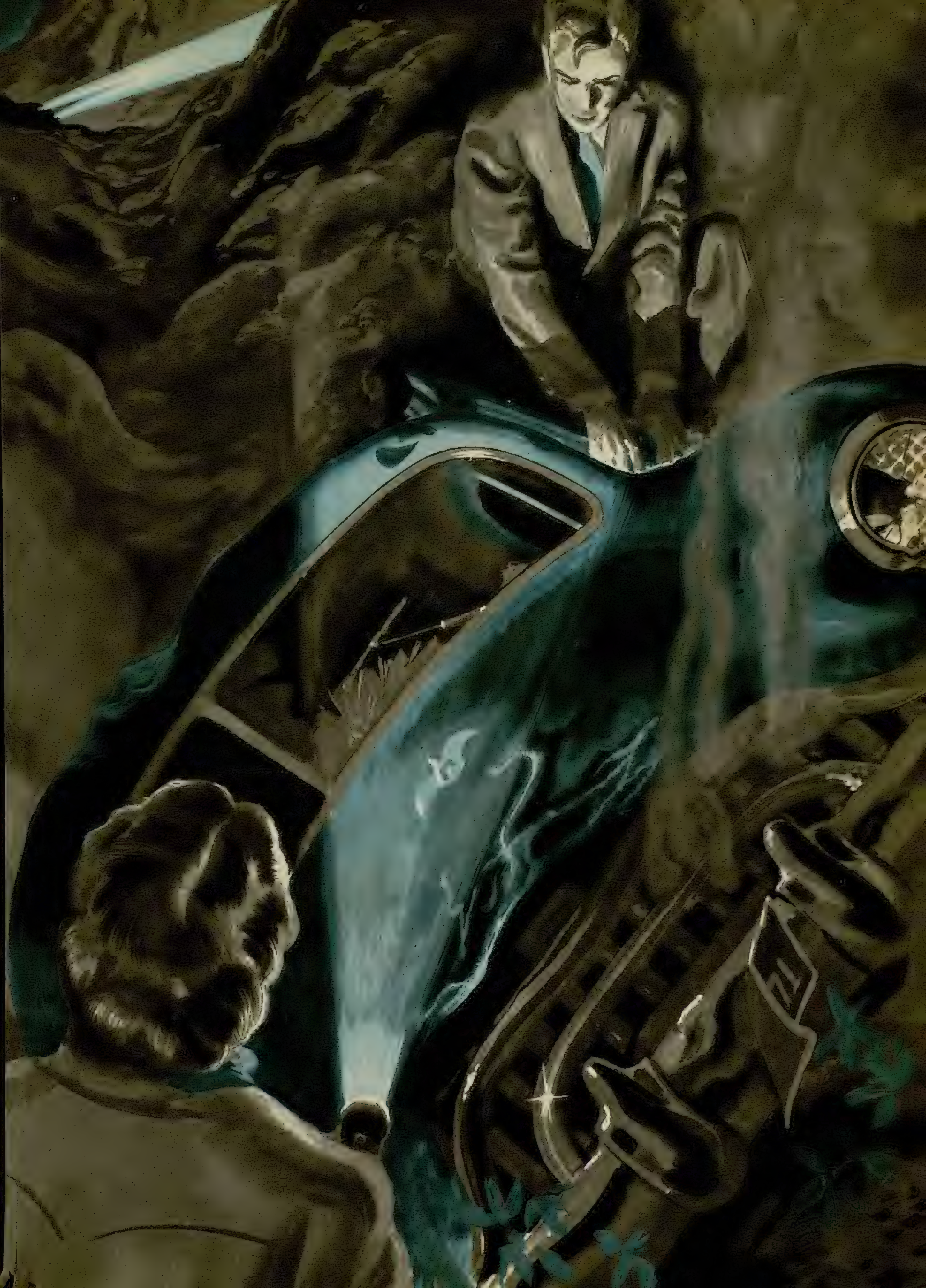
"Trial run," I agreed. "It sounds wonderful."

The date was set for seven thirty, Friday. I offered to bring along a license and a preacher, but she said I'd better wait to see how I reacted to her cooking.

Time dragged until Friday evening. By seven ten I was parked outside the house, counting the minutes. At seven thirty on the dot I rang the bell. Judy opened the door. She had on a simple house dress and a fancy little cellophane apron. She looked cute as a bug. I closed the door and wrapped her up. After a long time she pulled away and reminded me that this wasn't the primary purpose of the visit. I said it was primary enough for me, but that still didn't keep her out of the kitchen.

We kidded through the meal—husband-and-wife stuff. She washed the dishes and I dried them. I only broke two. We tidied up the kitchen and went into the living room. We left one light on, rather dim, and sat down on the couch.

Illustrated by John Pike



A Bullet For My Love

Continued

I said, "Do we keep right on with this husband-and-wife stuff?"

"Yes," she said, and then added hastily, "within reason."

The telephone rang. I glanced at the little mantel clock. Ten on the nose. I loosened my arms. I said, "I suppose you've got to—"

She answered it and said, "Yes, he's here." She covered the mouthpiece with her hand and said, "I think it's Valerie Palmer."

It was Valerie, all right. But the voice was strained and tense. "Keith—I'm at home. You've got to come here at once."

"But, Valerie—"

"For God's sake, don't argue." There was a desperate urgency in her tone. "I'm in terrible trouble. Come quick."

The line clicked at her end. I jiggled the hook. She—or someone else—had cut us off.

I looked at Judy. "That *was* Valerie. She sounded terrified."

When I repeated what Valerie had said, Judy left the room. When she returned, she was wearing a coat and carrying a bag. I said, "That's out."

She said firmly, "I'm going."

I didn't argue too much. There wasn't time. I said, "I'll call Valerie back and find out—" That wasn't what I was thinking, of course. I wondered whether she'd answer the phone.

She didn't. No one answered.

I considered calling Bert Lane or Marty Walsh. But I decided against it. I'd go to Valerie's house. If anything were really wrong, I'd call from there.

◆

We rounded an unusually sharp curve. Ahead there was a little house perched on the side of the road, Valerie's, the place she had rented when she and her husband first moved to California, the place which had an apartment over its two-car garage, an apartment in which lived Mr. Robert Ellsworth Abernathy, who ambitioned to be a Ph.D. and the husband of Bonita Clayton.

Just as we came in sight of the place, a car backed sharply into the road. Judy said, "I think that's Valerie's car."

I braked to a halt. I ran to the front door, jammed one hand against the bell, and pounded with my other fist on the wooden panels. No answer.

I was back in my car and on my way. I might catch Valerie or whoever was in that car. My speedometer needle climbed way up yonder and hung there.

Judy said, "There's a car ahead, Keith."

I saw it: going up a hill—fast—up into the forsaken country back of Hollywood.

I hit an unexpected curve. I had to jam the brakes on to keep from going over the cliff. Not a word of fright or of protest from Judy.

We hit a stretch that was longer and straighter than usual. No car ahead. Then came another curve. We skidded around that just in time to see the car ahead go over the cliff. It was moving slowly, with an awful deliberation, as though its driver was doing this terrible thing intentionally. There was a crashing as it tore through the scrub growth.

The car turned over as it hit the really sharp declivity. It turned over once and then again and again, down and down into the blackness. Then there was a screech of outraged steel . . . and silence.

I rolled forward to the spot from which the car had plunged to destruction. I jumped out.

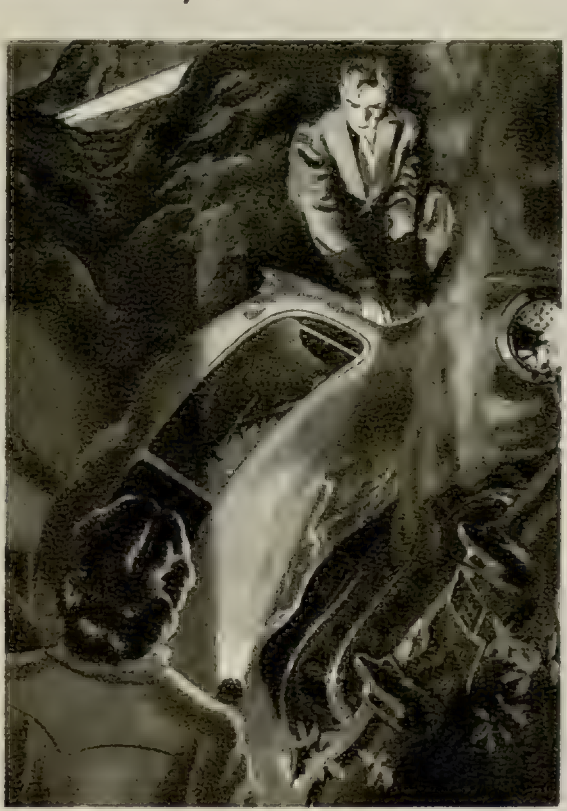
I said, "I'm going down. You stay here."

I grabbed an electric torch from the glove compartment. I started down into the canyon, guiding myself by the scars left by the plunging car. Judy was right alongside.

The wreck lay half on its side against a boulder. I turned my torch on it, and Judy said, "It is Valerie's car."

There was no sound from inside.

I handed the flashlight to Judy and told her to stay where she was, and then I let myself down inside the car. It was a shambles. There was a lot of blood.



I didn't need to feel a pulse to know that Valerie Palmer was dead.

Dead. And alone. Terribly alone. I fought back the waves of nausea that rolled over me. I clambered out of the car and went to Judy.

"Valerie?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Dead?"

"Yes. You take the torch and climb back up to the road. Cars do come along here occasionally. Flag one of them down. Or two or three, if you can. Ask each of them to telephone for the police—Bert Lane, or Marty Walsh. We need an ambulance and a doctor."

She took the torch and started back up the hill. It was tough going. I went with her a short distance, helping her over the worst part. Then I stood alone in the blackness watching her until I was sure she would make it all right. Then I started down to Valerie's car.

It had been difficult with a flashlight. It was even more difficult now. I didn't see anything or hear anything. I didn't know anyone was near me until something crashed against my skull and the blackness became even blacker.

◆

Cops. They were using flashlights to search the bottom, the top, and the sides of the canyon. There was also one man who wasn't a cop, and who was doing things to my head. He was dressed all in white. He looked like a doctor. He was a doctor.

Bert Lane appeared from nowhere. He looked nine feet tall. Beside him was Judy. A flashlight played briefly over her face and I saw that she was all right, though her eyes looked big and frightened.

Marty Walsh asked crisply, "How's he doin', doc?"

"O.K. Nasty crack he got, but I don't think there's any concussion."

I said, "It feels like a fracture."

Judy leaned over and kissed me. It was a light kiss, light as a butterfly's wing, but much more satisfactory. I said, "I'd better have another dose of that," and then I heard Lieutenant Walsh say, "Hell! This guy is right as rain."

Bert Lane said gently, "Tell us what happened, Keith."

When I had told it as I remembered, Lane said, "She was dead before that car went over the edge. She had been shot."

I said stupidly, "But how could she drive the car if she was dead?"

"She couldn't. And we don't know where or when she was murdered."

The man in white wanted to know whether they had finished with me. He said he wanted to ride me in to the Hollywood Receiving

(*Continued on page 62*)

Zoo without visitors

By STEPHEN BRUCE BOOKE

Animals from overseas, no less than humans, must go through quarantine—in the case of animals, a pretty wild establishment

READING TIME 4 MINUTES Out of the belly of a big cargo plane at Teterboro airport in New Jersey and into a specially sterilized truck clumped four sluggishly apathetic zebus. Zebus are India's sacred cows and this was the first shipment to enter this country since the end of the war. Their initial destination: Athena Quarantine Station, the animal Ellis Island at Clifton, New Jersey, through which ruminant animal immigrants must pass before settling down in American zoos, circuses, and breeding farms. Under the watchful eye of Dr. F. L. Herchenroeder, station superintendent, the truck trundled inside the high quarantine fence.

For the next 30 days the zebus were completely isolated. Even birds that flew over Athena's 52 acres in the best residential section of Clifton risked being shot. Herchenroeder takes no chances with spreading germs, and sanitary precautions in the 18 snug barns and paddocks of his domain are as rigid as a hospital contagion ward, while he makes daily tests for such animal ailments as foot-and-mouth disease, surra, and rinderpest.

All cattle, sheep, other ruminants, and swine imported into the United States—except from Mexico and Canada—must undergo similar quarantine to keep out highly infectious plagues that could sweep through whole states in a few weeks. It was one such plague—cattle pleuropneumonia, brought in from Europe—that led to permanent veterinary police measures. In 1884 the Congress set up the Bureau of Animal Industry under the Department of Agriculture. Order of the day: Wipe out contagious pleuropneumonia. Quarantine stations were established at ports of entry, where Bureau veterinarians scrupulously inspected all imported cattle. Infected animals were destroyed. We haven't had a case of this fatal disease since 1892.

Today Athena, serving the Port of New York, is the only quarantine station owned and operated by the Bureau of Animal Industry. It can bed down 647 animals.

◆ It wasn't long ago that a pair of water buffaloes burst from their pen, bellowed in deadly rage, and went for a new attendant. He was a circus employee who had been tending tigers before being assigned to buttle and valet during the quarantine period. The buffaloes smelt their tribal enemy in his unlaundered work clothes and didn't stop to find out what was inside the odoriferous garments. Escaping with his life, the circus man bathed and changed into fresh overalls. For the rest of their stay the buffaloes paid him no mind.

Another, less homicidal Athena applicant for U. S. citizenship papers was Fifi, a 12-foot baby giraffe whose ancestral grazing ground is Uganda, Africa. She reached up from her stall and munched three electric-light globes before her peculiar taste was discovered. Fifi suffered no ill effects.

If the chief finds one contagious disease in a shipment, the entire herd is destroyed and buried in huge trenches. "That's drastic treatment," he admits regretfully, "for a single animal may be worth as much as $25,000."

Two of the strongest precedents for drastic treatment were set some 40 years ago. In 1905 visas were granted to 65 milch goats from the island of Malta. Following inspection at the Port of New York, they were transferred to Athena. In quarantine several of the animals showed signs of a strange disease. It turned out to be the energy-wasting Malta fever. Although more or less passive in goats, the disease unleashes its full fury once it gains entrance to the human body in goat's milk. Temperatures skyrocket. Joints swell. Anemia and neuritis take hold. To head off an epidemic, the whole shipment, including the kids, was destroyed.

A year later 51 head of zebu cattle from Bombay, India, arrived at quarantine. Blood tests and rabbit inoculations revealed 18 of the 51 cattle to be infested with surra, a kind of infectious anemia. The diseased animals were slaughtered and their carcasses were incinerated, the rest of the importation held under extended quarantine.

It's because of such strict prevention that no case of foot-and-mouth disease—one of the fastest-moving and most universal of all livestock afflictions—has been traced to an animal passed by a quarantine station. The worst outbreak this country has ever known cropped up in Michigan in 1914.

In round figures the total number of animals slaughtered in the country because of it was 172,000.

◆ "Today," Dr. Herchenroeder says, "the United States maintains itself free of foot-and-mouth disease. But without quarantine restrictions our country would no longer be the healthiest place in the world for the production of meat and dairy products. Once established on our shores, foot-and-mouth disease would paralyze the nation's livestock industry. We would be dependent upon other countries for a considerable part of our meat and dairy supplies."

The possibilities of so appalling a crisis are slim—thanks to the Bureau's vigilance; and imports from many disease-ridden foreign lands are barred by Congressional enactment. Athena's inflexible rule is: "Visitors are unwelcome." ◆ ◆

Continued from page 15

The report of Elvin Sill of Arlington, Virginia, that his neighbors, Henry Warren Dunham and Vera Sandomirsky Dunham, had all-night parties and went around the house in the nude, patently was in the "No Action" category and lay in the F.B.I. files for three years. The Dunhams meantime returned to Detroit.

But in 1948 the F.B.I. was studying the romantic career of an extraordinary woman named Irina Efimovna Aleksander, and a confidential informant gave the bureau a copy of an address book found in her New York apartment, which included the names of Mr. and Mrs. Dunham and their home and office telephone numbers. In 1944-45 Dunham had been an information research analyst for the State Department. A native of Russia and naturalized citizen, his wife had served as research analyst for the Office of Strategic Services, predecessor of the Central Intelligence Agency. She was assigned to study source materials on Russian politics.

A letter from Mrs. Dunham dated early in 1946, after her return to Detroit, which also fell into F.B.I. hands, told Mrs. Aleksander of her pleasure at being given a chance to teach Soviet literature at Wayne University. She added, "The head of the department (and this is strictly confidential) tactfully warned me that I should understand that this was not a course in politics (idiot) so that the F.B.I. may collect me at any given time."

Another letter, written in Russian later that year, remarked, "It is good that the F.B.I. did not pick me up." It referred to a book by Mrs. Aleksander, apparently the manuscript of This Is Russia, a history for high-school students done, the F.B.I. commented, from a Russian propaganda viewpoint.

◆ So Vera Sandomirsky Dunham, whose only errors may have been a couple of indiscreet letters, got into the F.B.I.'s voluminous report on Irina Aleksander.

All the reports went into the public record by decision of the judge and Attorney General Tom C. Clark, over the violent protests of J. Edgar Hoover. As anybody could buy a transcript for about $200, this revelation of F.B.I. methods and clues to the identity of confidential agents was soon behind the Iron Curtain. Some of the clues were informants' telephone numbers. Within three weeks more than a dozen informants had quit, and there were fears for the lives of others.

Such language as the following, which popped up from time to time in the reports, was likely to bring reprisals on persons in or close to the Russian and satellite embassies:

"Confidential Informant C-279, of known reliability, who is familiar with the activities of the Russian Embassy personnel, advised that he has received no information indicating that any person in the Swiss Legation might be connected with Soviet Intelligence activities. . . .

"Confidential Informant T-1, who is in a position to furnish reliable information during the period in question, advises that to his knowledge Sotirov made no contact with the Bulgarian Legation on November 9, 1947. . . ."

It was the Sotirov report that brought the most violent political reaction to publication of the documents. A U.N. employee, Sotirov was suspected by F.B.I. informants of working for the Bulgarian or Russian intelligence service. After quoting Confidential Informant T-1, the report continued: "An informant of the above informant has further indicated that Emily [*sic*] Condon and Morton Kent have met concerning Sotirov at which time Kent was furnished with Sotirov's address in New York." It explained that Kent, a Washington business man who later committed suicide, had been trying to sell business machines to legations and embassies and might have been trying to use Sotirov as a sales entry to the United Nations.

◆ The explosion came from Dr. Edward U. Condon, director of the U. S. Bureau of Standards and husband of Emilie Condon, who protested at his wife's name being dragged in, and said the F.B.I. must have got it from a tapped telephone. If it did come from a telephone conversation, it is hardly likely that the Condons' line had been tapped.

White House toes were also stepped on. The name of David K. Niles, administrative assistant to the President, cropped up in a report on one Philip Levy, an associate of Leon Josephson, who had been convicted of contempt of Congress. The State Department was reluctant to issue a passport to Levy in 1944, until Niles wrote a letter saying he had known Levy and his wife for a long time and found it hard to believe either would engage in un-American activities. Another Niles letter addressing "Dear Phil" was quoted.

Introduction of the reports was most unfortunate. They were unevaluated and unco-ordinated individual reports which the Criminal Division of the Justice Department was using, and did not present a rounded picture. They contained a lot of unproved allegations such as are culled out when a final study is made, either by the F.B.I. or the Criminal Division, for a district attorney's use.

The F.B.I. files themselves were not, as reported, dumped into the court record — only the individual reports already in the hands of the Criminal Division. For what they purport to be, these seem to be thorough, sober, and careful. They are in good government English, with a minimum of the technical. There are a few unfamiliar abbreviations, such as "was" (with aliases) and "aka" (also known as). Although the confidential sources are indicated only by symbols, there is often an appraisal of the informant's reliability, good or bad. In one or two cases anonymous information is included, such as a list of presumably subversive books that a visitor had copied while waiting in a subject's library.

◆ As this is written, the problem of how to prove that somebody stole secret documents without divulging the secrets in the documents has not been solved. But the F.B.I. can hardly be expected to destroy its files or suppress internal reports because they contain matter that looks damaging when it gets into the newspapers.

The F.B.I. is the investigating and reporting arm of the Department of Justice, and a very efficient one. Its discipline and morale are high, and so is its prestige. The average American refers to it in the same tone of affectionate pride that he applies to the Marines. Its popularity is due largely to the standards demanded by Hoover in the 25 years of his administration, and partly to his sense of the dramatic and his skill at public relations.

Among the things the F.B.I. is not are (*a*) a Gestapo, and (*b*) a Thought police force. Its agents are not permitted to ask people whether they read the liberal weeklies. It doesn't prosecute anybody. Often the information it provides, as on loyalty cases, is not even acted on by the government agencies concerned.

Under Hoover are about 10,000 employees, of whom about 4,000 are special agents. An applicant for appointment as special agent must be between 25 and 40, a graduate of a recognized law school or school of accounting, must pass a rigid character investigation and exacting written and physical examinations, and if accepted must undergo training and refresher courses.

The F.B.I. has to cope with 120 types of federal law violations, besides giving technical help to local police. It has investigated 25,000 suspects in the Mattson kidnaping case of 1936, and rejected them all, including those who tried to confess. After a disastrous airplane wreck, 45 hands were sent to the bureau, and it was able to identify 21 of the dead from fingerprints.

You may never meet an F.B.I agent, for there is only one for every 37,000 Americans, but if you do you will probably find him a polite and competent young man with a notebook and an air of discretion but not of mystery. ◆ ◆

Liberty pastime

YOU CAN TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS

All that's needed is praise and patience and a dash of training know-how

By LOUISE LEVITAS

YOU CAN TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS

Continued

◆ Your dog—the squirming bundle of fluff you spied first in a pet-shop window, the poodle you chose for his pedigree at some registered kennel, or maybe the flop-eared mongrel your son brought home—is of course a lovable creature.

As soon as you fed him and he wagged his tail and licked your hand, you discovered that no other dog had his charm.

BUT how do your friends and neighbors feel about him? Buster may be irresistible to you, but if, as a full-grown animal, he prints his muddy paws on visitors' laps, if he growls at the grocery boy, if he barks incessantly at passing cars and starts fights with the next-door cat, then he's no gentleman. You may forgive him; your neighbors won't.

The majority of Busters have no manners and their owners just smile helplessly at each *faux pas.* "He's only a dog; he doesn't know any better."

The fact is, you can teach him. Dogs learn the tricks of polite behavior as willingly as they learn to chase a ball. They like to play games with you, and you can turn the pleasure of such frolics into useful channels. Introduce Buster to some dog etiquette, and you'll endear not only Buster but yourself to the community.

◆ Fortunately, it doesn't matter to Buster how late in his life you start his education. A dog is never too old to learn. That's because he's a creature whose greatest happiness is pleasing you, his owner. He can, however, be too young for training. Like all youngsters, a puppy is too easily distracted by everything around him to concentrate on lessons. All you can teach a young puppy is not to wet the floors and not to wake you during the night. His first nights away from his mother, in a strange new house, he's apt to cry. To keep him quiet, wrap a large ticking clock in a blanket and place it near him. It will make him feel he isn't all alone.

House-breaking is a gradual process. You start by confining Buster to the bathroom or some other convenient space, and spreading newspapers over that floor area. You'll find that eventually he'll pick one particular spot. Day by day remove the papers from the surrounding floor until you've left only the spot he has chosen.

If you bring him into any other room, spread papers on the floor. Be sure to place him on the papers right after a meal, a nap, or any playtime. He'll soon realize what the paper is for.

When you start breaking him of the newspaper habit as he grows older, you must take him out of doors first thing in the morning, after meals, and the last thing at night. By petting and praising him after he's behaved correctly, you'll reinforce the idea of what he's supposed to do.

Naturally Buster will occasionally make mistakes indoors while he's learning. When he does, drag him immediately to the spot where he has erred, tell him he's a bad dog (your loud and angry tone will indicate it), flick him on the nose with your fingers, and put him outside.

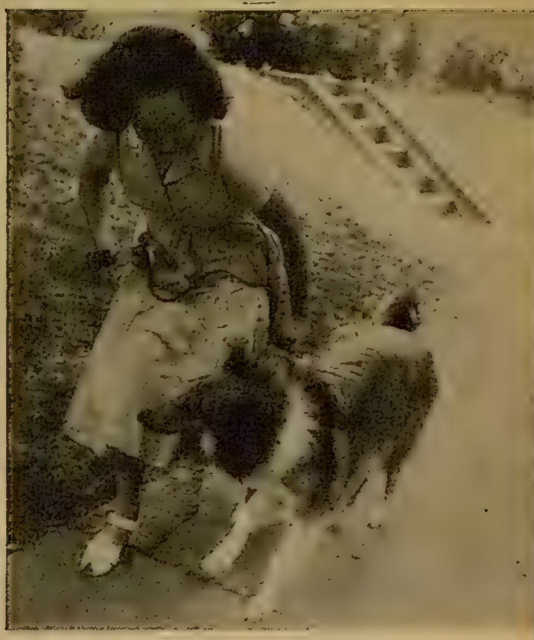
At around five or six months of age, Buster is old enough to start elementary lessons in obedience. At this time you must make a firm resolve: NEVER bribe Buster to obey you by offering him food. Once he's caught on to that little trick, you'll have a spoiled dog who won't do as he's told without a bribe.

Your dog is a willing creature, ready to do the right thing. It all depends on you.

Harriet and Edward L. Schacht, who are prominent training directors and show judges, say that dogs are easier to teach than their owners. "A dog wants more than anything his owner to be happy. When he's being trained in obedience, the tone of voice is enough to reward him or to show your displeasure. Dogs are very sensitive to your moods."

There are, says Mr. Schacht, three basic rules in training dogs:

"Explain what you want him to do. *Correct* him if he does wrong. *Praise* him when he does right."



1

This collie (Gipsie's Bonnie of Lakeville) learns to heel. Left hand pulls the leash to correct the dog when it strays. Keep dog on your left side.

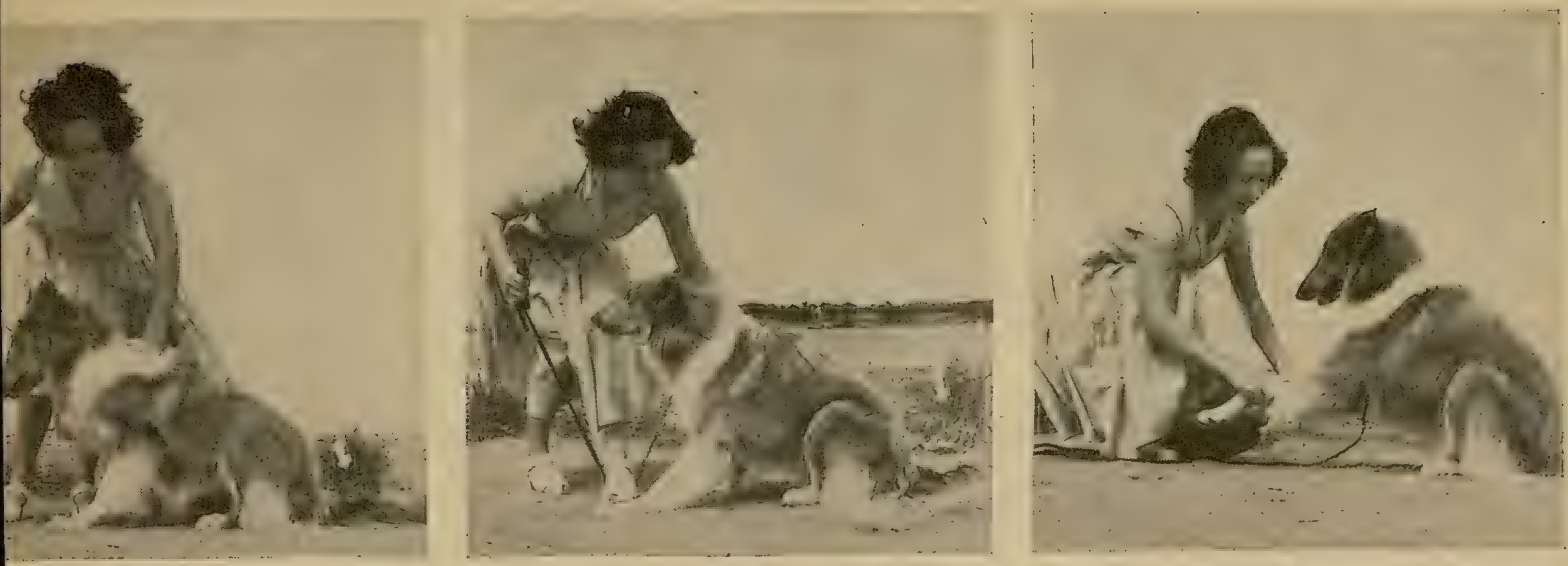
In correcting him, it is rarely advisable to hit a dog severely, no matter what his transgression. If you've created the proper understanding between you and your pet, he'll do as you ask, not from fear, but from the desire to please you.

Now, about the tricks you're going to teach him. Naturally, since he's a family pet, you're not interested in turning your Buster into a show-off in the circus-performing sense. You just want him to sit or lie down or keep quiet when you ask him to, and to walk to heel without pulling at the leash.

So make these lessons fun for him. Set aside some time each day —fifteen minutes to half an hour at most, or your Buster may become bored with his lessons. Buster will learn through constant, unvarying repetition. His training should never be given just before or after his

A fine example of good training. Gipsie, Tag, and Andy have been in a sit-stay position. "Tag, come!" his owner orders. Tag obeys. The others keep their places.

Another example of good manners in dogs. Sugar, owned by George Blair, head of the Greenwich Village Dog Owners Association, waits while her mistress shops.



2 3 4

Here are three simple methods of teaching a dog to lie down. When the dog is in a sitting position (2), pull forward on the leash with right hand while pressing down on the dog's back. You can step on the leash (3) to help bring the animal down. Owner Kay Giering pulls (4) the front legs out so that the dog falls into the lying-down position. In using any of these methods, remember to speak the command: "Bonnie, down!" It is never necessary to whip a dog. Kindness and firmness pay off.

mealtime; he'll be either too hungry or too logy with food to pay proper attention.

You start the lessons indoors, with your dog on a leash. The experts agree that a choke-chain collar with a long leather lead is the proper training leash for every dog. The chain is looped around the dog's neck so that it's always loose except when he's pulling away from you.

In teaching Buster to sit at your command, you hold most of the leash neatly folded in your right hand, so that there's no slack between you and the dog as you stand alongside him. Give the dog's name to attract his attention; then give the command: "Buster, sit!" At the same time jerk the leash upward (to hold his head high) and press down on Buster's rear with your left hand. Pet him and praise him each time he does it, and he'll soon learn the trick without the leash, simply at the words, "Buster, sit!"

Dog experts say that young children are not poised enough to take over the training of pets. Here's Bonnie, the collie, doing the leading instead of vice versa.

The next step in Buster's learning is the command to stay where he is. As he sits squarely in front of you, tell him in a gentle voice, "Sta-ay!" You may also use a gesture, which Buster will eventually learn as the command. Then you walk gently around him, holding the leash loosely. If he rises to follow, correct him: "No! Sta-ay!" and push him down again. When he does what you ask, reward him with praise.

There are three methods for teaching a dog to lie down at command; they are demonstrated on these pages by the collie, Gipsie's Bonnie of Lakeville. You start with the dog in a sitting position. Then, as you give the command, you may pull the dog's head forward with the leash and press his shoulders down with the other hand; or you may step on the taut leash to pull the dog's head down, at the same time pressing his back downward; or you may just pull his front legs out to a lying-down position. After he's learned what the words "Down!" or "Lie down!" mean, he'll obey your command without these preliminary motions.

Probably the most useful lesson you can teach Buster is to come when he's called. For this lesson, place him in a sit-stay position on a long leash, then walk backward away from him. At a proper distance, call "Buster, come!" and jerk on the leash to pull him toward you.

The tone of your voice, always important in his teaching, should be a see-what-I've-got-for-you invitation, and to help him get the idea, run backward as you call him.

When you're out walking, Buster should be on your left side. To teach him the polite way to stroll, say, "Buster, heel!" then jerk the lead and start walking forward again. If Buster continues to pull at the leash, jerk it toward you and repeat, "Heel!" until he understands.

Don't be afraid to jerk on the leash when you're teaching him these A B Cs. Start with a slack leash, jerk to correct him, and be sure it loosens as soon as he moves to the correct position. Once you give a command, you must see that he obeys it, or his training will never be a success.

There is another bad habit which most untrained dogs, especially large ones, seem to have in common—that's jumping on you or your visitors in greeting. Bend your knee under Buster's forepaws if he jumps up on you, and it will throw him off balance and soon break him of the habit.

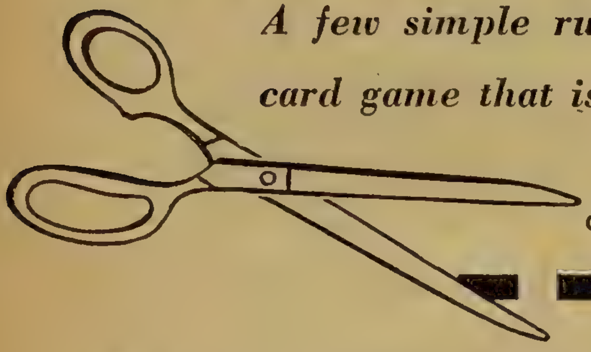
Eventually, if you are faithful about these lessons, Buster will learn to respond to the tone of your voice alone.

In any special dilemma, you can get expert help from the books on dog training from your neighborhood library. The obedience training clubs, which exist in many large cities, are another source of help.

The dogs pictured on these pages—members of the Nassau Dog Training Club and the Greenwich Village Dog Owners Association—are all amateurs, family pets who have learned to be considerate of humans. Your Buster can be just as punctilious! ◆ ◆

Photos by Paul Weller

How to play CANASTA



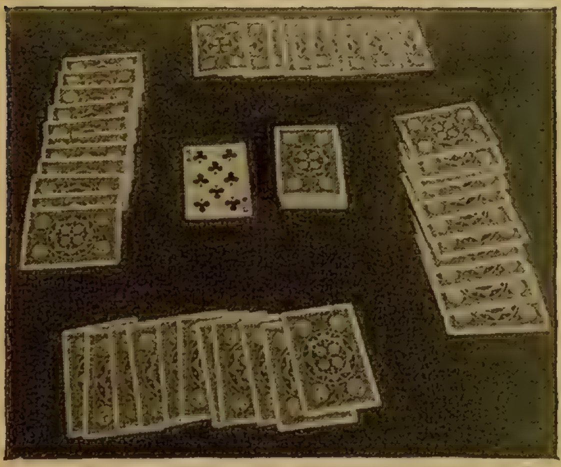
A few simple rules and directions for mastering the new South American card game that is sweeping even bridge and gin-rummy addicts off their feet

By ALBERT A. OSTROW
Consultant for the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers

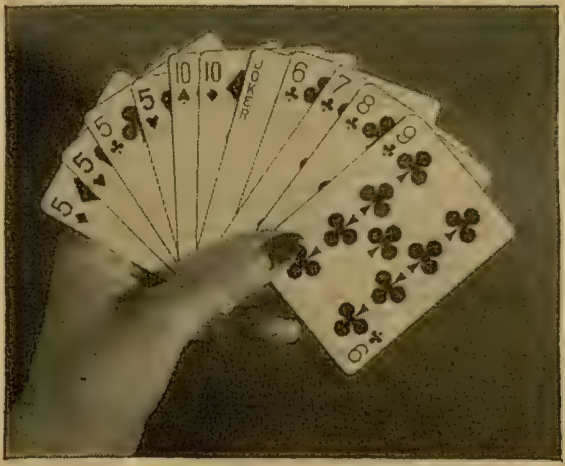
CUT OUT AND SAVE

◆ Not since Carmen Miranda has there been a South American importation with the entertainment sock of Canasta. This glamor offshoot of rummy is storming card tables from coast to coast. Try a few deals, devotees promise, and it's got you for sure.

The rules of Canasta look and sound more complicated than they really are. You play the game with two regular decks of cards spiced with four jokers—108 cards shuffled together to make a single pack. With all deuces being wild, this gives you 12 cards which can be called anything you like.



The game is best for partnership play, two to a side. Players get 11 cards each in the deal. The remainder of the pack goes face down in the center of the table and is called the stock. The top card of the stock is turned face up alongside to begin a discard pile. If this is a wild card or a red three (diamonds or hearts), cover it with another card from the stock, also face up.



When you arrange your hand, forget about sequences, or runs—7, 8, 9, 10, J, etc. You don't build these in Canasta as you do in other rummy games. Instead, concentrate on forming sets of cards of the same denomination—5-5-5 or 8-8-8-8, etc. They are called melds. A meld must consist of at least three cards. You may use wild cards to form a meld, but in a meld consisting of only three cards, two of them must be natural—10-10-joker (or deuce).

Think of the cards as having a point count as follows: Any joker, 50; deuce, 20; ace, 20; king down through the eight, 10; below the eight, 5.

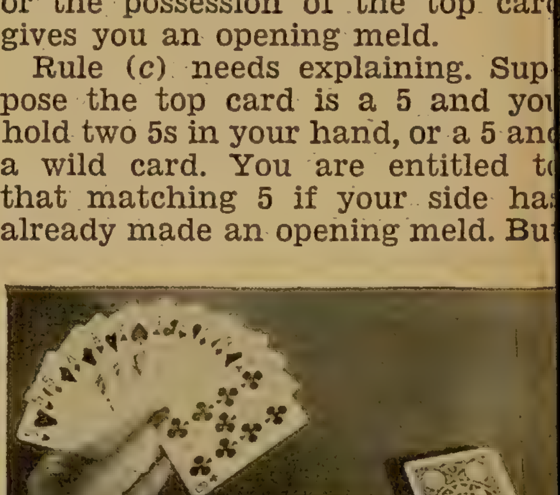
The main idea in Canasta is not to match up your hand in a hurry, as in gin, but to build up canastas. These are melds of seven of a kind —or more—and they rate substantial bonus scores.

You can start with a meld of three cards—8-8-8, etc.—and by adding more 8s or wild cards later, you can build up a canasta. But in any case you can't use more than three wild cards building a canasta.

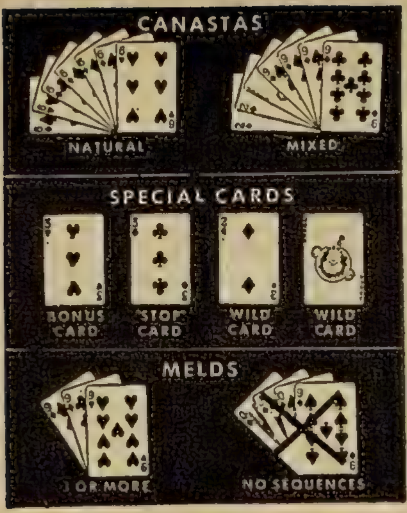
Now for the play. First turn goes to the player at dealer's left. After that the turn goes in continuous rotation. Whenever your turn comes up, you must take the top card of the stock, unless you wish to make the alternate play described in the next paragraph.

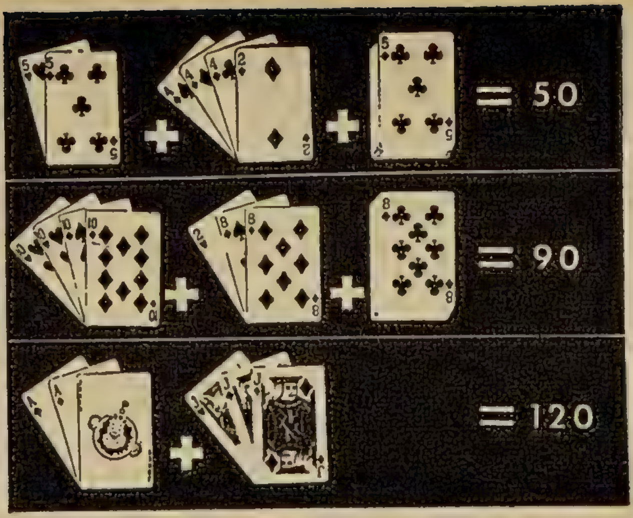
You may pick up the topmos card of the discard pile instead o the top stock card under certai conditions. These are: (*a*) You o your partner have previously face on the table a meld, or melds, having a point count of at least 5 known as an opening meld, fo instance, Q-Q-Q-2 or 7-7-7-7 plu J-J-J. (*b*) You can use the to card to add to a meld your side ha previously made. (*c*) You can us the top card to form a meld wit two or more cards in your hand— provided, however, your side ha previously made an opening mel or the possession of the top car gives you an opening meld.

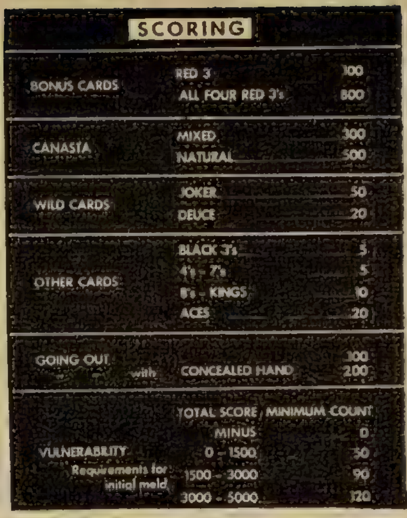
Rule (*c*) needs explaining. Suppose the top card is a 5 and yo hold two 5s in your hand, or a 5 an a wild card. You are entitled t that matching 5 if your side ha already made an opening meld. Bu



if you desire to use that 5 to make an opening meld you've got to pro-







SCORING		
BONUS CARDS	RED 3	100
	ALL FOUR RED 3's	800
CANASTA	MIXED	300
	NATURAL	500
WILD CARDS	JOKER	50
	DEUCE	20
OTHER CARDS	BLACK 3's	5
	4's - 7's	5
	8's - KINGS	10
	ACES	20
GOING OUT		100
with	CONCEALED HAND	200
	TOTAL SCORE	MINIMUM COUNT
VULNERABILITY	MINUS	0
Requirements for initial meld	0 - 1500	50
	1500 - 3000	90
	3000 - 5000	120

duce two natural 5s and enough additional meld to show at least 50 points.

Any time you use the top card of the discard pile you *must* take all the other cards in the pile. This is an advantage in Canasta. The more cards you have, the more melds and potential canastas.

Whether you elect to take the top card of the closed stock or the discard pile, you follow this play by melding (if you choose to). You then complete your turn by making a discard of your own, face up. The discard pile is always kept squared so that you see only the top card and must try to remember those beneath.

Melds of any point count whatsoever may be face up on the table once a side has gotten down its opening meld. In your turn you may add meldable cards to melds of your side already on the table in order to build toward canastas. All of a side's melds should be kept in front of one partner.

The deal ends when any player melds all his cards or melds all but one and discards that. A rule permits you to ask partner, "May I go out?" after you've drawn a card. If partner says "No" (and he may do so because he holds high-point cards), you may not go out in that turn. If he says "Yes," you *must* go out. Asking is not required, but once you do so, you are bound by partner's answer. But you must have at least one canasta to go out whether you ask or not.

If no one goes out before the stock is exhausted, the rules are as follows: You must take a top discard (and any cards underneath) if it is playable on any of your side's melds. You may pick up a discard (and any cards underneath) if you can use that card to make a meld with cards from your hand. When the top discard is not taken, the hand ends right there.

Before we go into the scoring, there are some other rules.

Whenever you hold or draw red threes, you must place them face up on the table in front of you in your turn and restore your hand from the stock in the amount of threes you display. Red threes have a bonus value but are not used in melds. However, if your opponents end the hand before you or your partner have been able to face any meld, the red threes count *against* your score

Black threes (clubs or spades) are strategy cards. If you discard a black three, the use of the discard pile is denied to the opponent at your left because black threes may not be melded. The only time black threes may be melded is when they enable you to end the hand.

If the discard pile contains a wild card or a red three, it is a prize pile. That means it may not be taken unless you have two natural cards to match the top discard. Suppose the top card is a jack. To take the pile you must produce two jacks of your own—one jack and a wild card won't do it. You may never take a discarded wild card with matching wild cards. The conventional way to indicate a prize pile is to turn the prize card at right angles. Discarding a wild card to make a prize pile can be a smart move.

Now for the scoring. The side that melds out (before the stock is exhausted) receives 100 points bonus for so doing. An additional 100 points is earned for melding out with a concealed hand. (A concealed hand is one from which you have previously made no melds on the table. Both sides score 100 points for every red three shown and 800 points for having all four of them. But you *lose* 100 points for each red three if you failed to make an opening meld.

Canastas earn a 300-point bonus if they contain one or more wild cards; 500 if they are natural.

Every card in an exposed meld (including the ones in the canastas and excepting red threes) is credited to your score according to its point count. Every card you hold in your hand when the deal ends is *subtracted* from your score. Both sides receive credit for their net scores on each deal and a cumulative running score is kept.

First side to reach 5,000 wins. The difference between the scores of both sides is the winning margin.

Up to the time your score is 1,500, your opening meld must have a count of at least 50 points. At 1,500 the requirement becomes 90, and at 3,000 it is 120. This feature puts brakes on a high-scoring side.

In a two-handed game each is dealt 15 cards instead of 11. Three-handed is a cutthroat proposition, each playing and scoring for himself, each receiving 13 cards in the deal. Six hands play in partnerships of three to a side, sitting alternately, with 11 cards going to each in the deal.

There you have enough of the rules to give you a working knowledge of Canasta. You'll find that the proof of its fascination is in the playing. ◆ ◆

The village wise woman has told Ann Blyth that the man she will marry will wear a coat with a green lining. Bing Crosby's pocket may make the prediction come true.

TOP O' THE MORNING

LIBERTY'S PICK OF THE PICTURES

Bing Crosby's fortieth picture since he reached stardom in 1932 and one that promises to keep the old Groaner on top of the heap

By ELIZABETH WILSON

◆ Paramount's Top o' the Morning is a pleasant, light-hearted film of love and legends in modern-day Ireland. It is Bing Crosby's fortieth picture, and it is the third time he has been teamed with that fine old character actor, Barry Fitzgerald, who plays a lovable, befuddled Irish police sergeant, right in the Gaelic groove. Naturally he steals every scene, even from the Groaner himself. The film starts with the theft of the Blarney stone, Ireland's shrine to the gift of gab. Enter Bing, an American insurance investigator, who has been sent to Ireland by his company, which insured the stone for half a million. He meets the sergeant's daughter, Ann Blyth, and proceeds to pitch the woo to a couple of new songs by Johnny Burke and Jimmy van Husen that are a cinch to make the big time. The result is a mixture of mystery, melody, and malarky.

Barry Fitzgerald and Hume Cronyn get their orders from John McIntire in the search for the Blarney stone, stolen from the castle. Theft of the stone leads to zany doings.

Barry Fitzgerald is too busy hunting down the stolen Blarney stone to eat the breakfast daughter Ann Blyth is fixing for him. Ann has worries too—all of them romantic.

Sure, and it's the good ould sod of Eire that disgruntled Barry Fitzgerald is brushing from himself after someone—it could be a leprechaun—topples him from his bicycle.

Liberty's MOVIE REVIEWS

By Beverly Hills

WHITE HEAT (Warner Brothers) is a hard-slugging gangster melodrama that returns Jimmy Cagney to the type of hoodlum character he created in Public Enemy almost two decades ago. Directed by Raoul Walsh, a specialist in slugfests, the film tells the final brutal chapters of the life of Cody Jarrett (Cagney), a homicidal paranoic with a mother fixation. Cody's ma (that superb actress, Margaret Wycherly) raised her boy for a life of crime. She always told him, "Some day you'll be on top of the world." And he was—on top of an exploding butane tank! Cagney, back in the groove, gives a solid performance. No grapefruit in a dame's face this time. Instead, he clamps a judo hold on Virginia Mayo's neck. It isn't faked, as Virginia can testify. Edmond O'Brien stands out as a T-man, and Steve Cochran does a good job as a gangster.

Jimmy Cagney as Cody Jarrett, a gang-leader, doesn't know it, but he is talking to a T-man (Edmond O'Brien) who worms secrets from criminals.

MY FRIEND IRMA (Paramount) is a comedy based on the popular CBS radio program of the same name. The characters are the same, with the exception of the zany night-club team of Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, who make their screen debut most auspiciously as a couple of orange-juice salesmen. Hal Wallis, the producer, knew there was only one possible choice for the role of Irma Peterson—Marie Wilson, who created the role on the air. As stupid, good-hearted Irma, Marie Wilson is a natural. Diana Lynn has pert bounce and affectionate sarcasm for Irma's roommate, Jane Stacey, who aims to marry her millionaire boss, Richard Rhinelander III (Don DeFore). John Lund wraps up the part of Al, Irma's lazy boy friend who wants to get rich the easy way. Martin sings like an early Crosby and Lewis clowns hilariously. Good entertainment.

Jerry Lewis (that's him, garbed in shirt and towel) and Dean Martin make the welkin ring in this comedy. Diana Lynn and Marie Wilson lend a hand.

FATHER WAS A FULLBACK (Twentieth Century-Fox) is one for the football fans. Fred MacMurray plays a former All-America fullback at Michigan who had intended to be a lawyer but decided to live dangerously—and become a football coach. Life is quite pleasant at State University as long as his team is undefeated. But when his team drops its third game and the alumni start after his scalp, he learns that a coach's lot is not a happy one. What he needs for his team is a local athlete named Herk Smith (Richard Tyler) who is ticketed for Notre Dame. The coach has his domestic troubles too: his small daughter (Natalie Wood) gets a shiner defending him, and his teen-age daughter (Betty Lynn) writes a piece for a magazine titled I Was a Bubble Dancer. But all ends well. Herk falls for her and decides to play football for State U.

Confession Stories

The Coopers (Fred MacMurray and Maureen O'Hara) learn through a friend (Rudy Vallee) that their daughter has been writing confession articles.

looking too boyish for a successful ad man, had pulled the tray back and insisted:

"I guess I can stand the tariff. After all, you're the only girl I ever bought a wedding ring for. And I don't expect to be doing it again."

It was that very day Celia had agreed to give up her modeling. And she had given it up until now. But in the six months they'd been married, the picture had changed. Times had grown harder. Their money seemed to slip away like snow in a March sun.

"Ken, I know you don't want me to go back to modeling," Celia began, and felt his arm move from beneath her hand. "But when Fred was on the phone just now, he asked if he couldn't use me for a few National Tobacco posters. He knows how you feel about it, but just this once he figured you mightn't mind."

"I'd mind like hell!" Ken said. "If that's my bright pal's idea, he'd better think up another one."

"But National Tobacco, Ken—" Celia stopped, halted by Ken's abrupt turn toward the mirror, where he bent to knot his tie. Finishing with the tie, he turned back and kissed her behind the ear. A run-and-play sort of kiss, fond and proud and definitely detached.

"Maybe I'm the dominating type, Celia. A throwback to grandpa from ould Ireland. But I like to find my erstwhile bride at home when I get there." His finger moved over her bare arm, pausing at the warm inner curve of her elbow. "Once you start back to modeling, Celia, your time belongs to Consolidated Soda Pop, United Bubble Gum, or any other client who decides to work a twelve-hour stretch."

◆

Ken reached for the cocktail shaker on the night table between their two beds. As he drained his drink, Celia noticed the sharp new lines of strain around his dark eyes.

She went over and sat down on the bed beside him. "Ken, I wish you could land one whopping big account. Then you wouldn't have to work so hard, going after a lot of scattered accounts. We keep spending like cowboys on Saturday night, entertaining people we scarcely know, the way we're doing tonight, and always running behind in the hope of getting ahead."

"Getting ahead!" Ken laughed, and again his hand moved toward the cocktail shaker. "I lost my best account this afternoon. At exactly four fifteen. In case you heard something drop, baby, that was the Best-Drip coffee account dropping us for 'an older and better-established advertising agency,' to quote our late departed client."

"I didn't know," Celia said at last, careful not to sound panicked, "that you'd lost Best-Drip this afternoon. I just knew something was wrong. That's why I wanted so much to help. It's why I'm asking you again."

"Don't ask," Ken said.

He rose and pulled her close.

She turned and pressed against him. His eyes, looking into hers, darkened with a silent question.

He didn't have to look down at her, for he wasn't tall—this very new husband of hers. Nor was he the suave dependable executive he'd seemed to be when they were first engaged. But he was so charged with vitality, with that self-driving pride that never let him rest, that he brought Celia his own special aliveness. With him, life was difficult. Without him, life was impossible.

"If Kenneth Bradley Advertising is washed up," Ken said, and put Celia a little away from him, "it will take Kenneth Bradley along with it, shirt and shoes. But until that happens, Mr. Bradley will continue to support Mrs. Bradley and no argument about modeling."

His tone was still casual, but the question in his eyes deepened so that Celia knew that it was not just himself that Ken doubted, but what would happen to her, what would happen to both of them, if he went down and out. She pressed close to him with a nearness that tried to promise she would always be there when he needed her. For a moment he held her that way, tight and hard. And then he let her go. The doorbell was ringing.

"We'll be in a scandal. Husband and wife caught in the act of kissing while their guests pile in, thirsty and unwelcomed."

"Hempel can let in the first wave!" Celia said. "That's about all we need a butler for—to let in armies of people so we can feed-and-drink them."

"The word 'drink' reminds me. I need another quick one to brace me before I greet the inquiring mob. They'll all be crowding in to hear about the Best-Drip knockout blow and to see if I've gone down for the last count."

He poured himself another cocktail. His fourth. As he tossed it off, his face was locked in a look that closed the door of himself against Celia.

She went to the window and stood gazing out at their four-thousand-dollar-a-year view. The lights had come on in River House just across the street and below its aloof height the East River moved black and swift. Celia watched the dark tide of it, flowing past the neon signs that flashed from the opposite shore of Long Island. The rumble of traffic on the river drive below rose in a ceaseless wave, and that feeling which overwhelmed Celia so often since she left Texas, just two years ago, swept her anew. New York was too big. Too crowded and crowding. In this city, where men and women strung tight as violin strings vibrated to the fastest rhythm in the world, there didn't seem to be room for everybody.

Out in the foyer, the first guests were greeting one another noisily. Their laughter drifted in, a reminder that she should be out there with Ken, who was already doing his part as a good host.

In their silver-gray living room with its low bowls of scarlet and yellow roses, the early arrivals were all grouped around Ken.

He seemed very much at ease, but when Celia came up, he slipped an arm around her and she knew that he was glad to have her there. He stood with her for a brief moment and then moved on restlessly to say hello to some friends from Chicago.

◆

Celia heard the phone's ring in the bedroom beyond and Hempel came up to tell her that Mr. Sheppard was calling her.

Fred's voice came over the wire, harassed and hurried, explaining that he was delayed but he'd be along later. He was calling from the Chatham Bar now. Bill Phelps was still with him and Phelps' voice sounded in the background as Fred tried unsuccessfully to put him on the phone. After a moment Fred said into the receiver that Bill Phelps couldn't come along after all. It seemed that Phelps was catching the next train to Connecticut.

Celia's hand felt damp around the phone. She shifted it to her left hand and said the sort of things a wife says to her husband's best friend when she hopes to measure up to ideal requirements.

She heard a taxicab honking excitably on the street below. And as she hung up the phone, she sat for a second, listening to the party noise in the room beyond, and above it the wailing *hoot-hoot-hoot* of a tug warning something out of its way.

Celia shoved back the hair that was moist against her forehead, and her sudden movement overturned the framed picture at her elbow. She righted it, smiling down at the old-fashioned photograph of six stair-stepped children scattered generously between Ken's rigidly seated mother and father. How absurdly grave Ken's babyish face looked, with the stubborn lift of chin and that firm set of lips and those too-intense eyes! Even then, his was the one face in that family which promised he'd lift himself above the poverty that his too-large shabby clothes betrayed.

"From First Avenue back to First," he'd said jokingly the day they'd leased their penthouse apartment. "This section used to be a slum, Celia, and the eight of us lived in a basement room not two blocks from here. A basement. And now I'm up here on top of the world, and that's where I'm going to stay!"

He'd swooped her up in a great hug, and above them the stars had tilted dizzily in the city sky. Some of the nobody-can-stop-us assurance of that moment came back to Celia now, and with renewed buoyancy she returned to the fray that was supposed to be a party and which probably was for everyone except Ken and her.

She went over and told Ken that Fred was on his way. Alone.

"Sure." Ken nodded. His face was flushed and he beamed upon her absently. "Good old Fred—my pal. Be here any minute."

It must have been an hour before Fred finally arrived. Celia heard his voice as Hempel let him in. He came from the foyer into the living room, blinking a little, the way he often did as his pale blue eyes searched for Ken and found him. Fred's face, tanned from weekends on the Long Island shore, brightened. He went over and slung a comradely arm around Ken's shoulder, then eased the drink out of his hand and set it on the table just beyond. Ken made no attempt to retrieve the drink and he scarcely glanced at Fred.

It was as if he weren't quite here with this man who had been his closest friend, best man at their wedding, and the one person whose advice Ken would sometimes accept.

Fred gave up talking after a moment and came over to Celia. He started to speak, then gave a despairing groan. "Your party's a howling success, Celia. So much noise when I came in, I thought Brooklyn was playing Boston. How about the terrace? Isn't it quieter out there?"

Celia grinned dryly and waved her small capable hand in the direction of the thumping piano. "I started this thing, Fred. I have to finish it."

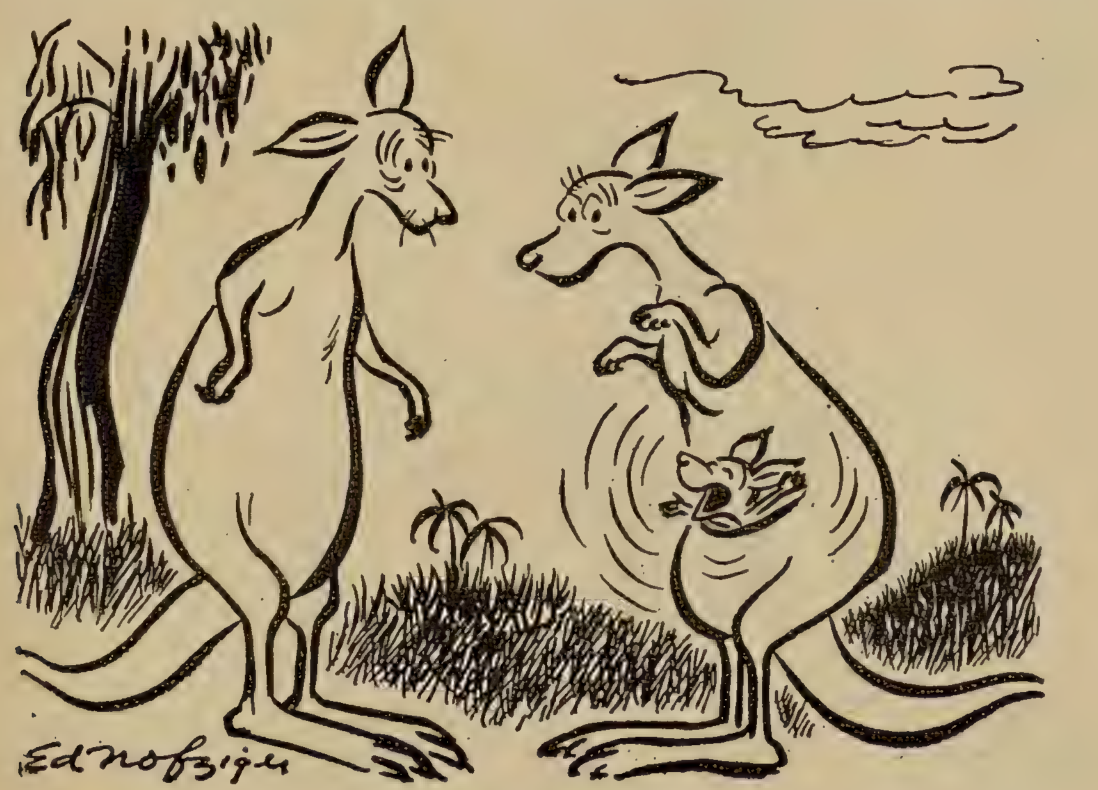
"It seems to be finishing Ken instead," Fred said with a backward glance of concern. He frowned as he saw Ken still standing alone, staring at nothing with a fixed intent regard. "Look, Celia. I can't talk to Ken. I can't get through to him tonight. I have to talk to one of you. Come out on the terrace."

Outside, the terrace was moist with river mist and city soot gritted under their feet as they walked to the high parapet. Fred rested both arms against the stone wall and looked down at the fast-flowing river. In the half-darkness, Celia could see his profile with that crisp blond mustache and the prominent thin cheekbones. As he turned toward her, she noticed the familiar jut of his jaw that always meant Fred intended to say something that might not be welcome but was going to be said anyway.

"Celia, we've got to help Ken. He's in a bad way now. And he's so damned stubborn."

"I tried to tell him he's working too hard."

"And drinking too much, Celia. That wouldn't hurt another type of guy. But Ken's too high strung. He's losing too much money too fast."



"I want daddy to carry me!"

"Yes, I know." Celia felt the stone parapet pressing hard against her braced shoulders. She was trembling. What she suspected was one thing, but Fred's almost brutal confirmation was another.

"We've both seen it, then," he conceded. "Now we'd better do something about it." He laid an impatient hand on Celia's. "Ken doesn't know what's good for him, Celia. And that's where you come in. When I couldn't bring Phelps, I brought a promise from him."

Sudden thankfulness warmed her. Fred had always been so good. So good to both of them. Why, she wouldn't even have met Ken if Fred hadn't brought them together! With a rush of gratitude, Celia remembered that August evening—just last August—when Fred had invited her to a chilled buffet dinner in the apartment he shared with Ken.

She'd been a little in awe of Fred up until then. Aware that Fred was probably the most important art director in the entire magazine world and she was certainly the newest and greenest model in the city.

She had never seen Gramercy Park before, nor been invited to a studio apartment. Sharply she remembered the wonder of the twilit park, the lights coming out in lower Manhattan, and the chiming bells that went one, two, three, and stopped at seven o'clock.

◆

When they'd come in, Ken had been standing there. By the window. Celia had seen him one moment before he had seen her. He'd turned to look at her and they'd both almost forgotten Fred was there. Yet Fred had always been there, a little blustering sometimes and almost rudely eager to see them succeed. He was brisk now.

"You'll have to set Ken straight on one thing, Celia. He needs Phelps' account and your modeling might be a good way in there. Phelps still makes every decision in that business and he likes to have the say on the models for the National Tobacco campaigns. He'd like that wholesome Texas look of yours. And no matter what Ken thinks about your posing, that's the ideal way for Phelps to get to know you and Ken both." Fred flung away his cigarette and it made an impatient arc—down, down to the river.

"Ken wants to work things out for himself, Fred. That's the trouble."

"He can't wait to work things out for himself. Not now. The truth is, that this was a risky year for Ken to start his own agency. When he got engaged to you back there eight months ago, Ken was a little business man going right up. Then he struck out for himself and he's tried to be big business all in one jump. He's spent too much going after accounts he hasn't landed. Then he opened that Chicago branch on the strength of the Best-Drip coffee account. And today he lost that."

There was a tight dryness in Celia's throat. She could have cried for everything that Ken had wanted and so briefly had and seemed about to lose.

"Ken needed—he almost had to have money right away, Fred. It was all mixed up with the kind of home he dreamed of. He used to tell me about it, nights before we'd go to sleep. He'd tell me about all he was going to do for his children that was never done for him. He'd talk and talk and sometimes I'd doze off and then wake up and find him standing by the window smoking, looking out over the city, too restless to sleep."

"That's the way he always was. In such a hell of a hurry to get ahead. Only he got worse when he fell for you. He never could forget seeing his mother do without things that he thought his father ought to have gotten for her. The old man wasn't much, and Ken wanted to show himself how different he could be when he got his own wife."

Celia glanced up at the tall lighted windows of their penthouse, at the blowing willow trees, nursery-grown and outrageously expensive. "I don't want all this. I don't need it."

She broke off as the terrace doors burst open.

◆

Ken stood there, his slight, not very tall figure silhouetted in the sudden light. He seemed to balance for a moment, a little too carefully erect but not quite steady enough so he could make the next step without a slight stumble. "Some of the crowd's leaving, Celia. They want to say g'-by."

"Be right with you, Ken," Fred called back, but he laid a detaining hand on Celia's arm. "I made an appointment for you at ten thirty tomorrow morning, Celia. With Bill Phelps. I can count on you, can't I?"

"You can." Her lowered voice was tense and hurried. "Yes, count on me."

Back in their crowded living room a few convivial ad men were gathered round the piano, chanting some old college song with new and bawdy words. And Ken had started keeping time with an absent mechanical intensity.

"Ken," Celia said, trying to make herself heard, "Fred and I have been talking. There's something I've got to tell you."

Ken seemed not to see her. Only the tensing of his arm and the defensive stiffening of his body told her that he felt her quick urgent touch. She let her hand drop from his arm. No use, now, to tell him about Phelps.

Better to wait. Once they were

Liberty COCKEYED CROSSWORD

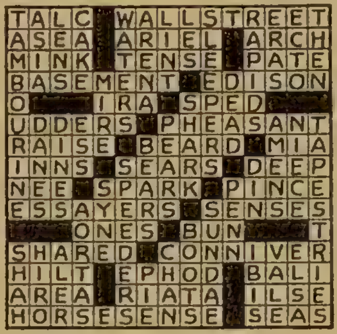
By TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Glorified knuckle-cracker (Would you call the No. 1 a bonehead?)
9 The distance between two feet equals one what?
13 "Ooh! What you said!"
14 Tart
16 His proud navy now Chinese junk (so solly, prease!)
17 Ellipticklish item
18 Auricular autographs (two words)
20 What you think of on the way home from the party
22 Superlatively heated in the upper story
23 What the fresh surveyor was to the passing maid
24 It may turn you into a split personality
25 Kind of gin Adam and Eve drank
28 Dad's had the same one for 35 years—he wouldn't be seen without it!
29 The meadow razzberry
31 Horse with a built-in saddle
32 What Nebraska jokes are
33 Old Sol's a bit mixed up
34 Stalin's made him look like a piker
35 Quit, sailor!
36 Belay, sailor!
37 Give a 1,000 to double owe
38 They're flying to Europe right now with no gas
39 Person studying to be a moron
40 Kind of fix
41 What Milwaukeeans spend their lives in
42 Aerial egg layer
43 Title she'll never regret losing
44 What decisions usually do
45 Guys who hit themselves with hammers because it feels so good when they stop
48 World's chief source of dates
52 Most unhonored man on the bench today
54 Youse can find use for them
55 Confused note
56 Parked below, after using the upstairs entrance
57 Pinches
58 Flushed by a flush, the sucker does this to a full house
59 Feelers

VERTICAL

1 What Schmeling's war record produced
2 \$ta\$h it away for that H_2O-ish day!
3 Yakata machine
4 It lurks in dark places, blows things up
5 Old Blood and Guts (Look out, Mephistopheles!)
6 What she did the day after she went riding
7 Weed that made good
8 The object of her I
9 What to expect when the she of matrimony kicks up
10 A good pitch
11 Prices are up, but they'll crack in the fall
12 Job Samantha the Spinster wanted—it involved so many mails
15 What Fateheads believe in (quite a lot)
19 Chimney crickets, but it's dirty!
21 Britain's No. 1 family in Brooklyn
24 Beatific B. O. (pl.)
25 Animated bagpipes
26 Ye A.M. throatcutter (mod. sp.)
27 Fairest thing a woman sees daily in the Mirror
28 Treadmiles
29 All tied up in bonds
30 Most whimsical member of the underground
32 Kapitalistic kopecks
35 It may be wooden-headed, but this club has a lofty aim
36 Roman bigmouth
38 Oust (by a loust)
39 He's Nordic but he's nice
42 "The buck that is most often, maketh most": Old Banker saying
43 We have only a foggy idea what causes them
44 Thin metal plate
46 Only thing a jackass can't carry
47 Clarinet with a stomach-ache
48 What—alas!—females from 8 to 80 try to be
49 Jockeyproof highway
50 Eventually winds up in Seine
51 For him they took the rich out of Tovarich
53 Make about 600 knots an hour



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B	A	S	E	M	E	N	T	■	E	D	I	S	O	N
O	■	■	■	I	R	A	■	S	P	E	D	■	■	■
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R	A	I	S	E	■	B	E	A	R	D	■	M	I	A
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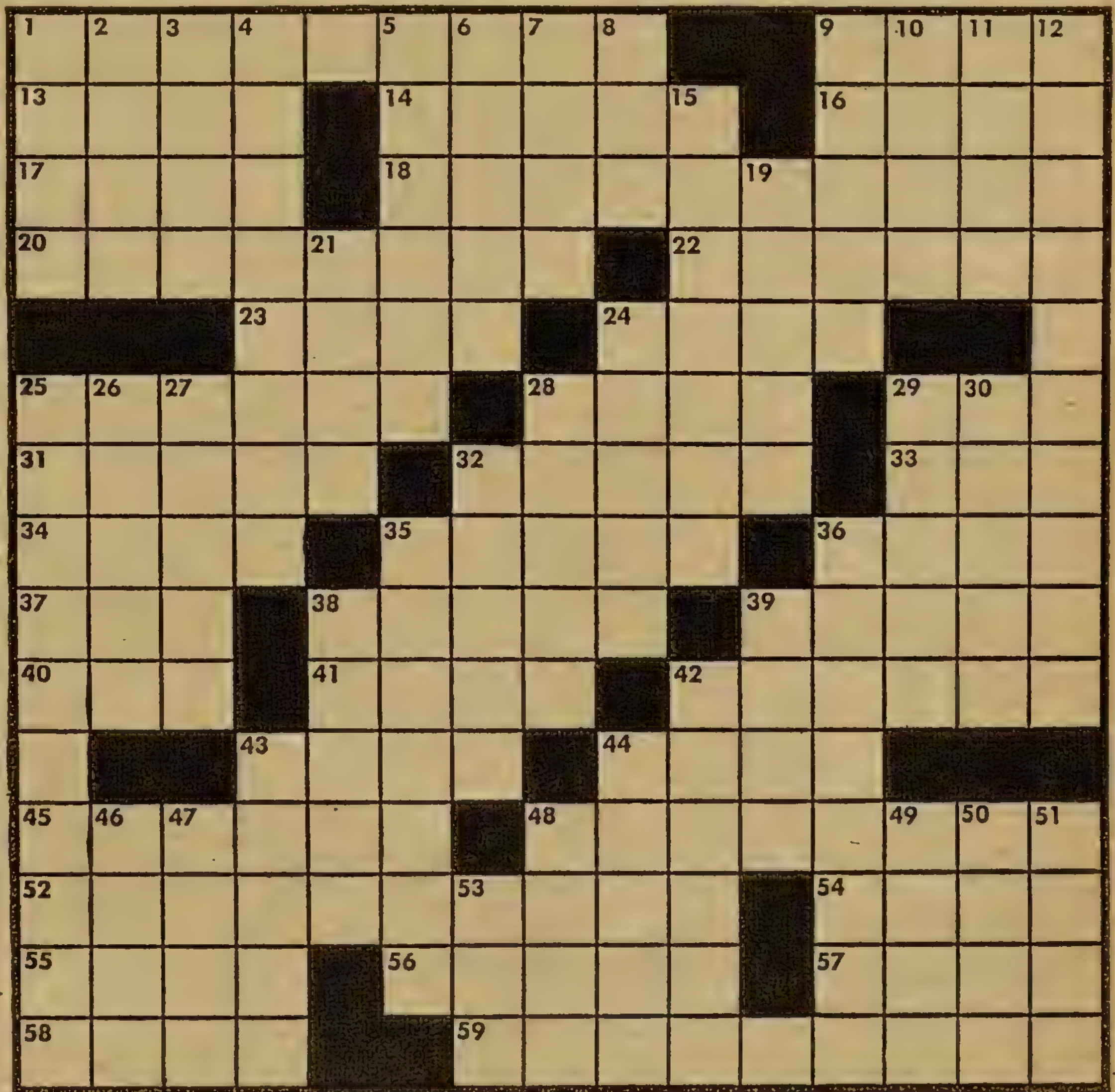
September Answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

Liberty

SHANANAGRAMS

An Anagramatical Cockeyed Quizword

By TED SHANE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8						
9						■
10					■	■
	■	11			12	13
14	15		■	■	16	
17				18		
19		■	■	20		
21		22	23		■	
■	■	24			25	
■	26					
27						
28						

ACROSS

1 Mr. Gable takes a chance
8 Mental age of Vera Vague is far below this norm
9 Berg in difficult straits (Sea what I mean?)
10 Sadie talks from side of mouth
11 What studes reel out cockeyed from
14 Inscribe an ode to wealthy John
16 What isle is Ernie Pyle's grave on?
17 Diana is in a wonderful state
19 What direction is Minsk from Pinsk? (abbr.)
20 French preposition
21 Rub out a seer
24 Oil the bees, senator!
26 I see zero as hardly more comfy
27 Min, you seem enormous
28 You never hear winings about red cartels

DOWN

1 Abe, I have grand stuff—will suit you nicely
2 Eva's got the bird!
3 "Deer Tim: Don't no why I dint desoive A in spellin!—Joe"
4 New groom sweeps up R.I. deb
5 Elan's the thing in sparking places
6 Humpty Dumpty's old man was sure a good one
7 Conservative end of the line (abbr.)
12 Would you call fork used for evening meal a nite-this?
13 Beachy places where hosses are dunkable
15 Reno makes you singular
18 Creature whose name is sung out by the heavy laden, i. e., slopped up
22 Untangle the boa, ma!
23 Would you call a tyrannical fitter a Julius this?
25 This is superduperest
26 Empty camel; has no vowels
27 99

G	R	A	M	M	A	R
R	E	L	E	A	S	E
I	N	C	E	N	S	E
F	O	O	T	I	E	■
F	■	H	E	A	R	T
I	G	O	R	■	T	E
T	I	L	■	S	E	N
H	O	■	S	A	R	S
S	C	E	A	T	■	E
■	O	P	T	I	O	N
U	N	H	I	N	G	E
A	D	O	R	E	R	S
P	A	R	A	D	E	S

Aug. Answer

alone together in the warm darkness, his face wouldn't turn away as it did now. And after a while, just before they fell asleep, she could tell him that Fred's idea was worth trying and she'd promised to try it.

But it didn't work out that way. When she shut the door at last on the final lingering guest, Ken had fallen asleep on the couch. His face, drained of color, reminded Celia that the cocktail party had gone on long past the usual hour and that neither she nor Ken had had any dinner. She went into the kitchen and got out her old-fashioned coffeepot she'd brought from Texas.

Humming a funny old tune that her grandmother used to sing, she made the kind of ham sandwiches Ken always liked. Lots of butter and plenty of mustard and generous pink slabs of ham between slices of rye bread. She set them on the tray with the bubbling brown coffee.

As she moved through the dimness of the living room, her white taffeta negligee whispered about her feet. She eased the tray down onto the coffee table beside Ken and she heard his breathing, deep and troubled. "Ken." She leaned closer. "Ken, the crowd's gone. Let's eat and then we'll go to bed, darling."

◆

Ken started up. He dragged his hand across his forehead. "Got to get to the office in an hour or two. Have to float a loan or I'm sunk. No use for me to go to bed now. You turn in, Celia. Just let me stay here—stay here and sleep off this headache. It throbs like the devil."

His eyes closed even as he finished. He was asleep again and there was something unguarded about his limp figure that made Celia draw a pillow over and lie down on the couch beside him. His arm went around her even though his eyes did not open.

"Darling," she whispered, "you can't rest here. Come on to bed, even if it's only for a little while."

Ken stirred and turned his face restlessly on the couch pillow. She made a place for his head and now his cheek felt cooler against her warm bare shoulder. "Soft," he observed sleepily. "So damn soft and warm." He buried deeper. "Don't go away, Celia. Don't leave me!"

It was hours later when she opened her eyes. Sun streamed in. Hot summer sun. Why, it must be at least eight o'clock! There was a rumple of pillows where Ken had been and the hiss of the shower told Celia where he was now.

As she caught up her kick-off satin sandals with the stain of the terrace still upon them, memory prodded her. The appointment with Phelps. She was due to see him at ten thirty.

In the bedroom a cloud of steam pushed through the opening bathroom door. Ken, towel-wrapped, with his hair soaking, followed the steam into the bedroom.

"Where did I get this head? What did I drink and why?" he demanded, and folded, wet towels and all, onto the edge of Celia's bed.

He never could realize that a bed got soaked when he sat down wetly upon it, and sometimes they'd argued over that habit. But this morning Celia merely sat down beside him; close beside him, in spite of the wet towels.

"Ken, I wanted to tell you last night. Fred really is right about Phelps. If I pose for their campaign posters, I might—"

Ken stood up and started pulling out chifforobe drawers and tossing on his clothes.

"Well? Let's have it. What's on your mind?"

"Fred made an appointment for me—at ten thirty this morning—with National Tobacco. He says it's the shortest way in to Phelps."

Ken's glance, deliberately blank and remote, stopped her short, and she added a little stupidly, "I thought—I mean, I hope you'll see that Fred really is right, just the way I do."

"I see one thing, Celia." Ken slipped on the gold tie clip that she had given him last Christmas, their first Christmas together. He turned and she realized that his outward coldness was fired by an inward burn. His voice, too, held that mixture of cool detachment and smoldering anger. "I see that you're taking Fred's advice against mine. But go ahead. If it works out, you'll at least have made a comeback in modeling. Might be a bright idea, the way my business is."

"Oh, Ken! That's not what I'm trying to do!" She saw his face in the mirror, just above that childhood picture of him, and both faces, the child's and the man's, were intense with the same dark headstrong pride.

◆

He caught up his hat and set it jauntily upon his head, and already his hand was turning the doorknob. The next moment he had gone without a backward look or the kiss that was as much of a ritual between them as breakfast coffee together.

It was after six that night when Celia stepped out of a cab in front of her own apartment. The elevator seemed to crawl slowly to the penthouse floor. When she rang the bell—the family ring—two short ones and a long one, the silence reminded her that this was Hempel's night off and it was probably still too early for Ken.

She turned her key, went into the foyer where the mirrored walls shone darkly in the dusk that had settled down on the place. She called Ken's name experimentally and her hand found the light switch. The paneled gray walls of the living room, with the green gleam of the chartreuse-and-deepemerald furniture, looked almost the way they always had.

And yet it was as if something that had happened here, or was about to happen, had changed things so that even the couch over there where she'd slept in Ken's arms looked strangely different. The rug under her feet had an unsteady feeling as though it were rising and falling, a reminder that she'd had no breakfast. No lunch either.

And she felt light-headed and almost dizzy as she came to the threshold of the room that served as library and study, and found Ken there.

The place was hot with its overhead light and the late afternoon humidity that was still imprisoned here. Ken was seated before the typewriter at his limed-oak desk. He was wearing shorts and his tanned shoulders and face were turned away from her.

He seemed utterly intent upon the sheet of paper in the typewriter—the blank sheet on which he had written nothing at all.

He glanced up and, seeing Celia, a look of desolation and unguarded need flashed into his face. Celia flung aside her bag, her gloves, her model's bandbox. She was down on her knees beside him, hugging him.

"Oh, Ken darling," she said, forgetting all the carefully planned explanation that she'd figured out on her way home, and saying only what was in her heart. "I've got wonderful news! I landed the contract, and Bill Phelps said he'd drop by for cocktails. You'll like Bill and he'll like you, I know."

◆

For a moment Celia paused, and then she said a little more urgently, "Phelps really is splitting up the National Tobacco account the way Fred said he was going to. He's placing it with new agencies. Smaller agencies. Like yours, Ken."

She felt his bare shoulders stiffen and she realized that in this hot room, his body was cold, ice cold. "It's too late. My agency is out of business, Celia. As of today. I didn't want to tell you, but the news will be all over town, so you might as well know it now."

His voice broke suddenly. "I've been trying to float a loan all day. A loan I couldn't get because I've failed, and New York hasn't time for failures."

He lighted a cigarette and Celia noticed that he deliberately steadied his hand until he could swing it up without trembling to his cigarette. "Out in Chicago I may have better luck. The people who helped me set up my office out there have confidence in me. *Had* confidence in me, at least. Maybe I can refinance through them, or land a job."

"It's a good idea, Ken. When do we leave?"

"We don't. I do. You just signed a contract worth ten thousand dollars a year to you, Celia. It's a good thing you have it. Fred was right. I was wrong."

"I can break the contract," she protested.

The look in Ken's face, steady and nakedly realistic, made her add, "I mean, I could break it."

"You could, but should you? Isn't it rather a raw thing to do to Fred, who is, after all, our best friend? Yours as well as mine."

Celia felt suddenly trapped by her own headstrong decision. "But if you go and I don't, that's separation, Ken. Our first separation. And even if you get back to New York every so often and I get to Chicago, my contract runs a year. And in a year, with me working in one city and you working in another—oh, Ken!"

Panic was in her voice, in her eyes, and in the rest of the words that she thought but couldn't say.

"It won't work here in New York, Celia. Not with you making ten thousand a year while I make exactly zero. You see, when I married you and leased this penthouse, I had something a little different in mind." He gave a short laugh and then, as his gaze met hers, his mood softened.

He came over and for a moment she thought he was going to put his arms around her. Instead, he patted her shoulder in a comradely way and said, "Come on, Celia, get on your hat. I'll throw on my clothes and take you out to dinner. I can still afford that. We'll go somewhere and dance and talk it all out afterward."

They did go somewhere. A lot of places. And they did dance. But they never talked it out. Not then or later, because they started at some smoky place on Second Avenue where the talk was loud and the whisky was strong and Ken treated everyone the length of the bar to a round of drinks.

"I used to live next door," he told them all. "In a basement with five other kids and the old man and mom." The other people at the bar laughed and looked at his good clothes and didn't believe him.

It was dawn when they got home.

That was the way it went for a week. And then Ken had gone as finally as the warm summer that seemed to go from New York in a day and leave a September chill in its place.

Celia flew out to see Ken in November, but it rained in Chicago and an icy wind blew in from the lake and Ken still didn't have his loan. He didn't have a job or even a prospect of a job. And on Sunday, Celia left for New York feeling almost as if she hadn't seen her husband at all.

She'd meant to tell him that she had half her contract money in advance and that it really wasn't her money. It was their money. But it wasn't the time or the place to tell him that.

So she waited. She waited until Christmas, when he was supposed to come to New York and didn't. And then she began to be afraid. Afraid in the daytime that Ken wasn't coming back to New York. And afraid during the long lonely nights that he might not be coming back, ever, to her.

It was Fred who told her how Ken felt. "That Irishman of yours is such a wrong-headed guy. He won't let me help him. He won't even let me talk to him, Celia. Not about his business, nor about you."

All about them, in the Crillon, the

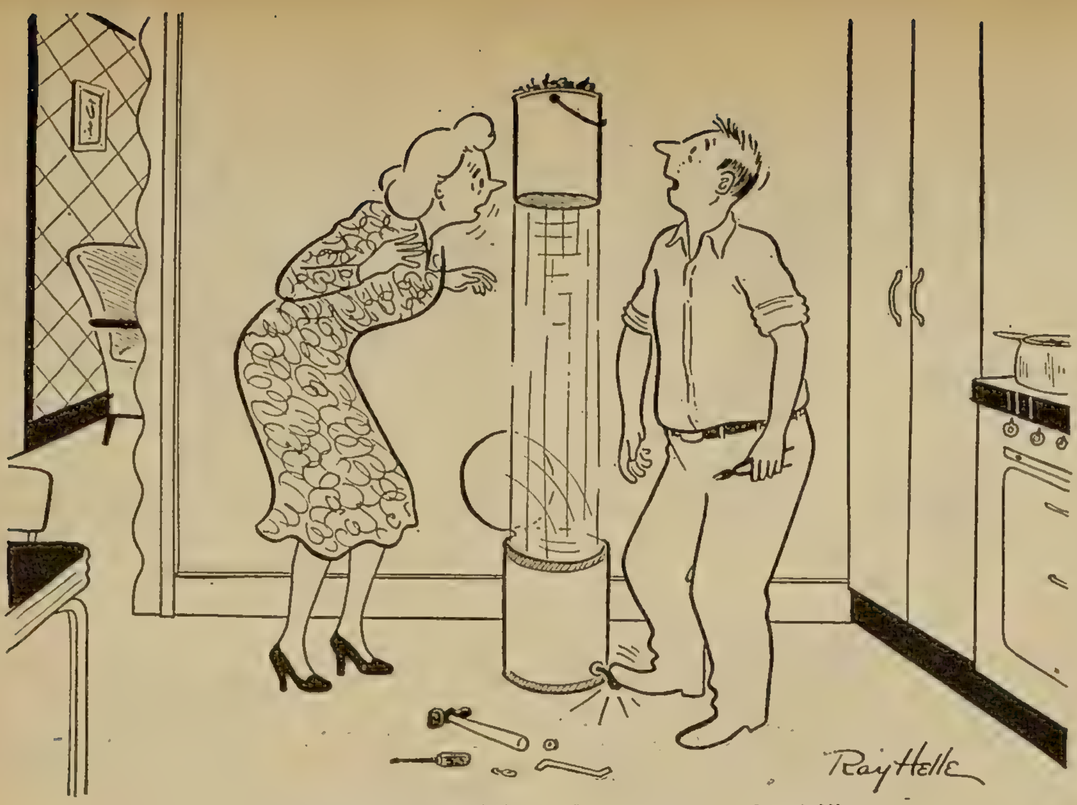
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By GERARD MOSLER

◆ *Each of the personal names listed below also means a word which is either of the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom. BALDWIN, for instance, being a red winter apple, would belong to the vegetable kingdom, while FRANKLIN, a middle-class landowner, would belong to the animal kingdom. The second nature of how many of the following names can you thus identify? A score of 28 and over is excellent.*

The answers will be found on page 69

1. **ALMA**
2. **ANGELICA**
3. **ANNA**
4. **BASIL**
5. **BAYARD**
6. **BENEDICT**
7. **BENJAMIN**
8. **BERTHA**
9. **BERYL**
10. **BRANT**
11. **BURGESS**
12. **CARL**
13. **CHARLOTTE**
14. **CLARENCE**
15. **CLIFF**
16. **DICKY**
17. **EMERY**
18. **EMMET**
19. **FRANK**
20. **GEORGETTE**
21. **JASPER**
22. **JEAN**
23. **JIMMY**
24. **JONATHAN**
25. **JULIENNE**
26. **KITTY**
27. **LEWIS**
28. **MARC**
29. **NANNY**
30. **PATTY**
31. **PERRY**
32. **PHOEBE**
33. **PRUNELLA**
34. **RUBY**
35. **TOBY**
36. **TOMMY**



"There, your pedal is all fixed . . . Oops!"

LIBERTY

crisp business talk went on and on: "Our sales are down, too. . . . With the high cost of living, our product is priced too damn high. . . . That's what I told the big boss. . . ."

Celia cut into the steak bordelaise that Fred had ordered for her, but she didn't lift it to her lips.

"The trouble is, Celia," Fred was saying, "that when a man like Ken can't be proud in front of the woman he loves, he takes himself out of her sight. The more he cares, the worse it is. And he fell so damn hard for you, Celia."

She left Fred after that lunch with a feeling that there was nothing he wouldn't do for her and nothing he could do.

When she heard from Fred again, it was only a message left with the desk clerk at the woman's hotel where she had a neat lonely room, as celibate as the other six hundred and ninety-nine rooms in the Barbizon for Women.

◆

She read Fred's message, still frowning over it, even after she crammed it into her bag, and went out to Sixty-third Street to hail a cab. It wasn't like Fred to write instead of phoning, or to ask her to come to his apartment.

When the cab stopped in front of Fred's place in Gramercy Park, the familiar look of it all made Celia want to cry like a fool.

She could almost see Ken looking down at the park as he had that first night when he told her he loved her. "It's old New York and it's famous, but it's too crumbly for me," he'd laughed, drawing her close. "We'll leave the chimes and the brownstones to Fred. He likes his architecture old. But give me a penthouse in the Fifties!"

Spring twilight was throwing its cool shadow across the living room when Fred's elevator man unlocked the door for Celia.

"Mr. Sheppard said for me to let you in and for you to please wait for him," he said, stepping aside so she could enter.

She saw the familiar cocoa walls, the wide studio window where Ken had been standing that first night, and she saw Ken turn from the window to stare at her.

She said in a still, almost flat voice, "Ken."

He did not move toward her, nor did she move. They simply stood there, formal, strained, wordless. Then he said slowly, "How did you know I was here? Oh—Fred."

He looked thinner. She saw that at once, in spite of the evening dimness of the room. But he looked keen and there was a springy lightness in the way he'd whirled about when he saw her. She wanted to ask him how long he was going to stay. But he hadn't called her when he came to New York, had he? He might have come and gone without a word. So though they were here in this room together, they were really no nearer than when he'd been in Chicago.

"I don't suppose," she said, steadying her voice, "that you've been fed, Mr. Bradley, and I'll bet you're hungry as anything."

"I'm not hungry," he retorted with severe dignity. And then abruptly, "Celia—God, I've missed you!" His arms reached out. His eyes were on a level with hers, but even though he was holding her, the old look wasn't in Ken's face any more. It seemed to Celia that he was only holding her briefly with that hard-won wisdom he must have learned on the teeming city streets, where he grew up having to know what to let go of and what to grasp.

When he let her go, and he did let her go almost the next moment, he said quite casually. "This doesn't solve anything, does it? Sit down over there, Celia, and I'll tell you why I'm here."

She sat down on the couch and moved aside a pillow so he could sit next to her. But Ken wasn't even looking at her. He'd moved restlessly to the window, where he stood gazing down at the park, talking back over his shoulder as if he found the talking hard. He'd landed a small—very small—job with a New York advertising firm. Decker & Watson were starting him in at a few thousand a year, but he'd be working on a profit-sharing basis. If he turned out to be the account executive he intended to be, that profit could put him back in the running.

◆

Celia waited, her lips parted on a question she couldn't quite ask. He'd stopped talking, but he still hadn't said whether coming back to New York meant coming back to her.

"You'll make it at Decker & Watson," she said at last. "You've got what it takes. You came up in this city once and you got to the top. Only, this time it will be different." She added a little less certainly, "This time you'll have me."

He didn't answer her. Then he said, "I've quit drinking, Celia. Out there in Chicago I got a line on myself. I had only me for company and I didn't wear too well. So I decided to make some changes. Now I've got the drinking licked, I like myself a little better."

"I like you too," Celia said and came over and put both arms around him. "I always liked you."

"That's good. Because we'll have to live in close quarters at first." He put his hands on her shoulders and, holding her that way, he looked at her with that familiar silent question still in his eyes. "A room and a half, Celia. That'll be about all I can afford. I guess we'll have to have one of those marriages where we eat and sleep and work in the same room. There'll be no separate study for me this time. When I bring work home from the office—and I'll be doing that a lot—my papers will probably be crowding out the saucepans."

There was a note of regret in his voice.

"Wait," Celia said. She reached for her handbag and her fingers found the bankbook inside, with its proud fat balance that stood at three thousand dollars. This was what all her saving had been for. It was why she moved into that little room at the Barbizon and subleased their penthouse apartment, why she'd taken buses instead of taxis to all her modeling jobs, and economized in a hundred other ways that brought up her savings—in the hope of helping Ken make his come-back.

Groping for her bankbook, Celia didn't notice that Ken had dug down in his own pocket and was now intently counting the money in his wallet. And then she realized that he was peeling off fives and tens and single dollar bills that had a thumbed look, as if they'd been counted and recounted many times.

"We'll have to put something down on the apartment," Ken figured gravely. "Probably seventy-five at least, and I've got it right here."

Celia tried to jam her bankbook back into her handbag. Oh, she couldn't let Ken see her three-thousand balance! Not now. Maybe never. It would make those carefully saved dollars of his shrink in his own sight. And suddenly she saw the mistake she'd made when she'd succeeded in landing the National Tobacco account on the very night Ken had failed. Why hadn't she seen that a wife could help her husband too much? So much, that she humiliated instead of helping him?

◆

In her hurry to get the bankbook out of sight, Celia's fingers fumbled. The little brown book fell, face up, upon the floor. It lay open, and Ken and she reached to retrieve it at the same instant. Her quicker fingers caught it up before his. With a sigh of relief, she hid the thing deep in her handbag.

Later, only a very few minutes later, Ken reached over her head on the couch and turned out the light. Outside, the traffic sounds of the vast city grew farther away, and in the square the clock struck eight and then nine.

She thought Ken was finally asleep, but he reached out and turned her face to his in the darkness. "Thanks, Celia," he said, "for what you gave me. Or rather, for what you didn't give me."

She raised up on her elbow in sudden wide-awake apprehension. "Oh, Ken. You saw my bank balance!"

"I saw it. That's what I'm talking about. When you didn't try to offer me that money, you gave me a lot more, Celia. You gave me back my pride." ◆ ◆

WASHINGTON PARTY QUEEN

Continued from page 17

Then one day in the midst of the Presidential campaign of the late Wendell L. Willkie she electrified all Washington by bolting the Republican Party. Those who said her action spelled her finish were soon masticating their words.

"I was strong for Willkie," she says today. "I felt that he would make a great President. But he was just too doggone liberal for the Republicans. And so was I. I was fed up with them. They were just a bunch of stuffed shirts and I couldn't stand them any longer. I am neither a stuffed shirt nor an isolationist. So I said my piece—and walked out."

She walked straight into the Democratic Party. This won her the sobriquet: Two-Party Perle.

"That suited me fine. That's exactly what I was—Two-Party Perle."

After the first sputter of sotto-voce muttering had subsided, Mrs. Mesta's growth in popularity in the Democratic fold was fast, decisive. Her entertaining grew more lavish than ever. Her influence began to be felt through the legislative halls as well as in the plush parlors.

After she was duly installed as society queen she did not rest on her laurels. The first grandiloquent stroke was a brilliant reception in honor of Margaret Truman. Some 400 guests from the uppermost reaches of society and officialdom trooped over to greet Miss Truman. The affair was virtually Margaret's début.

The reception was a master gesture—as Mrs. Mesta knew it would be. While Margaret was making her big bow, her hostess was simultaneously crowning herself queen.

Tangible recognition of this eminence was not long in coming. Mrs. Mesta received a season pass to the White House. Today she is one of the rare few who may pass through the White House gates or enter Blair House (temporary Truman quarters while the Executive Mansion is being overhauled) without tangling with Secret Service men. Mrs. Mesta's Presidential Annie Oakley also entitles her to other privileges that many would give an arm or two for. For example, the guest list at one very formal White House reception for the diplomatic corps had only one nonofficial name: Mrs. Perle Mesta.

In the four years of her reign Mrs. Mesta has shrewdly and purposefully used her position to further her causes. And she makes no bones about it.

"I am a lobbyist," she says quite frankly. "I lobby for the things I'm for. If I can do some good, why shouldn't I? Being a leader of society in itself doesn't mean a thing to me. Its meaning and importance are only in the opportunities it affords me to do good. A leader of society has a lot of political influence if she wants to exercise it and knows how to do it. I love politics. That's why I'm in society. It gives me the political influence I've always wanted. And I use it to the hilt to help people who can't help themselves."

When she takes up the cudgels for a cause she gives a party. The usual line-up is 40 proponents and 60 opponents. If the opposition is especially strong, the odds are shuffled so that a larger proportion of antis may be "given the business." Guests are put into a happy mood as quickly as possible. The completion of a drink produces the immediate appearance of a fresh one.

When a party attains its peak of conviviality, Mrs. Mesta cleverly divides her guests into small groups, apportioned in accordance with the odds of the occasion.

"It works," she says gleefully. "Even when things don't go entirely our way, at least everyone goes home better friends, which comes in handy the next time."

Until recently Mrs. Mesta did most of her entertaining in a big S Street Georgian mansion which ex-President Hoover once occupied.

Just what cause was behind one of her spectacular social feats in which three justices of the Supreme Court of the United States—Chief Justice Fred Vinson and associates Harold Burton and Wiley Rutledge—broke bread at her table, was not clear. To inquiries, she smiled and was silent. But cause or no, she scored a social ten-strike of the first order.

But there was no mystery about the party Mrs. Mesta gave for General Dwight D. Eisenhower. The

YOU CAN AFFORD IT!

Maybe the fault lies with you and not with your income—or your husband's! Read in

LIBERTY Next Month

how one woman lives comfortably with her husband and five children on his income of $3,500 a year! And they own their own home and save a little besides!

Then, when you've read the article and really feel like sitting down and doing some real figuring, send for the guiding budget that

WILL SHOW YOU HOW

cause was obvious—like the retired Army Chief of Staff, Mrs. Mesta is an advocate of universal military training and the party came at a time when that was a more-than-warm issue.

But the cause—while it received a sound going-over—was not allowed to curtail the sport. When Mrs. Mesta found Eisenhower in the music room, she whispered into his ear and he smiled and broke out with a fine rendition of Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes.

Perle and Ike harmonized.

Mrs. Mesta delights in inveigling her guests to perform. Vice-President Barkley recently did a solo "rug-cutting" at her house. Cabinet members and senators have quartetted in her rooms. Once, aged Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt joined in a whistling duet, and another time Justice Vinson crooned My Old Kentucky Home.

President Truman usually plays Mrs. Mesta's piano when he calls on her, which is often.

"Mr. Truman," she says, "is an excellent musician—for a man who is too busy to practice."

The capital's social whirl is loaded with booby traps and anybody who feels scrappy can easily get into a scrimmage.

But Mrs. Mesta has wisely kept a check rein on herself by affecting a stoic attitude toward barbs, catty cracks, and dirty looks. "I can't afford to get mixed up in silly knitting-circle brawls, but don't think I'm not strongly tempted to now and then."

◆ Recently temptation won out over stoicism. Mrs. Mesta could not resist plunging into a set-to whose reverberations are still bouncing around on both sides of the Atlantic. The press called it The Battle of the Bra.

It all started when Lady Astor, addressing a women's club in Washington, indulged in one of her pet pastimes: deriding American women. Her ladyship said our women spent too much time "worrying about uplift."

Mrs. Mesta, who was present, sprang to her feet and snapped, "I'm tired of hearing Lady Astor constantly criticize American women. It is true our women are interested in uplift, but it is uplift of their minds and culture and not their bosoms." Mrs. Mesta stalked out.

Later the Virginia-born Lady Astor sought out reporters to be sure they got her answer.

"Mrs. Mesta," she told the press, "is just a social climber who is using me to get some publicity."

Mrs. Mesta slammed back and Lady Astor retorted in kind. It was a tumultuous fracas. As far as we know, Mrs. Mesta has had the last word with this exclusive statement to Liberty:

"Lady Astor's tactics are not surprising. She has made a career of achieving a certain dubious international notoriety by such methods. Lady Astor no longer likes the habits or thoughts of the country from which she expatriated herself a half-century ago. Since I love America I felt constrained to leave a meeting in which she expressed uninformed criticism of our people and our institutions.

"I seriously question whether the people of the land of her adoption have ever reciprocated her misplaced devotion. I also question very much if she has ever really understood the English people. And I doubt very much if she is capable of explaining Americans to the British or the British to Americans.

"It was because of my profound doubts on these matters that I followed the American privilege of taking a walk."

It is a matter of pride to her that a sour note rarely creeps into her activities. Only once was there an incident that nearly ended in disaster—but it wasn't her fault.

Washington being a heaven for chiselers and gate crashers, hostesses must take extra precautions. Doormen and butlers are warned to let no one in without an invitation or satisfactory identification.

Mrs. Mesta's butler was sticking to the rules at one party when a lone, slender, blonde girl appeared at the door and said, "Oh me, I guess I forgot my invitation."

The butler eyed her diffidently and was about to turn her away when some other guests arrived and identified the girl.

"She didn't tell me," the butler said later, "that she was Margaret Truman."

As it turned out, the incident added gaiety to the event. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to be anything but gay at a Mesta function. The food alone does it.

Mrs. Mesta's menus read like a gourmet's Arabian Nights vision. Here's one menu:

Crisp chilled celery, about golf-ball-size olives.

Salad of mangos, avocados, midget plums, pitted cherries. Tangy lemon sauce.

Thick French white soup, brewed from choice fowl, milk-enriched veal; ham, carrots, parsley, cream, eggs, butter, onions, peppercorns.

Suckling pig, three to six weeks old, roasted to a succulent turn, gleaming mammee apples in the mouth, cranberries in the eye sockets; glazed and adorned with patterns of pimentos and green peppers, sprays of watercress; bread, nuts, and sage dressing—all in a pool of sauce from vintage wine.

Pheasant or quail basted with smooth Madeira wine.

Vegetables in candylike style.

Royal diplomatic pudding—candied cherries and angelica, wine jelly, and thick fruit cream.

◆ With her wealth, charming manner and lofty social position Mrs. Mesta obviously is a very eligible lady. And with Washington the rumor factory it is, it would be strange indeed if her name were not coupled now and then with a marriage report.

There have been times, for example, when capital circles watched with interest Mrs. Mesta's friendship with ex-Speaker Joe Martin. The fact that the canny little New Englander is a Republican and a lifelong bachelor has added zest to this interest. It may even explain the otherwise inexplicable nickname that has sprung up for Martin: Marryin' Joe.

"When are you marryin' Marryin' Joe?" friends tease Mrs. Mesta.

She takes the ribbing in stride. As Queen of the Court of St. Potomac, she can afford to. ◆ ◆

EVERYBODY'S THEATER

Whether your town is large or small, there are always enough people to have fun putting on plays. Read how, in

LIBERTY Next Month

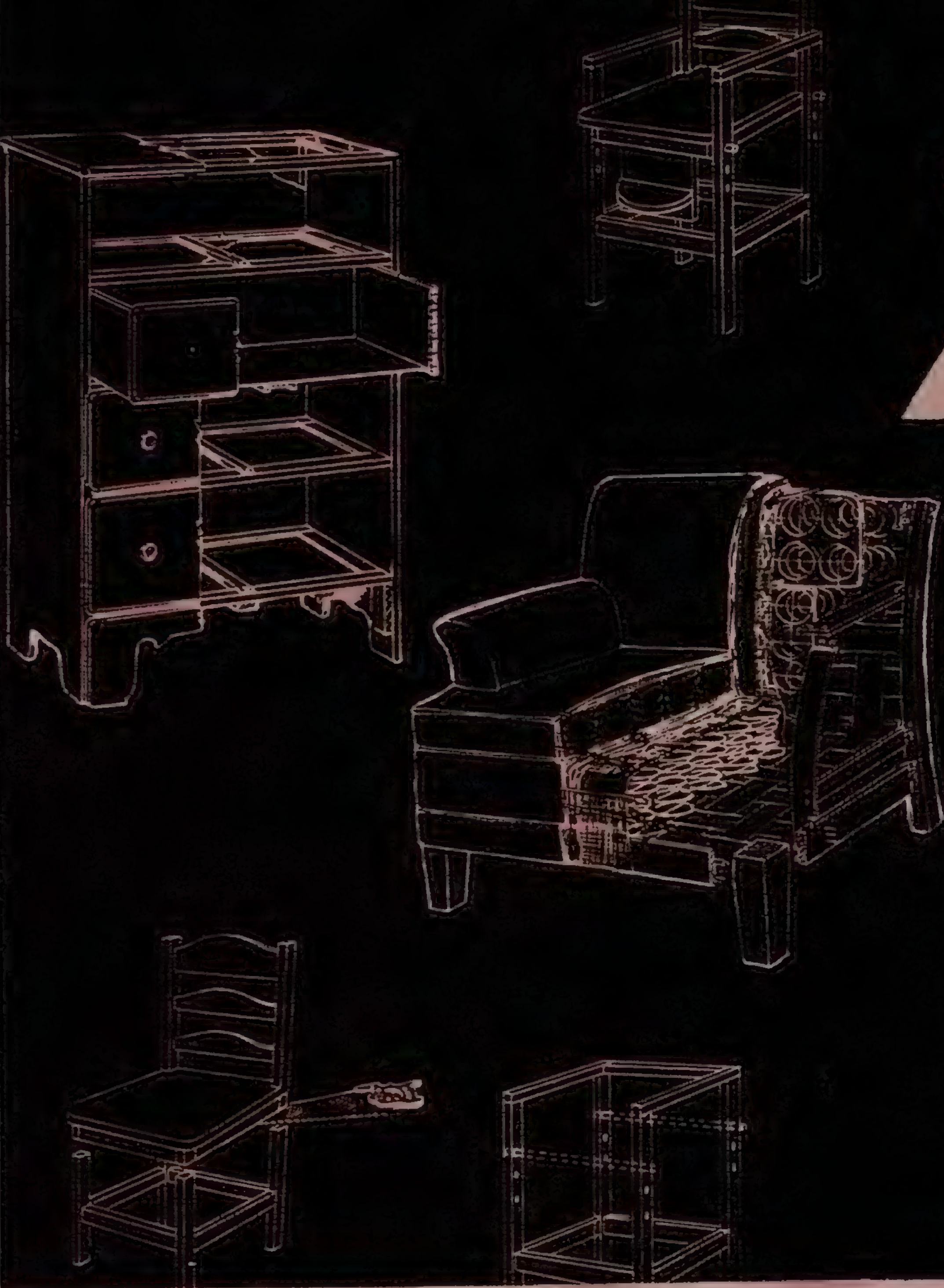
WATCH OUT FOR THIS STUFF! *Continued from page 25*

further expression in fury it is to have after the bomb is a secret. In one way or another there is little doubt that our alkahest is going to wield a tremendous influence in the lives of us all.

Fortunately the world's biggest deposits of fluorspar lie in Kentucky and Illinois, in a strip 60 to several hundred miles long by 40 miles wide on either side of the Ohio River. Ranging from surface pits to holes 1,000 feet deep, the hundreds of mines here yield three-fourths of the world's production. Geologists have also found new sources in several western states, notably Colorado and New Mexico. But with the steel industry gobbling great quantities and new uses for fluorine being added every day, we need still more.

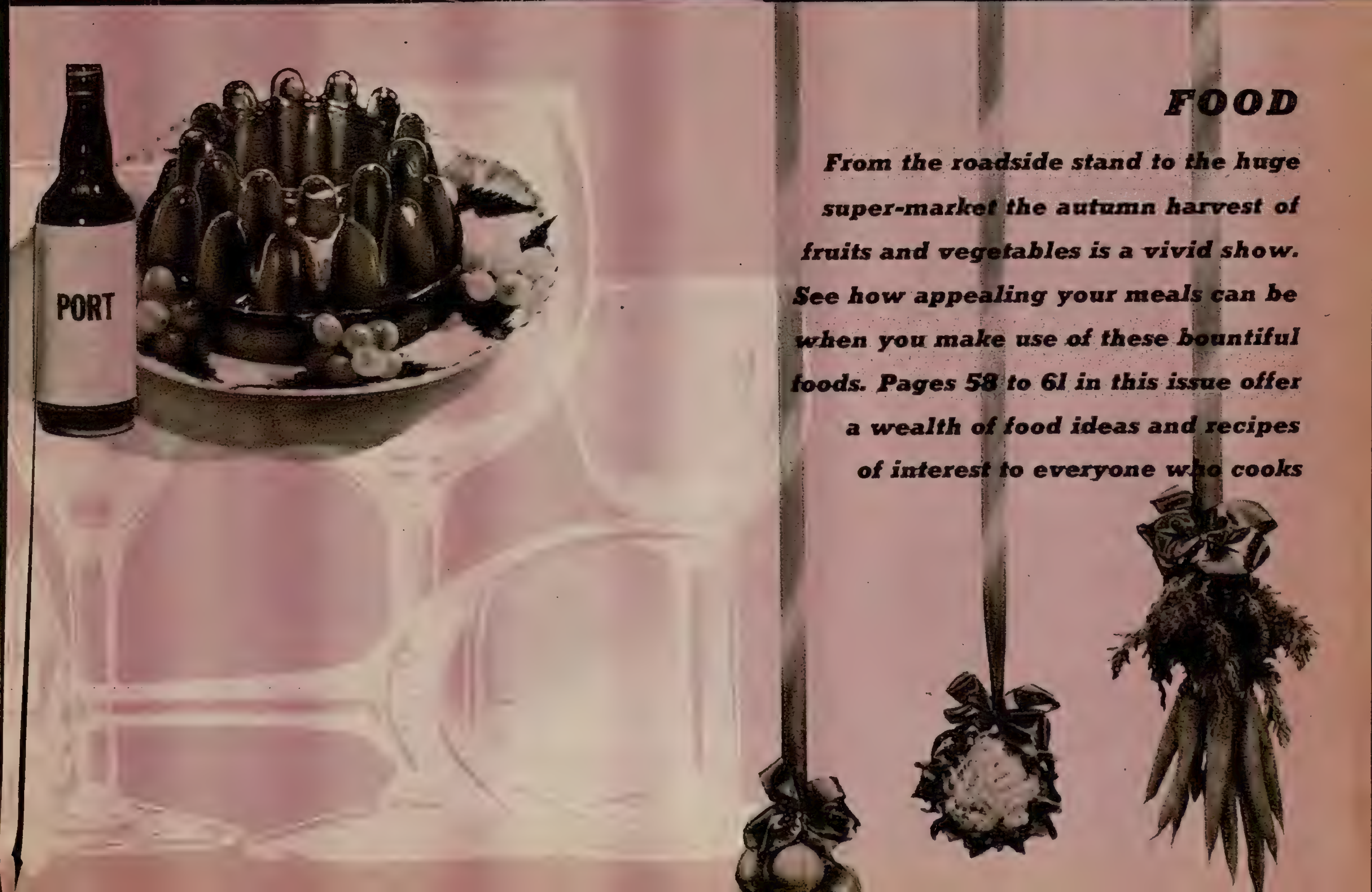
The jobs done by fluorine to date are only a hint of what it can do for us. Already the scientists have figured out upward of 100 peace-time products, which are now reaching the markets. Ten years ago there were only four or five. How many there will be in the end, not even the alchemists themselves can tell. ◆ ◆

Liberty home



FURNITURE

You paint your house in the spring and you garden in the summer—and autumn's the season when many families do their serious furniture shopping. Because you don't buy furniture often enough to recognize good from bad, we consulted the experts for you. For a report on what you should know before you shop, turn the page



FOOD

From the roadside stand to the huge super-market the autumn harvest of fruits and vegetables is a vivid show. See how appealing your meals can be when you make use of these bountiful foods. Pages 58 to 61 in this issue offer a wealth of food ideas and recipes of interest to everyone who cooks

IS IT FURNITURE—OR JUNK?

Do you cheat yourself by spending the furniture dollars foolishly? Will your furniture last as long as the payments? Protect yourself by knowing the right questions to ask when shopping—and the right answers

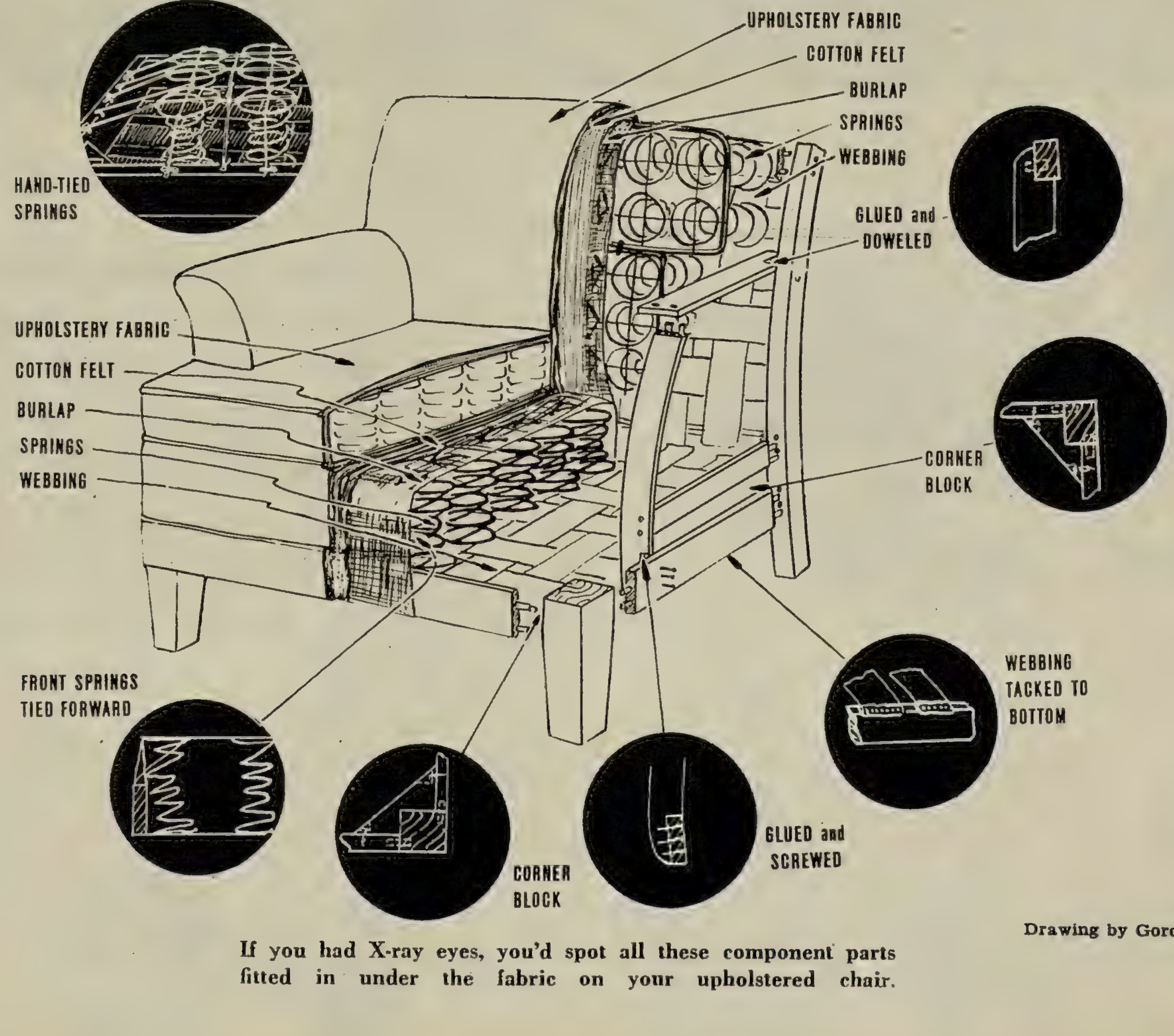
◆ Furniture costs too much. So you customers claim—and many merchants and manufacturers agree. That's why it's important to arm yourself with shrewd questions, keen eyes, and sensitive fingers when you shop for furniture. It's obvious that you need these weapons of knowledge in the questionable store. It's less obvious, but you need them also in the reputable store, to be sure of furniture that's going to stand up to the wear and tear of family living.

Take chairs. The prime test is comfort. Is the chair easy to get in and out of, roomy enough? Gather a bit of the cushion covering in your hand. If some of the filling bunches up too, the cushion will soon lump. Turn the chair upside down to see if muslin or cambric is tacked over the bottom, to keep out dust. Try pulling out a tack. If it comes out easily, watch out.

Finger the fabric itself. A heavy grade of an inexpensive fabric, such as cotton tapestry, lasts longer than a sleazy brocade; mohair outwears many more costly materials. Remember that pile fabrics (those with a nap) and tightly woven fabrics are very durable; that those with twisted fibers are good dirt-resisters. If you are counting costs, spend your money on a good frame and springs, and settle for an inexpensive covering.

More than three-quarters of the states require labels listing materials in cushion and filling to be attached to all upholstered furniture. Ask the salesman to help you translate. Hog's hair is stiff and too short to intertwine. Unless the hai content is largely horse hair, which when curled, becomes a miniatur spring, you're better off with good grade of moss, dried an curled so that it's bouncey. Rubberized hair is hair mixed with a bi of latex. Long-fiber cotton, cotto felt, and kapok are acceptable stuffings for low- and medium-price chairs, but beware of "cotton rovings," "wood wool," "cotton linters. These are low-grade materials whic soon lump and mat down.

Push the chair around—see fo yourself if the frame is rigid. As if it's hardwood—elm, ash, oa sweet gum, or others. Soft woods ar apt to swell and warp and won' hold tacks well. Is the frame constructed with dowels (small cylinders of wood fitted into the tw



Drawing by Gordon Obr ig

If you had X-ray eyes, you'd spot all these component parts fitted in under the fabric on your upholstered chair.

	$49	$69	$89
FRAME	Hardwood.	Hardwood.	Hardwood.
CONSTRUCTION	Doweled; doweled post and leg.	Doweled; one-piece post and leg; corner blocks.	Doweled; one-piece post and leg; corner blocks.
WEBBING	Burlap or jute strips; or combination flat steel-spring webbing.	Burlap or jute strips closely interwoven.	Heavy-grade burlap or jute strips, closely interwoven; reinforced in back and arms.
SPRINGS	Flat springs (see above); coil springs, metal- or twine-tied.	Coil-spring unit, twine-tied 6-8 times; back and arm springs; burlap cover.	Heavy-gauge coil springs, twine-tied 8-12 times; back and arm springs, spring edge; burlap cover.
FILLING	Sisal; cotton felt; kapok; palm-leaf fiber.	Cotton felt; moss; perhaps some hair; stitched to spring and burlap.	Top-grade moss; hair; rubberized hair; stitched to spring and burlap; muslin undercover.
CUSHION	Padded "tight" seat; spring-filled cushion.	Loose prefabricated spring-filled cushion.	Loose prefabricated spring-filled cushion.
FABRIC	Cotton tapestry; cotton twill or print; rayon or cotton damask, etc.	Cotton tapestry; novelty weaves; mohair frieze; damask, etc.	Wool and cotton novelties; matelasse, mohair frieze, etc.
TAILORING	Blind tacking, machine sewn.	Hand sewn, thin welting.	Matched fabrics, hand sewn, thin self-welting, small stitches.
CHAIR FROM	Stern Brothers.	Century Furniture Co.	Valley Upholstery Corp.

pieces to be joined—see the drawing on page 52)—or a mortise-and-tenon joint (interlocking pieces of wood), and glued? Are there corner blocks (triangular pieces of wood reinforcing the corners)?

Underneath it all is the webbing. It should be stout jute or burlap strips, closely interwoven. In some cases, flat steel strips are webbing and spring combined. Coiled springs should be securely tied several times, and the twine or metal bands tacked to the frame. If they are not, the springs slip out of position. Depending on the quality and type of chair, you'll find the same kind of springs, though smaller, in the back and arms.

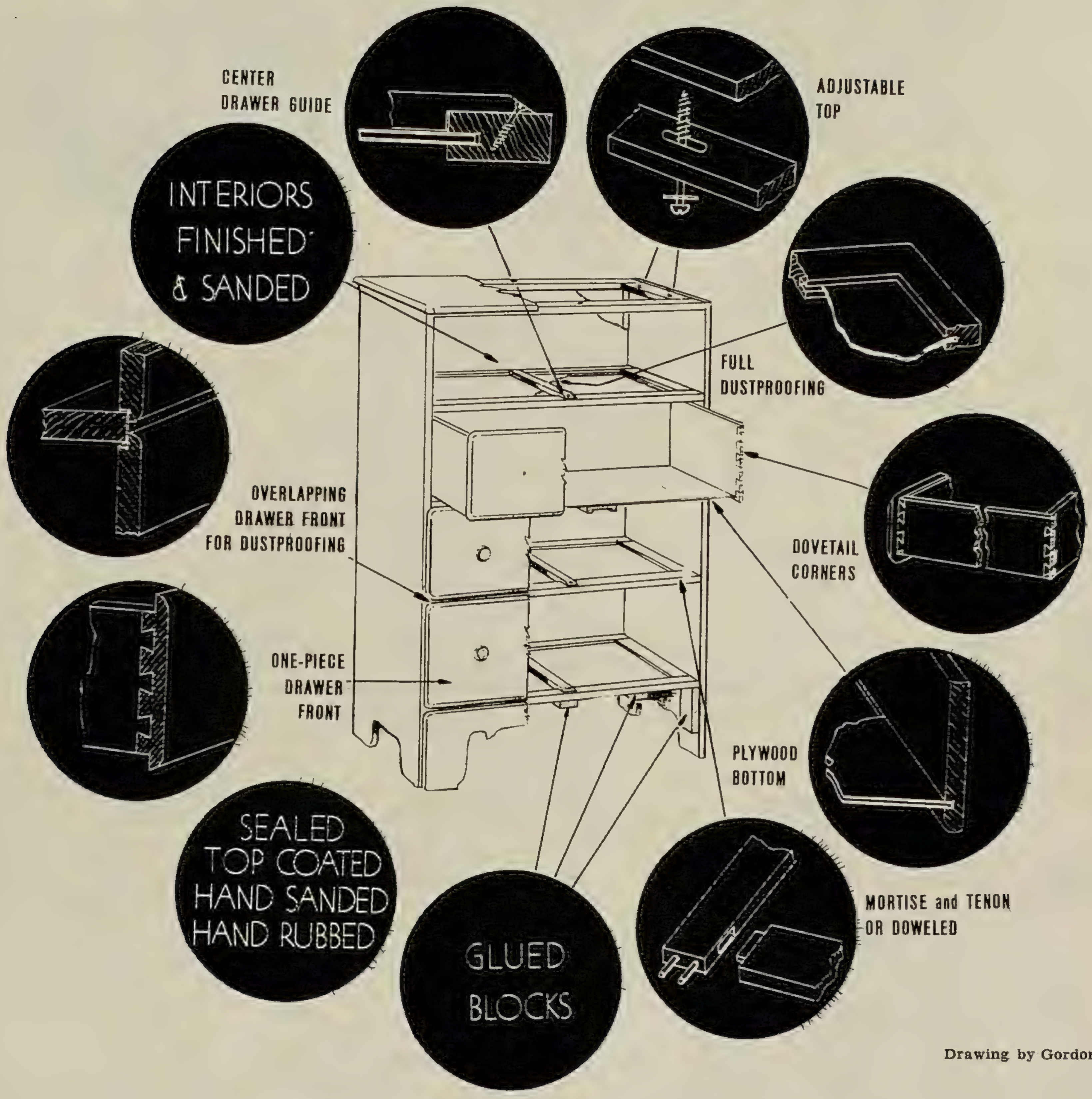
Most upholstered chairs have loose, reversible cushions with a prefabricated spring unit, complementing the bounce and comfort of springs in the base. Very expensive chairs boast down-and-feather cushions or latex foam, rather than spring-filled.

We selected three chairs that sell for about $49, $69, and $89, and charted the features you might find in a chair that's a good buy at those prices. (We don't claim that every chair will be just like these.) Don't expect the $49 chair to duplicate the features of the $89 chair.

Buying "case goods"—chests, tables, and other wooden pieces—also calls for extensive shopping before you buy. Even though you can't afford top prices, study expensive furniture, especially the finish. It's hand-rubbed, with a warm and glowing patina (or depth). Look at side panels and table tops from different angles and in different lights. Ask about heat- and alcohol-resistant finishes for table tops. Then you can judge the finish on less expensive pieces.

You can't expect the same features in budget- and medium-price furniture as in expensive pieces. But you have a right to expect sound construction, a hardwood frame, and a smooth finish. To test a finish, rub your thumb over a surface until it warms up to see if the coating powders or becomes sticky. If it does, it's a shoddy finishing job.

Are you puzzled by the terms "solid" and "veneer"? You'll find good and bad furniture in both classes, although well-made veneer furniture is less likely to warp, split, or swell. A veneer is a thin (usually 1/28 inch) slice of wood laminated with glue, by heat and pressure, to a core of solid wood. The grain of each layer is placed at right angles to the grain of the next layer for added strength. The process combines a strong wood with a handsome one for good-looking but modestly-priced furniture.


CENTER DRAWER GUIDE
ADJUSTABLE TOP
INTERIORS FINISHED & SANDED
FULL DUSTPROOFING
OVERLAPPING DRAWER FRONT FOR DUSTPROOFING
DOVETAIL CORNERS
ONE-PIECE DRAWER FRONT
PLYWOOD BOTTOM
SEALED TOP COATED HAND SANDED HAND RUBBED
MORTISE and TENON OR DOWELED
GLUED BLOCKS

Drawing by Gordon Obrig

Putting together a dresser or chest of drawers or any piece of wood furniture means attention to all these details. Chest—Ethan Allen.

Frequently furniture is tagged as "solid" or "genuine" walnut or mahogany. "Solid," according to the Federal Trade Commission, means that all exposed surfaces are of the specified wood—and it may not be so labeled if the furniture doesn't live up to this description. "Genuine" means that the frame parts, such as legs and posts, are solid lumber, while veneers of that wood have been used for the larger tops or side panels. Don't confuse these tags with store labels which simply specify the finish.

Drawers indicate the quality of a chest. Pull them all out (not just the top one) to check for dovetailing at corners, back as well as front. Can you open the drawer with one hand; push it shut with one finger? Is there a frame around the inside to support each drawer? Can you rub your hand over the drawer without picking up splinters? Are sides, back, and bottom of drawers reasonably thick? Are the drawer pulls hanging on by one nail?

A good way to compare the quality of two pieces is to drum on the sides and tops, and avoid those with a too-hollow sound. Can you open and shut doors on cabinets without a tug-of-war? Do doors hang straight when open, or droop? Does an extension table open without a struggle? Do extra leaves match the table top?

Is the back of the case a sturdy piece of plywood? Don't expect the back to be veneered or stained, but it should be sanded down and "sealed" with a finishing coat, to prevent absorption of moisture. So should edges of veneered panels. Is dry glue smeared around joints, ready to flake and peel off?

Approach furniture-shopping with as much care and as much information as you do the purchase of a winter coat. If you do this, your furniture will wear through the years, travel from home to home, and still retain its good looks.

DON'T THROW AWAY THAT OLD FURNITURE!

A little ingenuity will make it attractive and useful; and, furthermore, you can "Let Pop Do It"

By JULES ARCHER

◆ Most wives, getting their homes in shape for winter, yearn to get rid of all the old junk cluttering their cellars, attics, and garages. But most husbands, who never forget what they paid for this junk in years past, are horrified at the notion.

Why not a happy compromise? You can get rid of it now—and yet make it come in handy, as attractive furnishings for your home, playthings, and small-fry furniture for your children.

Anything in the attic is grist for the mill—a rocking horse, playpen, crib, stroller, broken chairs, wood crates, an outmoded bureau, parts of an old bed. Add a bit of ingenuity and imagination to any of these, and your family can fashion something new and useful.

Can you use a new settee for the hallway or porch? It's a snap if you have an old crib in the attic. Remove both sides of the crib, unscrewing the steel rods from the gate side. Saw the head and foot of the crib to a height of 4 inches above the spring. Nail ½-inch round molding across the sawed edges. Place the gate against the crib so that it projects 5 to 6 inches above the crib's sides. Screw this firmly to the legs and side boards. Sand and paint, or stain and varnish. Replace the mattress, add a slip cover, and there you are.

What can you do with that old playpen which the children have outgrown? How about some nice junior-sized chairs they'd love to have in their room? First, measure each child to get his correct seat height, width, and back. Remove the hinges from the corners of the playpen. Knock off the top rail with a hammer.

Saw the top rail into the required lengths for legs and back of the chair. Remove the floor of the pen, and saw a square of correct size for the seat. Cut some dowel sticks of the playpen into supports of the length you need. Glue the ends and insert them into the dowel-stick holes of the rail parts you are using for legs and chair back. Screw the legs and back to the seat, and invite your delighted youngster to sit down.

My wife rid our attic of an outgrown rocking horse, and our cellar of a grocery crate, combining the two to make a delightful rocking chair for one of our youngsters. Here's how you can do it: Remove the rockers from the horse. Saw or knock off one side of the crate, and saw off further if necessary, until you have one seat, two sides, and a back of proper proportions. Curve or slant sides for armrests. Attach rockers to chair with four legs made from the discarded wood. Pad seat, back, and sides with felt or cotton. Cover with old sheeting, tacking it over the chair. Make a slip cover out of an old dress.

An old straight-backed chair, a 2-foot length of 1-by-8-inch pine shelving, and a few pieces of stray attic wood make a wonderful "grow-up chair." This is a comfortable dining-room chair for the youngster between the stages of high chair and adult chair. The beauty of it is that it can be adjusted as he grows up, so that he can always eat at correct table height.

First saw the legs off the old chair (see Figure 1). Two of these can serve as armrests (A-A, Figure 2). Saw the 2-foot pine board into four 2-inch-wide lengths and use these as legs, narrow sides facing front (B, Figure 2). Assemble these into a frame (see Figure 2) with side and back rails. Be sure the frame is of such size that the seat of the old chair fits snugly into it. Add a footrest to the seat section (D, Figure 3). Drill four ½-inch holes into the side braces of the seat so that each hole is opposite a leg when the two assemblies are joined. Drill matching holes in the legs at two or three levels (E, Figure 3). Insert one dowel stick (F, Figures 2 and 3) through front leg and seat-brace holes. Do the same in the rear. Saw dowel sticks flush with outside of legs. The seat section can now be raised or lowered merely by pegging it with the dowel sticks in higher or lower holes to give the child correct height at the dining-room table. The half-moon footrest (fastened to its back board by screws) can be very easily lowered if desirable.

For an enjoyable family hobby, for a thorough clean-up of junk, for new riches for your home, take it out of the attic, pull it apart, and make it over into a useful family creation! ◆ ◆

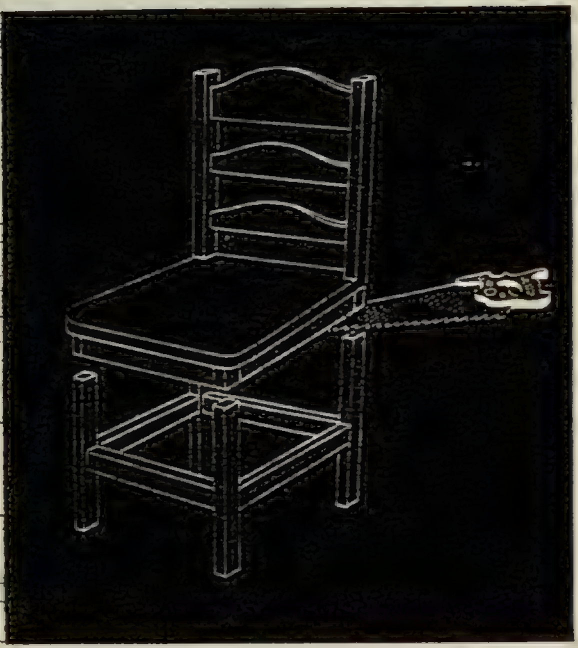


Figure 1. This is the type of kitchen chair that may be easily converted into a "grow-up" chair for the children.

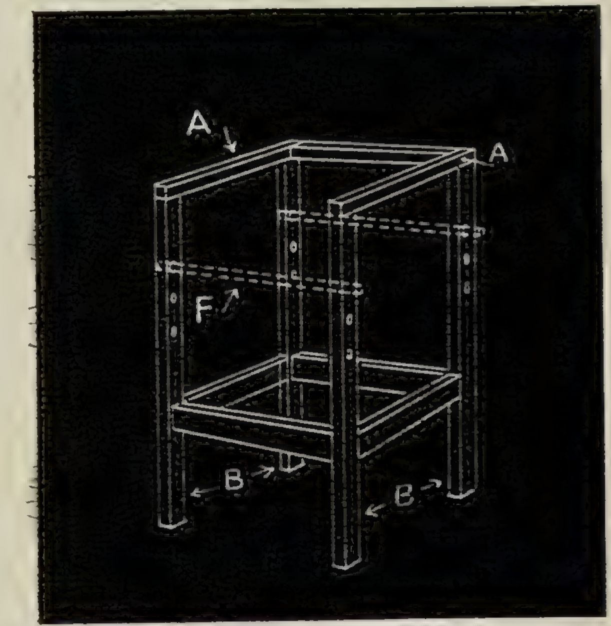


Figure 2. An eight-inch, two-foot pine board provides legs. Two of the legs from the old chair make the armrests.

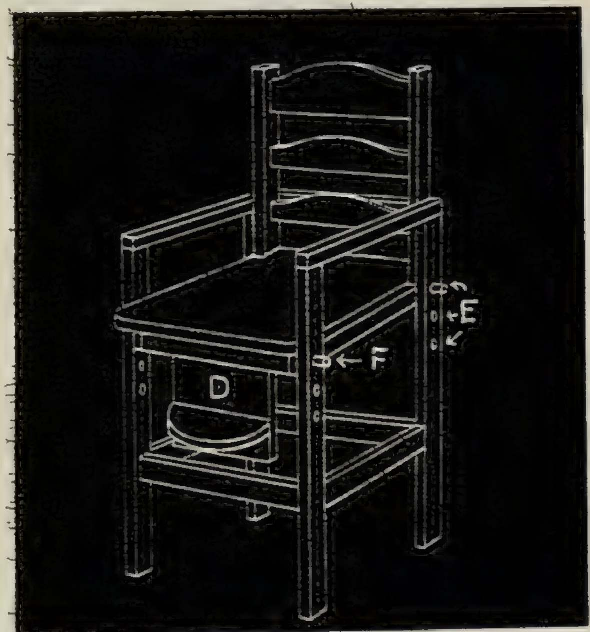


Figure 3. The old seat and back slide down into the new frame, fastened by dowels that can be moved up and down.

YES, THEY'LL EAT

Whether or not they ARE eaten depends on two things: the way they're cooked and the way they're seasoned

By Beulah Karney I've heard folks say, "Children just won't eat their vegetables." To that I always answer, "Give extra care in preparing them, then serve each child a tiny portion of a new untried dish."

Like so many things, much depends on who does it and how it's done. Which is the way a woman is known by the vegetables she cooks. But why should I single out women? Man-cooked restaurant meals serve up the most mouth-watering steaks, biscuits as light as air, cakes as fluffy as summer clouds, and yet set on the table vegetables that are cooked to death.

The rule is to cook vegetables (covered) in a small amount of boiling, salted water until just tender. One thing you mustn't do is overcook them. Naturally, there are exceptions to this rule as there are to all rules. Just to make it complicated! So strong-flavored vegetables are cooked uncovered. (I'm speaking now about that cabbage family, with all its aristocratic relatives, such as cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, and broccoli, and onions, too.)

And then there are a few other tricks, such as cooking white vegetables with a teaspoon of lemon juice to keep them white. Or cooking red vegetables with a little (say 1 tablespoon) acid (lemon, orange juice, or vinegar) to intensify the color.

And now for some of those ways to make vegetables appreciated.

Let's start with cabbage, because it is perhaps the most misunderstood vegetable. I like to shred it and cook it in plenty of boiling salted water (the lid off) about 8 minutes. And if

THEIR VEGETABLES

you add a teaspoon of caraway seed to one head of cabbage, you'll perfume the water and add to the flavor. And, of course, when the cabbage is drained, you'll season it with butter and fresh-ground pepper.

Any left over can be heated in a cream sauce. And while I speak of creamed or scalloped cabbage, a pinch of mustard does wonders.

There are many ways of cooking broccoli—in a soufflé with a bit of onion, or boiled and buttered and sprinkled with Parmesan cheese or toasted croutons or toasted almonds, but don't forget Hollandaise sauce, the queen of them all. And if extra pounds worry you, switch to lemon butter.

Cauliflower takes just about the same treatment. When company comes of whom you are right fond or want to impress, turn to French-fried cauliflower. By the way, a good many vegetables are wonderful French-fried. I'm not thinking of potatoes. I'm thinking of onion rings, asparagus, and eggplant.

Spinach has a wonderful flavor if cooked and chopped and seasoned with cream sauce and dashed with nutmeg.

Peas, of course, are ideal for their own classic goodness. For the best peas you ever had, add ½ teaspoon dried rosemary.

For beets, slice and cut in match-like strips, bake or boil in orange sauce, and they look like rubies.

The way you combine vegetables makes the difference in how they are appreciated. Select them for contrasting colors, textures, and flavors. Serve one creamed, one buttered, one fried, and one baked. There is more to this matter of vegetable plates than spinach, poached eggs, potatoes, and carrots, you know.

Much better, instead, to serve a baked potato, Julienne carrots with snippings of mint or chives, creamed peas with a touch of rosemary and baked tomato halves. Or fresh lima beans in cream, French-fried cauliflower, and green pepper stuffed with Spanish rice.

Photos by George Lazarnick

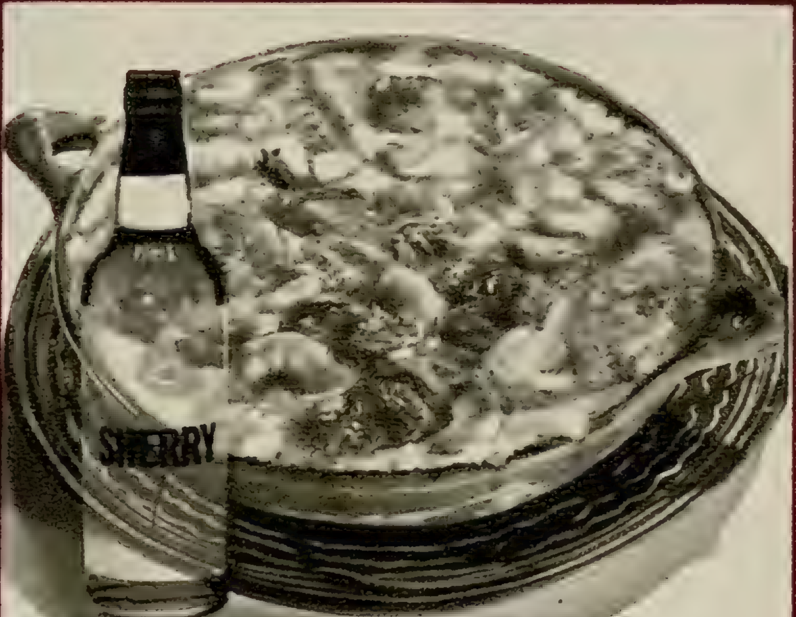
MAKE COOKING AN

FROM LIBERTY'S HOME KITCHEN: *Domestic wine creates a lavish dish*

BURGUNDY MEAT LOAF

Pour wine over seasonings. Let stand 1 hour. Remove bay leaf. Mix all ingredients together. Moisten hands in cold water; shape meat into loaf. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 45 minutes. Pour ¼ cup burgundy over loaf. Serve on hot platter.

½ cup burgundy wine
1 bay leaf
1 onion finely minced
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1¼ pounds beef, ground
1 egg yolk
¼ cup soft bread crumbs



FISH CASSEROLE WITH SHERRY

Make cream sauce. Add cooked fish, slightly beaten egg yolks. Stir and add wine gradually. Pour in casserole. Place under broiler. Heat for 1 minute. Recipe serves four.

2 cups cooked fish, flaked (cod, whitefish, or crabmeat)
4 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
Pinch of pepper
½ cup rich milk or light cream
2 egg yolks
¼ cup sherry wine

Photos by George Lazarnick

ADVENTURE — WITH WINE

from simple foods. Success is sure with these four recipes.

PINEAPPLE SAUTERNE

Cut out chunks of pineapple from shell, add sauterne and let stand in refrigerator for several hours. Just before serving, add fruit or melon balls. Replace in shell, garnish with berries and with lemon ice. Serve each person with half pineapple.

1 small fresh pineapple cut in half lengthwise
½ cup sauterne wine
½ cup any fruit cut in pieces, or ½ cup berries or melon balls

PORT-WINE JELLY

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Pour boiling water over gelatine, add sugar, and stir until dissolved. Add wine, stir well. Pour into mold rinsed out in cold water. Chill until firm. Turn out on platter.

2 tablespoons granulated gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
1¾ cups port wine

WITH YOUR EYES WIDE OPEN

No bells ring, no lights flash a warning when you enter a store. But with retail competition for your dollar increasing daily, there's more misrepresentation and more questionable merchandise offered by the small percentage of stores trying to rook the customers. Safeguard yourself when buying furniture

DO scout the store. If you have not done business with it before, if none of your friends have, check with the local Better Business Bureau or Chamber of Commerce before making a sizable purchase there. Inquire about credit policies, return and exchange privileges, handling of complaints.

DO shop widely, and compare. There's little fair trading in furniture prices, so you might do better down the street. An honest store welcomes comparison shopping, because its merchandise and prices stand up.

DO make proper use of installment buying. Don't get in over your head; take the credit manager into your confidence and tell all. Have credit tailored to fit your income and responsibilities.

DO get it in writing. On any installment credit contract, make sure the cost of the credit is specified, also the amount of the down payment, the balance, the monthly payments. No retailer can afford to give credit for free. If he claims there's no "carrying charge," beware—he's making it up somewhere else, probably on overpriced merchandise. If the salesman says it's "solid mahogany" or makes other claims, tell him to write it on the sales check.

DO establish your credit by prompt payments. It may help in future emergencies. If sudden illness or unemployment makes payment impossible, don't ignore the bills. Tell the store, and they'll try to work out some arrangement—perhaps smaller payments, or no payments for a few months. No reputable store wants to repossess merchandise.

DO avoid a store that offers much easier credit terms than its competitors. No merchant can afford ridiculously low payments or long terms. Don't kid yourself. If you're a poor credit risk, you'll drive a poor bargain. The more risk a retailer takes, the more he must make up—and you're it.

DO study a store's ads. Rate a store by comparing ads and actual goods and terms offered when you're inside the store. An ad is only an offer to sell; it's not a contract. Nevertheless, you're right to be suspicious when a store repeatedly advertises merchandise which isn't available, or doesn't equal that pictured in the ad. Be suspicious, too, when a trade-in offer on used furniture or appliances is preposterously higher than the competition offers.

DON'T trade at the store that tries to overload you. If you fail in payments, it's a black mark against your future credit rating. If you can't buy everything at once, settle for the most necessary items and fill in with good humor and the versatile orange crate.

DON'T swallow it when the salesman cuts 20 or 30 per cent off the price tag "for you" or as a "professional discount." You're convinced the chair is a bargain; actually, it probably was tremendously overpriced. Chances are that even with the "discount" you're still paying too much.

DON'T fall for "bait" advertising. "Free offer"—is it free only if you buy something else? "Free trial"—can you return the goods and receive a complete refund? "Money back"—for any reason, or even no reason?

DON'T shop in the "wholesale" house. If it's an honest wholesale house, they won't sell to you. Actually, it's just another attempt to hoodwink customers. (There's the exception, of course, when you have an introduction to an above-board wholesale house through a friend.)

DON'T patronize the store that won't let you leave empty-handed; where the salesman calls the "floor manager" and then passes you on to the "general manager" and the "president." Make your getaway quickly.

DON'T neglect a trip to your bank, to see if a personal loan might be possible, at a lower rate of interest than a store's carrying charge. Stores charge from 6 to 10 per cent on the unpaid balance. Few of the reputable ones make money, since detailed bookkeeping and service are involved. A bank's charge may be lower. On the other hand, its security requirements may be higher, and it might not be so sympathetic if you fall behind on payments.

DON'T regard installment buying as slightly shameful. Such credit lets you enjoy certain articles long before you could afford to pay cash down. Most automobiles and most houses are bought this way, to say nothing of fur coats and engagement rings. This American institution has widened the market for major durable goods (which reduces their cost) and raised standards of living for families of limited income. It's not the use of installment credit but its abuse, which makes some families shy away. Make it work for you.

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A BULLET FOR MY LOVE Continued from page 32

Hospital for a check-up. I gathered that there had been two ambulances on the job and Valerie had been taken away in one of them.

The ambulance was comfortable. Judy sat next to the cot on which I was lying. Suddenly she bent down and pressed her lips against mine. It was something extra special. She said, "I thought you were dead. The police came and I went down there with them. We stumbled over you—" She started crying then, really crying.

After awhile she said, "When is it going to end?" There was desperation in her voice and more than a hint of fear. "What's it all about?"

I pulled her down to me and kissed her. I said, "Let's don't talk about it now, darling. Let's just stay this way. We'll give Hollywood a new thrill: petting in an ambulance."

When the doctors at the hospital were through, I looked like a war casualty. Sergeant Gram showed up and helped me walk next door to the Detective Bureau. Captain James was in conference with Marty Walsh and Bert Lane. They had the contents of Valerie's bag spread out on the desk, but they were concentrating on a crumpled piece of paper. They showed it to Judy and me. Captain James said, "That was written by Valerie Palmer. We've checked it against samples of her handwriting."

The words were simple enough: "If anything happens to me, the trust deed at the bank—" The word "bank" was scarcely readable, and it ended with an irregular line which flowed across to the right margin of the paper.

Captain James said, "Looks like she was writing a message and heard somebody coming, balled it up and shoved it in her bag. Perhaps you'd have a thought about who the note was meant for."

We shook our heads.

◆ I stayed in bed for two days. Three doctors held a consultation over me and decided that I would live. They seemed rather unhappy about it. I entertained lavishly. Judy was there almost all the time, and she acted as hostess. It was a nice idea, and I'd have loved it if the back of my head had quit aching, even for a little while.

At five o'clock the second evening, Bert Lane called. He asked whether he and Marty Walsh could visit me. He also asked whether Judy would be there. I said I hoped so, and the date was set for six.

They grouped around my bed and I asked if they'd gotten to first base on the Valerie Palmer deal.

"She was deader'n a mackerel," Walsh commented, "when you saw the car go over the cliff. She had been shot twice—.32-caliber. Whoever did it wasn't taking any chances."

"Any hunch who it was did it?"

"Nope."

"How about fingerprints?"

"We dusted the car and the inside of her house. We found everybody's prints."

"Did you find the gun?"

"No. We thought we had something yesterday. A neighbor of Valerie's — a Mrs. Jorgensen — had lunch with her the day she was killed. Mrs. Jorgensen remembers that Robert Ellsworth Abernathy came in the house twice while she was there. For what, she doesn't know. She also remembers that about eleven thirty someone telephoned, and Valerie made an appointment with whoever it was for ten minutes past twelve. But Mrs. Jorgensen stuck around until almost three, and nobody showed up. So that washed out. But the important thing that brought us here is something entirely different."

I waited.

◆ "You remember that slip of paper we found in Valerie's bag after she was killed, the one that said if anything happened to her, there was a trust deed at the bank? Well, we didn't have much trouble finding her bank, and they co-operated—as they always do. Valerie left an estate of about three hundred thousand dollars. It was in a revocable trust fund, with the bank as trustee. The income was hers as long as she lived. But the trust deed provided that if she should die"—he looked at me steadily—"the entire estate was to go to her beloved husband. We figured maybe it was an old trust deed that she had forgotten to change. But that trust fund was set up with money she inherited from her late husband."

I said, "Well, I'll be damned! You mean she married someone else after Michael Palmer died?"

"Obviously. We've kept the teletypes and radios busy checking marriage records for the past several months. So far, no soap."

"Didn't she explain to the bank when she executed the deed?"

"No. The trust officer told her that it was customary also to insert the husband's name. She said she was keeping her marriage a secret."

"So now," interrupted Bert Lane, "all we got to do is find out who she married, and why she kept it a secret."

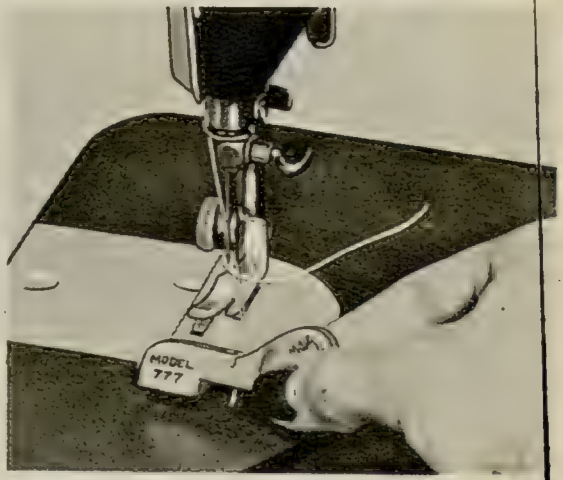
Judy said, "But if this man, whoever he is, wants that money, he'd have to identify himself and prove the marriage, wouldn't he?"

"Keno!" Marty Walsh beamed approvingly. "To get what he was after — provided he was — the guy would have to lead with his chin. We find out who Valerie's second husband is, and we think we've got the man who killed her."

Judy said, "Even if this husband showed himself and you could believe that he killed Valerie, what

Liberty SHOPS FOR

Autumn's the season when fresh new products begin to appear in stores and in mail catalogues.



THE FAMILY

Here is a sampling—ideas to brighten your home and your wardrobe

By EILEEN BURKE

A hot, nourishing home-cooked meal for the children or father, even though they are fated to carry their lunch. The secret is an Electrolunch kit. Just plug the cord in the nearest electric outlet and heat your meal in a flash. The box is aluminum in a black crackle finish; measures 12 by 5½ by 5¾ inches. Two food compartments and a heat-resistant glass beverage bottle still leave room for fruit, bread, or dessert. It's an economical way to use up cooked foods. Electrolunch Co., 9300 Stone Rd., Algonac, Mich., $9.95 ppd.

If the springs attack whenever you plump down in that easy chair, it's probably time to reweb it. You'll save money by doing the job yourself, at home. This Chair Reweb Kit assembles all the materials and tools you'll need to repair the sagging bottom of any coil-spring chair. It contains the right amounts of imported jute webbing, heavy black cambric for the bottom cover, webbing tacks, linen thread, and a curved steel needle, as well as illustrated directions. W. E. Dwyer, 434 Lafayette St., New York 3, N.Y.; $2.95 ppd.

Now that you've been spoiled by the automatic needle threader which speeds hand sewing, darning, and embroidery, here's Thread-A-Matic, a new automatic threader for your machine. It fits all popular makes of machines, whether of postwar or vintage date, and works with all sizes of needles and all thicknesses of threads. Precision-built of rust-resistant, heavy chrome-plated metal, the threader comes boxed with detailed instructions. Eunice Novelties, Dept. L, 541 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.; $4.95 ppd.

Ermine at a price—and just in time to top off that new fall outfit or give a lift to last year's suit. You'll be ready for any occasion with this cluster of ermine tails tied with a velvet bow. Also a clever thought for early Christmas shoppers, too. Harold Rubin, Dept. L, 52 E. 56th St., New York 22, N. Y.; $3.95 ppd.

If you are not satisfied with any item purchased by mail through these columns, it may be returned and your money will be refunded. Prices are subject to change.

motive would he have had for killing Helen Dunbar?"

"Valerie's death and Helen's were probably tied up. That guy Miss Dunbar was trying to find—"

"Cliff Harrison," I said. "He keeps sticking in my mind. Have you really tried to locate anybody by that name?"

"Jokes the guy makes," complained Marty. "Look, sonny, we've been running ourselves ragged trying to find that Cliff Harrison or *any* Cliff Harrison. We've located men with that name in different parts of the country, but none of them fit."

I asked, "What about Abernathy? Where was he that night?"

"Lovely alibi. Airtight." Walsh was sarcastic. "He was with his fiancée. That's what he calls Bonnie Clayton."

"Have you told anybody else about the trust deed?"

"Sure. We want the guy to come forward. We got a welcoming committee all set for him. But you should have heard Mr. Abernathy and Miss Clayton when we sprung it on them. They wanted to know what they needed with money. Didn't they have most of the hundred thousand she won in that damned contest? What could they do with three hundred thousand more?"

"Is Abernathy in love with Bonnie, really?" asked Judy.

◆

Lane and Walsh looked at each other. Both nodded. "You could have something there, Judy. If Abernathy was secretly married to Valerie, and if he was in love with Bonnie, and if he could get free from Valerie and latch onto an extra three hundred thousand all at the same time—"

"Did you ever think that Abernathy might be Cliff Harrison?"

"Yeh. But he ain't. We checked him frontwards and backwards."

"Same old rat race," mourned Walsh. "We run like hell in all directions and get nowhere. We're checking on everything — on you and Judy and Stanley Bishop and Norton Van Hoven—now *there's* a guy Valerie might have gone for—and Oliver Sherman—"

I said, "You can forget Oliver. He's in love with Judy."

"He can use dough the same as any other guy."

"He makes fifteen hundred dollars a week."

"Damn it, Keith! Won't you let us play smart for even one minute? We build up something and you knock it down. It ain't polite."

"What do we do now—Judy and I?"

"Keep your eyes open and your guard up."

"You don't think we've reached the end?"

"No use kidding you; you both got sense. What this has to do with your radio show, we don't know. But what's been happening has been happening to people close to you or the show."

◆

Judy was frantically busy these days. The future of the show was still uncertain. We had experienced a minor letdown after the hundred-thousand contest ended, and were working like Trojans to keep it from becoming permanent.

I got tickets for Lane and his family a few times: for our show and for other shows. But he was particularly interested in ours. It began to look as though he didn't intend to miss a single Wednesday-night broadcast.

One Wednesday night Judy and I were supposed to attend a party L. Joshua Quincy was giving. Going to that party with Judy was a long, long way from being alone with her, so I begged off. The studio got cleared out, the stage emptied, and I was actually glad to see the long, lanky figure of Bert Lane coming down the aisle. He said a few nice things about the show, invited me out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then suggested that maybe I'd enjoy dropping in at the police station for a while. No special reason; just that he liked my company. He said that. That's what the man said.

I'd done it before. I had gotten to know some of the night-watch boys. They involved me in their debates—which were usually not police topics, but on matters that concerned any average citizen. It gave me a new slant. It taught me that a policeman was a human being and usually a darned nice one; a human being with a home, a mortgage, a family and problems.

This was one of those nights. My own troubles seemed far removed. I wasn't expecting anything to happen which concerned me, and I'm quite sure Bert Lane wasn't, either. That's why both of us were surprised when Stanley Bishop walked down the hall. Bishop seemed surprised, too. First, at finding himself in a police station. Second, at seeing me there. He recognized Lane and said he'd like to talk to him privately. Lane smiled, shook hands, and said, "Sure." There was the faintest change in his expression: a freezing behind the eyes.

Lane invited Bishop into one of the squad rooms. He made an almost imperceptible gesture with his head, and Sergeant Gram followed them in. Then Lane asked Stanley Bishop whether it'd be all right if I listened in. Bishop looked surprised—reluctant, even—but he said that would be O.K.

He made several false starts, like a nervous dash man in an important track meet. Finally he said, "I've been wanting to tell you this for two weeks. I've started over here several times, then gotten scared and walked away. Now I'm afraid not to tell you. It would look worse that way. You'd be certain to find out, wouldn't you?"

"Find out what?" Lane's voice was smooth as silk.

"That I was Valerie Palmer's husband."

Bert Lane's face didn't change expression. He glanced briefly at Sergeant Gram. Their eyes met and seemed to say, "This is it, brother. This is it." My stomach did nip-ups. I couldn't believe what Stanley Bishop was saying.

◆

Lane waited. He knew Bishop would continue. And he did, as though panic were driving him on.

"Here are the papers." Bishop produced some legal-looking documents, unfolded them, and put them in Bert's hands. "We went down to Mexico three months ago and were married. We agreed to keep it secret."

"What causes you to change your mind now?"

"I told you. I was scared. You'd be bound to think that Valerie was killed by her husband. He'd be the only person who would have a motive, wouldn't he? I know you're going to accuse me of her murder."

"But you'd take even that chance to get your hands on her three hundred thousand dollars—is that it?"

"No. That's a lot of money, but it isn't *that* important. I was afraid you'd find out about our marriage. That would put me in an even worse position."

"Possibly." Lane made his next question casual: "Where were you the night Valerie was killed?"

"I worked. Then I ate dinner and went to a picture. I can't prove it."

"Why did you and Valerie keep your marriage a secret?"

"She thought it might look bad, having been a widow so brief a time."

Sergeant Gram said suddenly, "Did you know that Valerie and Rocky Moran had had an affair?"

"Yes, I knew." Bishop spoke with appealing dignity. "Valerie told me before we were married."

"Were you ever jealous of her other friends? This Abernathy guy, for instance?"

"Goodness, no. I like Robert. He's one of my friends. And he's terribly in love with Miss Clayton."

Lane had been studying the marriage license and certificate. He said, "These Mexican papers—you can buy 'em." He grabbed a hunch out of thin air: "You're lying by the clock, Bishop. The dates on these papers are phony. You paid money to the right person is all. You never were married to Valerie Palmer. You never even thought about it until you read the terms of her trust deed."

"I was married to her. I *was*. Would I take a chance like this if it weren't true?"

"Sure you would. So would a lot of other guys—for important money. You're just a small-time guy in a small-time job. You don't even know whether Rocky Moran's business will survive, or if they'll keep you on the job. You knew if things got too hot, you could produce the man you dealt with in Mexico. Am I right?"

"No. No, you're not."

"Quit lying!"

Gram got up and stood over the frightened little man. Lane never changed position, but his voice had taken on a steely edge and his eyes were hard as nails. They threw questions at Bishop. They backed him into corner after corner. They demanded details—a thousand details. He stumbled over the answers. It was a long, bitter, painful procedure. And then he broke. He broke completely. He admitted that he had never been in Mexico with Valerie Palmer, that they were not married. He'd gone down there alone, within the past two weeks, and had bought this proof of a marriage which had never happened. He seemed relieved at having told the truth, but not much relieved. He had latched onto the idea that they were going to throw him in jail anyway for his attempted fraud. They let him think so. They kept right on hammering.

"How much did this trip to Mexico cost you, Bishop? The works—bribery and everything?"

"I—I don't remember."

"You're lying again. Come clean, and quick!"

"About three thousand dollars."

"Where did you get it? You haven't got that much. You couldn't have saved it out of the salary Rocky was paying you. You didn't think of the idea, either. You haven't the brains. Who thought of it? Who financed you?"

The little man was pitiful. He'd taken all he could.

"Robert Abernathy gave me the idea," he said in a whisper finally. "Bonnie Clayton put up the money."

"You agreed to split with them?"

"Yes . . ."

◆

"We're going calling," Lane said. "On Bonita Clayton and Robert Abernathy. Want to come along, Keith?"

I probably looked surprised.

"Might be interesting," he said casually. "Of course you're there strictly as audience. Let's go."

Bert Lane drove, and Bishop sat beside him. What surprised me was the meticulous attention Lane paid to all the traffic rules. I had thought that a cop would drive sixty or seventy just for the hell of it.

Bishop told us the number of Bonnie's apartment and we went up. Bert sounded the knocker once. There was a brief pause, and then the door opened. Miss Clayton stood there, looking considerably more than ravishing in her own version of a seductive negligee. Behind her, staring at us through thick-lensed spectacles, was Robert Ellsworth Abernathy. His face had lipstick on it. Cosmetic love.

Bonnie's blue eyes got hard. Lane asked whether we might come in, and shoved past her politely but firmly. Bishop went next, then me, and finally Sergeant Gram, who closed the door gently.

The two detectives accepted Bonnie's implied invitation to be seated. I took a straight chair and tried to make myself inconspicuous. Stanley Bishop sat down, looking woeful. Bonnie and Abernathy were staring at him, but he refused to stare back.

◆

Lane built up the misery of his host and hostess by saying a few well-chosen words about the beautiful apartment. He said that Bonnie sure knew how to get the most out of her money.

Bonnie Clayton wasn't any dope. She took it just so long. Then she said, "All right. What's it about?"

Lane said, "Don't you know?"

"I don't know anything."

"Then there's no use asking you questions, is there? Maybe we'd better just take you and your playmate down and book you. Ever been in Lincoln Heights jail, Bonnie?"

She was frightened, but not quitting. She said, "That's double-talk. What would you book us for?"

"Oh, lots of things. But mainly conspiracy."

He gave them time to digest that one. He saw Bonnie look at Stanley Bishop. It was a glance of the type customarily reserved for worms.

"We got the story out of Bishop," stated Lane quietly. "He tried his best to cover you. He didn't succeed. We finally induced him to admit that you financed him, Bonnie. He said the idea came from you, too."

Robert Ellsworth Abernathy spoke. He was perspiring freely, but he still carried a certain dignity. He said, "The idea was mine."

"That's not true." Bonnie was vehement. "I thought of it."

"Because of me." Abernathy looked Bert Lane straight in the eye. "You probably won't believe this, but the whole thing came out of nowhere. Stanley is perhaps our only real friend. Right after Valerie Palmer died, we were discussing what would happen to her money. I said that if no one claimed it within a certain time, it would revert to the State. Bonnie thought that would be a sheer waste. She said she didn't think Valerie was married at all—that maybe she hoped to be. She even said—" He started looking uncomfortable.

"She said what?" Prompted Lane.

"She said she thought Valerie was overboard about Keith Williams." Over in my corner, I ducked. This I hadn't expected. "The idea was that if Mr. Williams knew he was in line for that much money, he might—well, you understand."

"What gave you the idea that she mightn't really have a husband who would claim the estate?"

(*Continued on page 66*)

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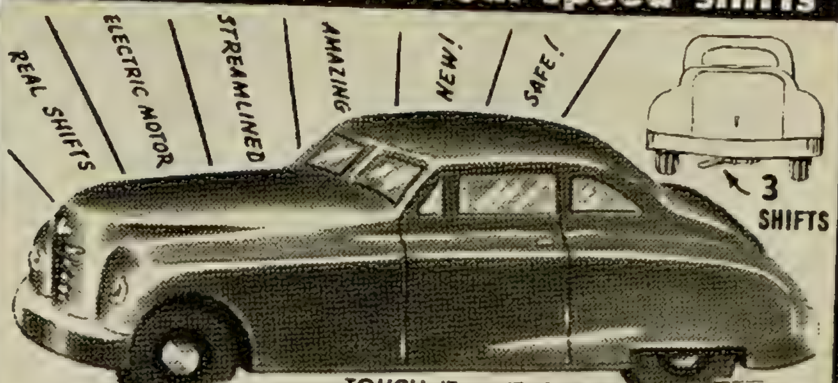

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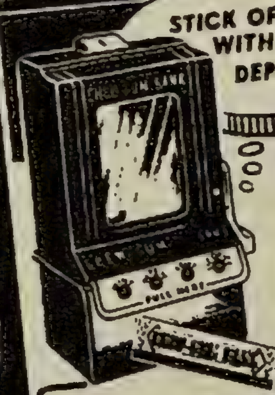
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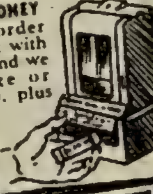

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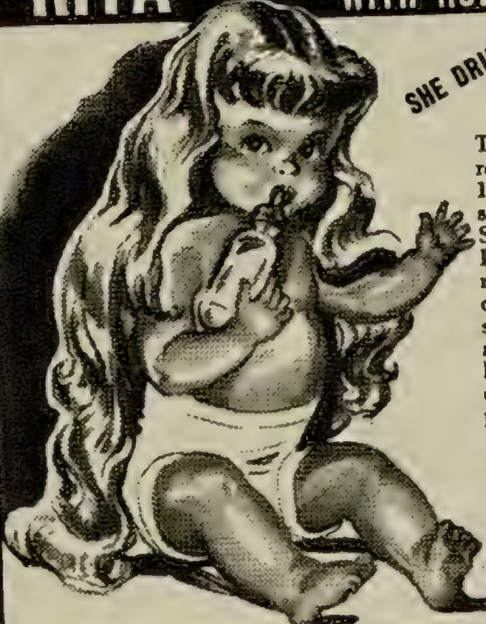
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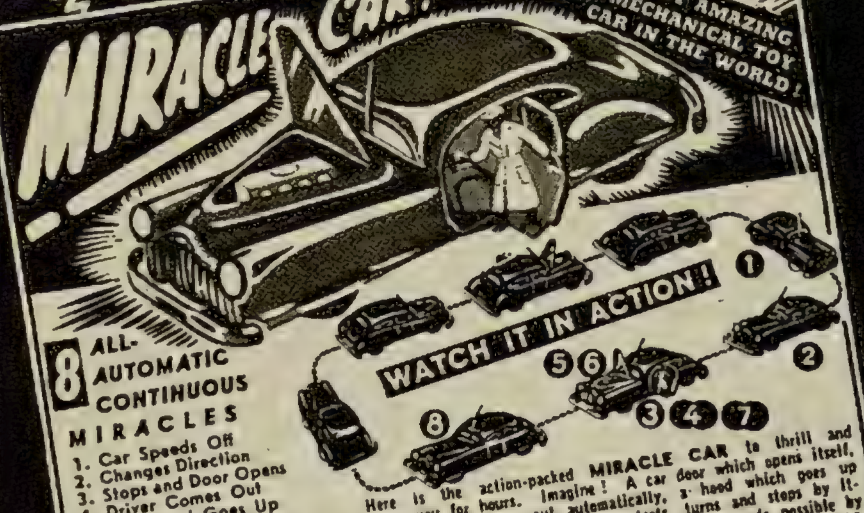

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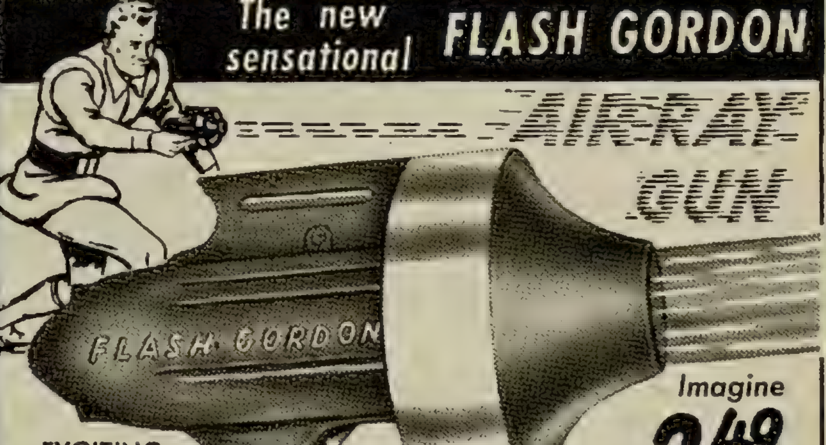

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(Continued from page 64)

"I live in the garage back of her house, lieutenant. I was sure she wasn't married."

"And if she did have a new husband, why wouldn't he claim the money?"

"He'd be afraid of being charged with her murder."

"But you weren't afraid, were you?"

Abernathy answered with great care. He said, "Look, lieutenant. I've had all kinds of opportunity to do everything that has been done. In the case of Mr. Moran, I even had motive. Now I appear as instigator of this scheme to acquire the money Mrs. Palmer left. But I still had nothing to do with the death of anyone."

"Spoken like a little man." There was more than a trace of sarcasm in Bert's voice. "Now tell me this: Are you aiming to marry Bonnie Clayton?"

"If she'll have me—yes."

"You love her for herself alone? Or because she's got a hundred grand?"

Abernathy said, "I'm not in a position to resent that, am I, lieutenant?"

"Besides," interrupted Bonnie, "it's half his anyway. Didn't he think of the answer to that riddle?"

Lane said, "What I don't get is why you'd stick your necks out for more dough when you already got so much."

◆

"I thought—" started Abernathy, but Bonnie broke in.

"Don't you listen to him, lieutenant. He didn't do any thinking at all. It was my idea. The State of California already has got a lot of money. What would it want with a lousy three hundred thousand? But if I could get some of it— Well, Robert tried to talk me out of it. I insisted we go through, on account nobody wasn't getting hurt and maybe we'd come out of it real rich instead of just a little rich."

Lane spoke thoughtfully: "What's to say *when* you got this idea, Abernathy? Suppose you thought of it while Valerie was still alive, and then killed her so you could start it going? You could have engineered the conversation with Bishop so he'd think you plucked it out of the air."

"I didn't know about the terms of her trust deed."

"Maybe you didn't, maybe you did. You're a brainy guy. You lived on her place. You was friends. She maybe consulted you. Let's lay it on the line, Abernathy. You ain't healthy. Not a damned bit, you ain't. According to you, you cooked up a sweet scheme that turned sour. But I'm not sure that's all there is to it."

We went down in the little elevator, leaving an unhappy trio behind us. Outside, I said, "I don't understand any of it, Bert."

Solemnly he held out his hand.

"Shake, fella," he said. "That makes two of us."

◆

"When you hear the sound of the musical gong, it will be exactly time for murder."

In my dream, the announcer kept saying that over and over again. In the dream it made lots of sense, and even after I woke up, it didn't seem too inappropriate.

I looked at my wrist watch. It said five thirty. In the afternoon. I had drifted home after a late lunch to fight off a nagging headache. I kidded myself that I'd lie down and read a script. But I didn't read any script. I went to sleep. I'd probably have been asleep yet if the dream hadn't waked me.

I telephoned Judy. I said, "Listen, sweetheart. I've got the jitters. I need to have my hand held."

She told me to come right over. She said she'd raid the pantry and dish up something for us to eat. She tried to be light and gay, but didn't quite get away with it. Neither of us had been feeling too festive recently.

When she let me in, I closed the door, and wrapped her up. We stood that way for a long time.

Judy had prepared dry martinis. We sat on the couch with my arm around her. Just being with Judy made me forget things I preferred to forget. Except I remembered always that I was afraid—for her.

Later in the evening we got out pencils and paper and made lists, like they do in stories. We listed all the possible suspects, compiling the evidence against each. There was too much against some, not enough against others. We couldn't reach any conclusion except that the more we worked on it, the farther away we got from the answer. What discouraged us most was that two smart cops like Marty Walsh and Bert Lane didn't seem to be any better off than we were.

So we gave it up. We sat very close — practically mix - up — and played like we were Judy Overton and Keith Williams, two moderately young persons who were very much in love. It was a nice game. It was the nicest game I ever had played, and Judy said she felt that way about it, too. Then I reminded her that the next day was Wednesday. Another broadcast day.

The show had appeared to be doing nicely since the contest ended. It was too soon to know for sure, but we commenced to suspect that our Hooper rating would stay way up yonder. However, the situation was still ticklish.

At ten minutes before ten o'clock Wednesday morning, I was at the studio. Everybody except the technicians and musicians had beaten me there. Norton Van Hoven was crouching in a corner, rehearsing his announcements and his part in the show. He looked very fresh, very handsome, and only slightly obnoxious.

From the beginning, I had trouble with Oliver Sherman. Not serious trouble, because Oliver was not a pugnacious sort of person. But he was apparently all tied up inside, and he most particularly didn't like anything I did or said. I tried to be patient, tried to take it without showing my annoyance. Perhaps he'd learned the score between Judy and me. That would hurt. Customarily he took direction amiably and never tried to throw his weight around.

This day was different. If he'd been another sort of person—a Norton Van Hoven, for instance—I'd have thought that he was deliberately trying to gum up the works. He was making me look bad. He was slowing up the rehearsal.

Even on the test record we made of the show, Oliver Sherman loused things up. Not deliberately, not so you could notice it, unless you were an expert; but he was doing a bad job—a job that threw our quality and our timing into the haywire class. After we'd listened to the playback and started our writers doing a repair job on the script, I told Oliver I wanted to have a chat with him.

We left the stage and went through a door into a long hall which was flanked on both sides with dressing rooms. The stars had their names on the doors of the rooms they were to use. They had been put on the day before the broadcast, indicating that that room was the private quarters of that particular person until after his show was over the next day. The names were painted on cards, and the cards were slid into brass slots.

◆

On the dressing-room door next to Oliver's, a pageboy was just inserting a card into the slot. The card said, "Mr. Richardson." That was Jan Richardson, leader of one of the hottest and most popular bands in the country. He wouldn't be on until the following evening, but the sign meant that he could start bringing his stuff in. Nobody else was to use that room until he was through with it.

Oliver led the way into his dressing room, motioned me to a seat. He took the one in front of the make-up mirror. I said, "What's wrong, Oliver? You're off the beam today. I don't know whether you've got indigestion or whether I've stepped on your toes. Whatever it is, I'd like to clear it up."

He said, "You've done nothing. Perhaps that's the trouble. Nobody has done anything."

"About what?"

"These dad-blamed murders. They got me worried. About Judy."

"I'm worried about that too, Oliver. But I don't think anything will happen to Judy."

"No thanks to the police. No thanks to you, either." His ingenuous, country-boy expression took on a sudden maturity. "I been doin' some investigatin'. I found out some things."

"That's fine, Oliver, fine. Why not tell the police?"

"Those stupid fellers? Look, I wouldn't give them the time of day. Nor you, either. I've got an appointment right after the dress rehearsal this afternoon. Here in my dressing room. I'm on the track of something, and I bet you right now that by tomorrow morning I'll know who did these killings."

I thought he was just shooting the breeze. Some crazy theory he'd latched onto. I wasn't going to make him feel bad by saying what I really thought.

But I did talk to him about the show. I asked him please to get more on the ball.

"All right, Keith—I'll do it. You won't have any complaints from now on—especially at the dress."

He got up. So did I. He was a nice fellow, and I wanted to make a friendly overture. But he moved into the corridor without giving me a chance.

"You and the cops see all the corners, Keith," he stated, "but you still go straight ahead. You never look to see what's around those corners. I do."

Well, he really thought he had something. I wished him luck.

◆

The dress rehearsal that afternoon was a dilly. In spite of the fact that everything had gone wrong all morning—or perhaps because of it—things were smooth as butter on a hot biscuit. Oliver Sherman was marvelous.

The time between dress rehearsal and the show itself is always nerve-racking. Especially in a job like mine, which carries all the responsibility and none of the glory. You think of a thousand things that could go wrong.

I took Judy with me. She had a change of clothes in her dressing room, and I promised to get her back in time to pretty herself up.

We got back at six o'clock. Air time was seven. That gave us an hour. Judy went to her dressing room.

The people connected with the show started drifting back, singly and in groups. The musicians tuned up their instruments or played gin rummy. The stage hands moved things from one place to another and then moved 'em back again. Norton Van Hoven came in, looking important and smelling like an exploded tuberose. He took his two scripts—the announcer's script and his acting part—into a corner, and started running over them—loudly. Judy showed up onstage, looking lovely. L. Joshua Quincy appeared in the sponsor's booth and sat alone, smoking a thin cigar.

But Oliver Sherman wasn't there. Nobody had seen him. He either hadn't left the studio when we broke that afternoon, or else he'd

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slipped out unnoticed. I questioned a couple of pageboys. They hadn't seen him. I killed perhaps ten minutes and then went into the dressing-room corridor.

Norton Van Hoven was there. He looked self-conscious, and he had two long, narrow cards in his hand. I asked him what he was doing, and he said they'd gotten the cards on the wrong doors: Oliver Sherman's card on the orchestra leader's door, and vice versa. It occurred to me that wasn't any of Mr. Van Hoven's business, but I didn't say anything.

I met Judy near the stairway leading up to the sponsor's booth. She asked whether I'd seen Oliver. I said no, and she said she hadn't, either. She said, "He wasn't in his dressing room."

"You went there?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"About five-ten minutes ago."

That would be before Norton Van Hoven had changed the cards. She'd probably gone into Jan Richardson's dressing room. Of course it was empty. Richardson's show wouldn't hit the air waves for another twenty-four hours.

I got hold of Lew Burris, our director. He said he hadn't seen Oliver. It was near six thirty, almost time for the doors to open. The pressure was on. I grabbed Lew by the arm and suggested that we park ourselves in Oliver's dressing room. On the way, we picked up Judy. She was worried too. She mentioned that Oliver had spoken vaguely with her about her safety, about cracking this case himself.

"I—er—forgot my sales talk."

We stopped outside Oliver's dressing-room door. The sign said "Mr. Sherman." I didn't know which way Norton Van Hoven had shuffled the cards, and didn't care much. This could be Oliver's dressing room, or it could be Jan Richardson's. I rapped on the door. No answer. I pushed it open. It was Oliver's dressing room all right.

I knew that right away, because Oliver was there.

He didn't invite us in. He didn't say anything He couldn't. He was dead.

To be concluded in the next issue.

MEET THE KUKLAPOLITANS

Continued from page 29

and named him Kukla, the Greek word for little doll."

Soon afterward Burr made Ollie. Then, leaving WPA, he performed in Chicago night clubs with considerable success. But Midwestern vaudeville agents, convinced that a bald-headed boy and a dragon could never go over big, signed Burr up as a song-and-dance man. On his first night in vaudeville, taking a small screen onstage, he made Kukla and Ollie appear, and stopped the show.

At the age of 21, Burr became manager of the children's theater in Marshall Field's department store, using string-operated marionettes. However, between the acts he brought Kukla and Ollie up over the backdrop. When they got rapturous applause he began to believe there should be a whole troupe of Kuklapolitans. In his mind's eye he saw Mme. Ophelia Ooglepuss.

In 1939 Burr watched a pioneer television broadcast given by RCA Victor. Seeing it as a perfect medium for his Kuklapolitans, he joined the show and barnstormed through the Midwest. Kukla, Ollie, and Mme. Ooglepuss were such popular pioneers that, in 1940, they gave television broadcasts for six months at the World's Fair in New York.

Burr tried to enlist in World War II but was turned down. So he and the Kuklapolitans devoted themselves to selling war bonds and giving benefit performances for the Red Cross and the USO.

In 1947, when Burr started regular television broadcasts, he wanted a girl to appear with his Kuklapolitans, now increased to nine. He believed their lives would be more varied if they talked to someone besides each other. An experienced actress, Frances Allison, born in Iowa a bit over 30 years ago, applied for the job one morning and went on the show that same night. Gifted with sensitive perception and a nimble mind, she spoke, as she still does, extemporaneously.

The bleak WNBQ studio did not seem to me a place where anyone could cast a spell. The puppet screen, about seven feet high, is made of painted beaverboard and plaster. Behind it are nine hooks where the Kuklapolitans hang when they are offstage during a performance, and a tiny television screen on which Burr can see his people as the audience sees them.

When the control room called

"Sixty seconds!" Burr strolled behind the puppet screen and put his right index finger into Kukla's head; his thumb and second finger became Kukla's hands. He made Ollie's jaws with his left thumb and four fingers. Then he reached up his hands so Kukla and Ollie were visible onstage, the soft cloth of their bodies reaching to his elbow. The show began.

Burr did the voices, made the gestures, sang the songs, worked the curtain, kicked the screen for sound effects, changing with uncanny speed from puppet to puppet, darting them on and off the hooks. His face wore all the expressions of his people, from ecstasy to despair. Seeing how it was all done, I was not disillusioned. For an inexplicable magic was taking place. The Kuklapolitans, in the hands of their creator, had come alive, had put on the mysterious dignity of living personality.

According to Burr, the personalities of the Kuklapolitans are, like those of human beings, largely the result of their childhood. Take Mme. Ooglepuss. On account of her being so conceited, she receives far fewer letters and presents than the others. But everyone should remember that she had an unfortunate youth. Her parents made the mistake of forcing her to sing because they had wanted to sing, and that made her nervous, and her head swelled. Another example of the wrong kind of training is Fletcher Rabbit. He has no sense of humor. That's on account of parental neglect, which made him solemn.

Fortunately, Ollie had a completely normal childhood. That's why he gets on so well with people. He edits a newspaper, the Kuklapolitan Courier, tapping it out on the typewriter with his tooth. Tirelessly he struggles to improve his acting. Over and over, using pear-shaped tones, he recites, "Come back, Gloria! I can forgive but never forget!"

"What kind of youth did Beulah Witch have?" I inquired.

"She came from a fine old North Carolina family," Burr replied. "As a result, she was for a long time so modest that she rode her broom side saddle. And she has a romantic honeysuckle sort of heart. She and a wizard named Crawford have been going steady for years, but there is an obstacle to their marriage: Crawford is already wedded to a witch near Syracuse. Beulah makes the best of things, however, so much so that sometimes she flirts outrageously with other men, although she always suffers agonies of remorse afterward."

"Tell me about Kukla," I said.

"I never can speak lightly about Kukla," Burr replied. "He is my favorite. He can't remember his childhood or his family, and that sometimes makes him sad. One night on the show he told us how it troubled him, not knowing where he came from. The next day he got wires from his friends everywhere. One said: 'We know who you are, Kukla, and where you came from. You are a blessing.'

"There were years when Kukla never left me, because I carried him in my pocket or in a little green-paper bag. Now, even when we are apart, there is a sort of telepathy between us. Ollie is what I would like to be. Kukla is what I really am.

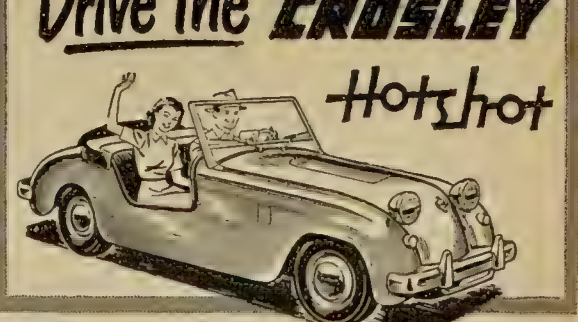
"You see, underneath our acting and our laughter we Kuklapolitans are really a company of rather lonely and shy people who need the affection and warmth of being together. And, deep inside, human beings are not so different from us Kuklapolitans. They all want to live in a kind, forgiving world, where folks are never lonely or afraid and where they never leave each other."

When we had finished talking, Burr Tillstrom put his small people to bed for the night on a shelf—not stiffly on their backs, but turned this way and that, comfortably, Ollie's head on Kukla's shoulder. One blanket covered them all. I was glad I had seen them like that, resting together. As their favorite Shakespeare said, they are such stuff as dreams are made on, and their little life is rounded with a sleep. ◆ ◆

Answers to What's In a Name? on Page 47

1-A. An Egyptian dancing girl
2-V. An herb of the carrot family
3-M. An Indian coin
4-V. A plant of the mint family
5-A. A bay horse
6-A. A married man
7-V. A balsamic resin
8-V. A kind of lace collar
9-M. A silicate
10-A. A small wild goose
11-A. An inhabitant
12-A. A villein or bondman (hist.)
13-V. A kind of pudding
14-M. A four-wheeled carriage
15-M. A steep high rock.
16-V. A false shirt front
17-M. A variety of corundum
18-A. An ant
19-A. A member of a German tribe
20-V. A thin silk crepe
21-M. A variety of quartz
22-V. A twilled cotton
23-M. A crowbar
24-V. An autumn apple
25-V. A clear vegetable soup
26-A. A young cat
27-M. An iron dovetailed tendon
28-V. Refuse from grapes
29-A. A nursemaid
30-V. A small pie
31-V. A fermented liqueur from pears
32-A. A flycatcher bird
33-V. A smooth woolen
34-M. A precious red stone
35-V. An inferior long cigar
36-A. A British soldier

Drive the CROSLEY Hotshot



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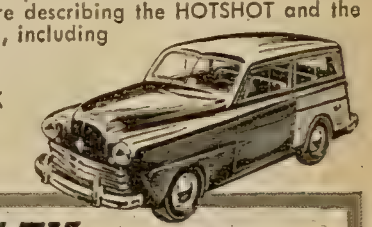

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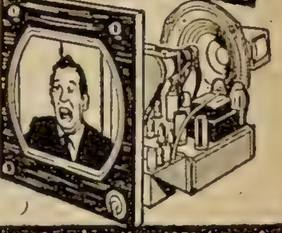

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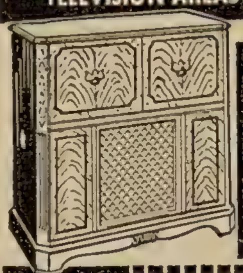

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gloved hand on the worn brass steering wheel. He was looking straight ahead.

She said, wanting to say no, "Yes, Mr. Todd—a visit."

"Pretty cold time of year for visitin'," he said, and then he did look around at her—studying her, she thought.

She felt again the inescapable shrinking within her as he surveyed her. She felt sudden relief that she hadn't kept the silver-fox jacket that Terry Roscoe, owner of Club Royal where she sang, had given her three nights before and which she had gone this morning to give back to him, her train ticket in her handbag. She saw again, as if old Todd had maliciously conjured him up before her, Terry's cool, amused dark eyes, his easy worldliness.

"Don't let's be kids, Anna," he had said. "Keep the coat. Go on back to the old homestead, and if it convinces you that a guy like me is bad for you, give it to the local rummage sale. Or else come on back —coat and all. I'll be waiting."

She knew the little vein of goodness that ran through him under the brittleness. But that she *had* taken the coat in the beginning, she knew was an outer mark of an inner decaying.

"We been hearin' about you, Anna," Todd said, "singin' and dancin' at a night club. We always said that was what you were cut out for all right." He glanced away. "You want to stick at it," he said. "You'll find things—pretty quiet here."

Her mind ran back from his words. Old Todd fussing over his funny wheezing engine each morning since she had left, skimming back and forth here over the harbor and going home all those nights while she sang under the spotlight at Terry's gaudy Club Royal into the face-blurred darkness, and slept until all hours of the morning, and went to too many cocktail parties and played around with too many men in the hopeless scramble to become a star. Old Todd—and Gil—working here at the Harbor while she worked at losing her self-respect and going downhill, as they had said she would.

"I don't dance, Mr. Todd," she said. "I just sing." Then, quickly, "How—have things been here?"

He went cautiously rambling through the news of the Harbor, telling about people she had known. She noticed that he didn't mention Gil Norman.

Then, suddenly, backed by the cottages and the road, Gil's long low boathouse loomed in the fog, the open arms of its short runway seeming almost to stretch out toward her before they bent beneath the green water. The boathouse was painted a fresh clean white instead of the weather-beaten gray she remembered. Across its front a large blue-and-white sign read: *Gilbert Norman — Boats Built — Boats Repaired.* Near the boathouse were two brand-new buildings with his name on them; boats were in dry dock all around the buildings.

She listened. Her heart raced. It was just possible, though she couldn't be sure, that she heard a low vibrant hammering from inside the boathouse. They went past, and suddenly at his landing she saw Gil's boat, and the sight of it brought back rushing memories of their hours alone in it, the town's wagging tongues.

◆

She waited until the buildings faded. Then she said quietly, "How is Gil Norman, Mr. Todd?"

The old man's eyes met hers in a cold set stare.

"He's fine," he said. "The finest young feller in the Harbor, I always says. He was off with the navy, nearly two years of it, and he's come back and got things hummin'. He's goin' places—now. He's all ready to settle down, Gil is—like you'd expect a minister's son would, like we always said he would. He's good for the Harbor, Gil is, a regular Harbor man, and the Harbor's good for him." His eyes roved away from her. Then he said in an even voice, "We wouldn't want anything to happen to take Gil away from us."

His meaning came to her sharply, as if he had reached over and slapped her. It became swiftly plain how well they knew—all of them in the town—about her, and about her and Gil and Susan. She understood that the town had just spoken to her through Todd, warning her—not knowing and not caring if she had changed or if she wanted to change; oblivious to the good thing in her that was trying to be. She felt like crying it out to Todd now.

She said slowly, "I'm glad Gil's doing well, Mr. Todd."

Then her father's house—home! —rose out of the fog beyond the clump of spruce at Pine Point. She stood in the boat and looked, without moving, at the green roof, snow-covered, slanting snugly down over the squat brown-shingled house.

Todd edged the boat into the landing. She tried to pay him, but he said, "Nope, not a cent," and she wondered if even her money were distasteful to him. He held her arm as she stepped out, her heels clicking strangely on the snow-cleared wood. He handed her the suitcase.

"Thank you, Mr. Todd," she said.

She hurried, hampered by the suitcase on the narrow path, missing it once and floundering in snow half up to her knees. Then she crossed the plowed road. She stamped off the snow on the porch.

◆

He stood in the dusk, his brown gnarled hand holding the door open as she faced him. The parlor's light silhouetted the shining bald dome of his gray-fringed head, the thick sagging lines of his shoulders and big frame. He seemed thinner and much older. He didn't speak at first, looking steadily at her.

She said, trying to make her voice light-hearted, "Well, don't you remember your own daughter, pa?"

He still didn't speak for a moment. Then he said, "Come in, Anna. Yes, come in."

She went in silently, placing her suitcase on the hall's worn red carpeting, and moved to kiss him His hands held her in what was at once a grudging embrace and a way of keeping her from him. She stepped back and gazed around the low-ceilinged room with its carved white mantel cluttered with her

(*Continued on page 72*)

MURDER

is close to its all-time peak in this country. Every year thousands of killers get off unsuspected because of the antiquated methods in force and the untrained men who use them. Read

HORSE-AND-BUGGY CORONER

disclosing the shocking facts behind this national scandal, in

LIBERTY Next Month

"I LOST ALL MY HAIR and remained totally bald for two years," states Mrs. Amy Clevenger, age 62, of Central Point, Oregon. Above, Mrs. Clevenger after using Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage for several months.

"WORDS CANNOT EXPRESS MY HAPPINESS," says Mrs. Clevenger, "and I am sincerely grateful to Carl Brandenfels for having developed his wonderful Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage." Above, Mrs. Clevenger with her first permanent.

SATISFIED BRANDENFELS USERS REPORT

- **RENEWED HAIR GROWTH**
- **No More Excessive Falling Hair**
- **Relief from Dandruff Scale**
- **Improved Scalp Conditions**

By certified count, Carl Brandenfels has received 13,047 letters from men and women who report from one to all of the above results after using BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE. These letters come from every state and almost every city in the nation. They are from everyday people like yourself—perhaps from your own neighbors. Some are from men and women who were totally bald . . . others from people who had just begun to notice loss of hair. Some are from elderly people . . . and on this page are pictures and the heart-warming story of a little girl 7 years old.

WHAT MAKES HAIR GROW?

Scientists state that hair will continue to grow as long as the hair follicle remains healthy and as long as nothing interferes with the blood supply to the scalp. Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon, believes that in many bald or partially bald people, THE HAIR FOLLICLES ARE STILL ALIVE EVEN THOUGH NO HAIR IS GROWING FROM THEM.

Carl Brandenfels has developed a convenient home course designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp and to increase the blood supply to the entire scalp area. Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth because he realizes that not every user has grown new hair. He does not classify his home course with the so-called "hair-growers." Carl's formulas and massage have been used by more than 40,000 men and women during the past three years, and Carl believes THE RESULTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his formulas and massage will, in many cases, bring a condition which may help nature ALLOW HAIR TO GROW.

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BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE must not be confused with any other product. Carl's PRESSURE MASSAGE is completely different from the rubbing and scraping to which many people have subjected their scalps for years. One of the two formulas contains, among other ingredients, the important agent lanolin. The other contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide. Each of the two formulas is expertly compounded under strict laboratory controls. The formulas are not sticky, and will not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens.

Above, left, Carl Brandenfels as he looked before using his home course. Right, Carl Brandenfels as he looks today.

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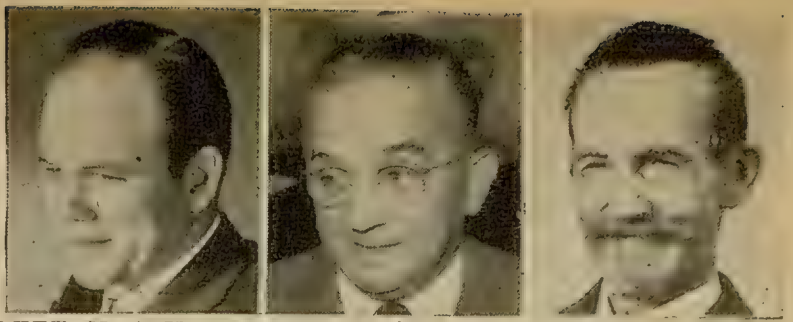
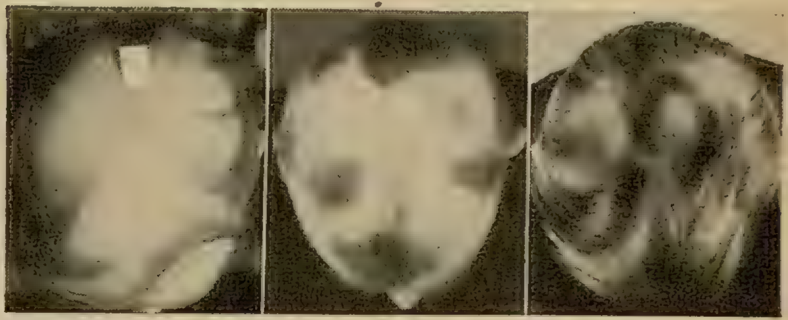


LEFT, Navy Veteran Howard Jones, St. Helens, Ore., lost most of the hair on the front third of his head while in Service. Today, this area is almost covered with light, fine hair.

CENTER, O. K. Nulton, Olympia, Wn., age 65: "My hair was falling rapidly. Now my head is almost covered with hair."

RIGHT, L. H. Coolidge, Seattle, Wn.: "Hair is filling in; scalp condition much improved."

"OUR LITTLE NANCY HAS HAIR AGAIN," writes "Smoky Joe" Martin, former big-league baseball star of 817 Jennings Ave., Santa Barbara, California. "We were heartbroken when Nancy lost all her hair when she was two years old. We did everything we could for more than three years, but nothing helped until we used Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage. We are deeply grateful, and are pleased to recommend this home course."



Mr. E. "Al" Liefson, 7019 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Washington, is now using Brandenfels' Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage under medical observation. Above, left, top view of Mr. Liefson's head before using; center, after 17 weeks; and right, after 33 weeks.

"MY FIRST HAIRCUT SINCE TOTAL BALDNESS was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime," reports Eldon Beerbower, of 2905 N. Portland Blvd., Portland, Ore. Eldon was totally bald, without eyebrows or eyelashes, for three years. Above, Eldon after 8 weeks' use, after 44 weeks' use, and getting his first haircut since baldness.

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS VERIFY TESTIMONIALS

An impartial audit of the 13,047 result letters in the files of Carl Brandenfels has been made by a recognized firm of certified public accountants. This file of result letters is open for public inspection at any time. ALL PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE ARE UNRETOUCHED TRUE LIKENESSES.

"A HAIR RAISING STORY"

by the noted author, Milton Cronenberg

You probably read the editorial feature, "A Hair Raising Story" in the June issue of LIBERTY. Carl Brandenfels is the man and BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE is the product described in Mr. Cronenberg's impartial and unbiased account.

The men and women described by Mr. Cronenberg as well as those whose pictures appear on this page and thousands of other Brandenfels users *took positive action* to protect their hair health.

What are YOU doing about your own falling hair or baldness problems? SEND TODAY FOR BRANDENFELS' SCALP & HAIR APPLICATIONS & MASSAGE. Right now is the time to act. Mail this coupon NOW!

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• SEE OUR COLUMN SERVICE "AD" ON PAGE 10 •

Duraclean Co., 9-660 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill.

(Continued from page 70)

father's pipes and tobacco cans, his black-tin fishing box and gold spectacles. The two needlepoint chairs were still in each corner, across from the fireplace, the mahogany sea clock still ticking between them. She saw the large black Bible open on the table by the sea-facing window, as it had been when she left.

"It hasn't changed at all," she murmured. "And you, pa, you haven't changed either."

He said coldly, "In some ways, I guess." Then he said, "Not in others"—and she knew he was telling her he hadn't forgiven her.

"You don't want me back, pa?" she said. "Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

He shuffled from her to the mantel, a dark bent giant of a man in his black loose-fitting suit. He filled his pipe, turned and faced her. "I don't know why you came back; but I know, just looking at you, you ain't changed, no matter what you might say. You caused enough trouble here before. Guess you heard neither of them got married, not Gil Norman or Susan—yet. But they're going to."

The room swirled; her heart sagged and she felt suddenly whipped, knowing at last.

"It would of been better if you hadn't come back, Anna—but if you're just visiting—I guess it's all right."

◆

She wanted to cry, and held her face away from him. She took off her hat and put it on the table beside his winged-back chair and reading lamp. She slipped off her coat. Turning, taking the coat to the hall closet, she saw his eyes fastened on her; he was almost smiling.

"Where'd you get the fancy clothes, Anna?"

She had bought with her own savings the simple if smartly styled squirrel-trimmed coat and the gold-buttoned red dress.

She didn't look at him. She said quickly, "Working. Singing."

"They're pretty fancy," he said. "It must of taken a lot of singing."

She kept numbly on to the closet and hung up her coat and came back.

Susan—and Gil . . .

"Where is Susan?" she got out. "How is she?"

"I s'pose you knew better than to write."

"I'm sorry, pa," she said, hating herself and remembering the first desperate days when her pride wouldn't let her write; the later days when she tried to forget the Harbor and everyone in it—and couldn't. "I'll do my best to make it up."

He shuffled across the room and switched on the upstairs hall light. "You can go up to your old room," he said. "It ain't been changed. You'll have to lug the suitcase yourself. I ain't much on the stairs these days. Susan's late from the bank. She'll be home pretty soon. She'll get supper."

She tried to smile. She picked up the suitcase and went past him.

"I'll get supper," she said. "I'd like to." She looked down at him from the stairs. "It's good being home, pa," she said, "anyhow."

He turned toward his chair, not answering.

Each step, on the same stairs she had climbed when she had had to stretch small legs to reach, brought the memories hurrying back. The smooth cool feel of the banister, the upstairs hall's odors of aged varnish and pinewood, and her room's fragrance, as she entered, of fir balsam and sweet grass and fresh linen. She stood silent and saw again the low maple bed beneath the sloping blue-papered eaves by the one narrow window, the huge white pitcher standing in its gold-decorated china bowl on the bureau, the—

She went wonderingly to the bureau. The framed photograph of herself and Gil hadn't been moved. It was the snapshot they'd had Ted Brown take of them, standing in the old motorboat Gil had worked three summers to buy and repair. Gil's arm was tight around her; his eyes had the look she remembered, of possession, of a kind of fierce pride in the mere fact of holding her.

The picture did too many things to her all at once. She turned it quickly face down and busied herself hurriedly with unpacking and hanging her dresses in the closet. But now the room's memories tugged at her like invisible fingers. The hours when she had lain in the bed wishing Gil Norman would stay with his first love, Susan, and away from her—and still wanting him for herself. The weeks of knowing Gil's father and mother and Gil's relatives and friends wanted him to have no part of Dan Hopkins' wayward daughter, and Gil with his rebelliousness still wanting her. The last hours when she had stayed here in the room thinking about the summer boarder downstairs who was in vaudeville, and whose praise of her singing she hadn't been able to forget when he went back to New York. The last minutes when she had been supposed to be getting ready to meet Gil—and instead had packed and slipped out the back door and hurried down the road with only her father's old valise and the fifty-six dollars she had saved.

The memories sent a slow deep distaste for herself running through her. She washed, changed her dress, and went downstairs.

◆

She heard her father outside at the shed, getting firewood. She stood a moment surveying the kitchen, Susan's precise, beautifully ordered kitchen. She heard the front door open and swung slowly around. Her eyes were meeting Susan's eyes through the kitchen doorway and across the parlor.

Susan stood watching her, without moving, quietly calm, her clear blue eyes wide.

"Susan," Anna whispered. She went to her.

Susan's arm reached her and held her. "Anna! Anna!"

They moved apart and stood looking at each other. She is seeing how I've changed, Anna thought; she is watching my eyes and my skin and the way I'm dressed. Susan, with her light olive naturalness almost unchanged, her sure level eyes. Susan, neat and trim and conservative in her gray tailored coat and her plain blue dress.

"Susan—I'm sorry. For all of it."

Susan smiled. She slipped from her coat, folded it over one arm.

"Don't," she said. "Don't be sorry." Then, in a low voice, "Have you come home—to stay, Anna?"

Their eyes held.

Anna said, "I don't know. I'm tired—and mixed up. There's a lot to talk about."

Susan went to the closet. Anna watched the methodical way she hung up her coat and hat.

"Things haven't changed here," Anna said to fill the gap. "Everything's—just where it was. You look almost the same. It's almost the same as when I—left."

Susan's eyes lifted.

"Yes," she said, "everything is—just the same."

Their father's shoes scuffed on the kitchen floor.

Anna said, "I want to talk to you, Susan, when we can be alone."

"Yes," Susan said. "Yes. I know."

◆

Anna was sitting on the bed in her room, an hour after supper, when Susan stood at the door. It had been an awkward supper, with Susan facing her across the table under the stark overhead lamp and quietly asking the expected questions, their father between them, wary and distant, listening.

Susan sat beside her on the bed. There was a moment's weighted silence.

"He's still waiting for you," Susan said.

Anna said, absurdly, "Gil?" And then, after Susan nodded, she said, fighting for calmness, "You're—imagining, aren't you, Susan? You and Gil—"

"Gil says he wants to marry me, Anna. But I won't—not until I know he's mine—really mine. It's still there. You. He keeps it hidden, but I know. And I don't want him if it's really part of him. It has to be as it should be. I have to be sure. That's why I'm glad you're back."

Anna got up. She kept hearing the quiet, wistful firmness of Susan's voice. Susan with her precise way of ordering her life, her precise sense of justice—even in this. She thought of the unhappiness she had brought Susan when Gil had turned to her, Anna. Now she was bringing the unhappiness all over again.

She stood by the bureau. Her hand touched the turned-down photograph.

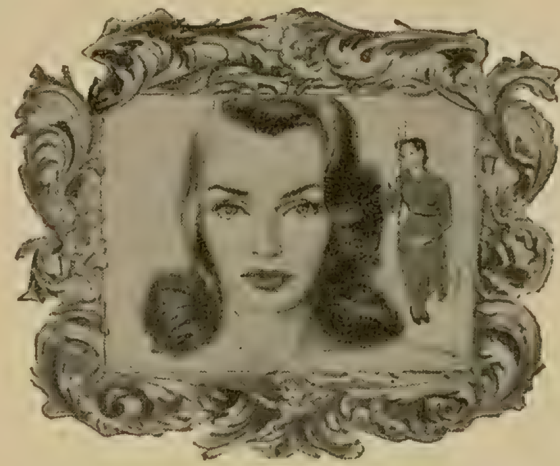
"I came back—for a rest," she said slowly. "I had a few days—and this seemed to be the best place. And pa—it was about time I saw him."

Susan sat quiet on the bed.

"I've forgotten Gil," Anna went on. "Lots of things have happened in four years."

Susan still hadn't moved. In the mirror Anna saw her smiling strangely.

"Anna," she said suddenly in a quiet voice, "why don't you stand the picture up—the way I've always left it?"



Anna didn't move from the bureau; her eyes dropped away from the mirror.

"You're all wrong," she made herself say. "Can't you see? Gil and I are—worlds apart now. Years apart. I—I won't even see him."

Susan rose. "I want you to see him, Anna," she said steadily.

She turned and went quickly out and down the stairs.

Anna stood by the door. She pictured Susan, all those years, waiting. Susan still waiting now. She saw old Sid Todd and the town, her father and Gil's father and the others. She closed the door.

◆

He was there on the front step just after breakfast, after her father and Susan had gone.

He said, as she opened the door, "Anna!"

She stood silent before him in the crisp air and strong blue sunshine and drank him in, his lean tallness, manlike now, but still some way boyish; his straight light-brown hair; the same alert blue honesty in his eyes.

"Hello, Gil," she said. She kept her voice cool and sophisticated. "It's—nice to see you again."

His eyes studied her.

"You look fine, Anna," he said quietly.

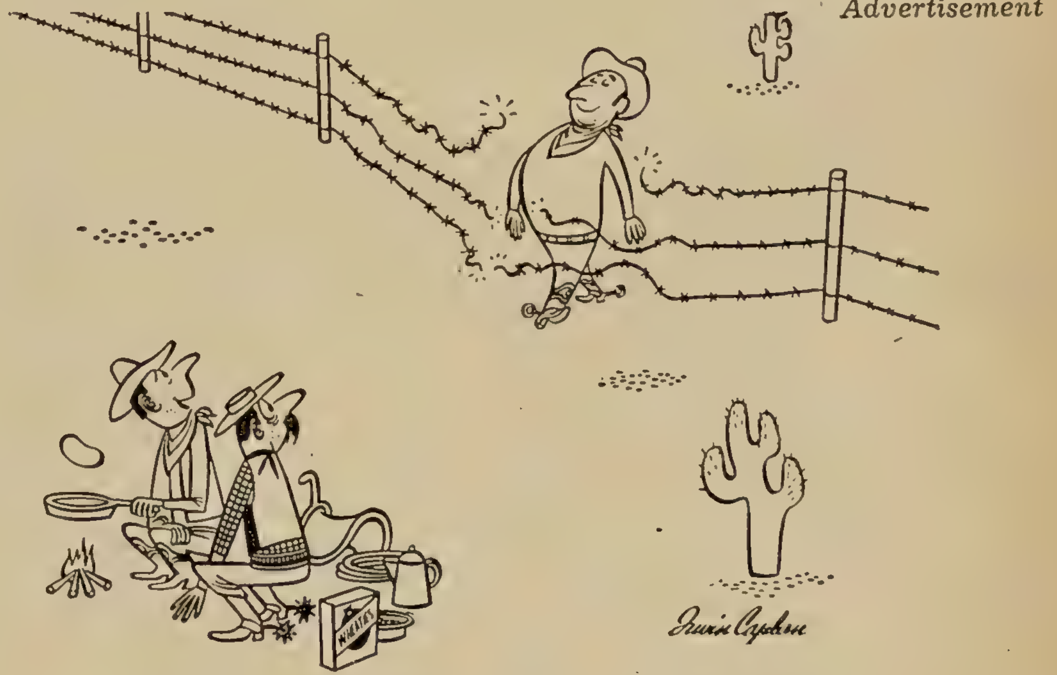
She asked obliquely, "How did you know I was home? Mr. Todd?"

She thought his look wavered, but only for a moment. "No. Susan. She stopped by—just a while ago—on her way to the bank."

Anna said, "Oh. Oh, yes." She wished his eyes would stop searching into hers, penetrating. She thought, He hasn't changed. He is strong and alive, with the fine thread of rebelliousness still there in his look, the same rebelliousness that had made him go out with her when everything tried to stop him. She wished he would look at her as she was trying to look at him, as if they had simply done foolish things in their youth and now were indulgently looking back.

"Anna, we could take a walk. It isn't very cold."

Her eyes ran from him. It was there as she remembered it, in his warm vibrant voice, the expectant way he stood, waiting. She understood with a kind of hard desperation that what he felt for her was something that was in his bones



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and flesh and that it still possessed him. Something that she must dispossess him of.

"Yes," she said. "Sure—all right."

She went inside for her coat and came out to him. He kept just a little apart as they moved out into the narrow cleared road. But then he touched her arm and the tensed eagerness of his hand came through to her.

"Imagine," he said. "You and I."

She murmured, "You're being foolish, Gil, even to be talking to me—after the way I walked out on you."

He went a moment without answering. "Maybe you had to leave," he said. "Being you—then. Wanting to try your wings. But you're back. That's what matters. You're back for keeps now."

She wanted to answer, "Yes, Gil—yes!—I'm back for good, forever, if you want me!" But she said, smiling up at him, "Nope, I'm just visiting, just to see my father and Susan. I—haven't any desire to stay here again."

◆

He looked away. They went past the Arnolds' house, the Spragues', and the Jenkinses', past the old white schoolhouse where he and she had gone to school. She thought, amazed, that she even remembered him walking this road barefoot in the warm sun, his big straw haying hat aslant on his head. She remembered him walking home from school, later on, with Susan.

"That isn't why you're back," he said suddenly.

She felt him gazing straight at her.

"Gil," she managed, "really—can't you just forget it? I have. We were just foolish kids, both of us. We've grown up since then."

He stopped, and she had to stop, and he stared at her, his eyes intense. She had felt him studying her, groping his way back to being sure, and now he knew.

"I'm still foolish," he said.

She pushed on. She wished her heart would stop racing. She wished—

"Look, Gil," she got out. "I don't know how to make it clear to you. If you're going to be like this, I'll have to go back to the house. Please."

He walked beside her with his head held down and she wanted to cry, "Take me, Gil. Hold me! Take me back in your arms!" She saw that it was a kind of torture she was being forced to subject herself to.

"How is your father?" she tried. "And Ted Brown—the one who used to be sweet on Susan. You and he used to be inseparable."

He said, "Father's retired. Still trying to run me with fire and brimstone. Ted's fine—and still sweet on Susan." Then quickly he said, "What have you been doing in New York? Are you really singing in a night club?"

"Yes," she said. She tried to make it sound enthusiastic. "I love it!"

He waited a little. "Men?" he asked.

She looked at the tire-tread marks that ran through the snow.

"No," she said. "Nothing—serious."

He said suddenly, "Look, Anna, there it is—the old boathouse. Remember? I'm really getting up in the world, you know. I've got big plans. How about a tour of inspection of Gilbert Norman, Incorporated?"

They looked together toward the long building that was all at once eloquent with memories.

His hand touched her arm.

"Well? Afraid?" he asked, smiling a wry smile.

She said, "Oh, Gil, you're really funny"—but she was scarcely breathing, her throat tight.

"You want to," he said in a taunting voice. "I know. I don't believe anything you've told me."

◆

They were at the narrow path leading down through the snow to the boathouse. He halted, watching her and waiting.

"No, Gil," she said and kept her voice cool.

He turned toward her, his straight form framed by the harbor's wide blue water and the dark green of the spruces lining the rocky shores beyond. His hands came suddenly up and held her forearms, so hard that his need of her came to her as if he had kissed her.

He said, "Do you think I think you've forgotten?"

She fought to keep the indifference she had placed between them. "What about Susan, Gil?"

"I was going to marry Susan," he said, "if you hadn't come back. But before I did I'd have lost my pride and come after you. There's something I have for you that isn't what I feel for Susan. Something that could go on without anything else mattering. Like being out on the water, miles from shore, miles from

(*Continued on page 76*)

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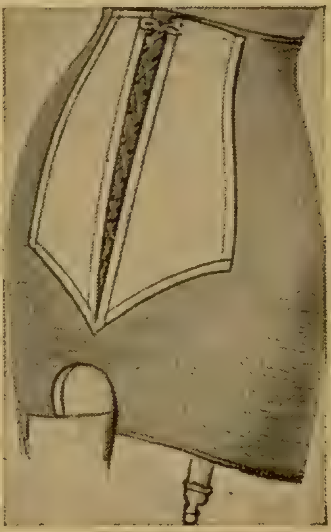

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HY TURKIN

gives you an intriguing picture of today's souped-up game in

LIBERTY Next Month

(*Continued from page 74*)

everything and everybody, not caring for anything or anybody. Wild, almost. You and I, Anna, having each other. Nothing else."

She knew that what he felt, what he meant, was what had brought her back to him.

"Gil," she said, "I'm—going back to the house."

"Anna—"

She turned slowly away.

"Anna—don't be foolish. It's there—you and I. It hasn't ever stopped being there. Don't throw it away."

"I told you I would have to go back," she said. She didn't dare look at him.

She was a yard, two yards, from him.

"Anna!"

She went quickly from him, down the road, not looking back.

◆

Neighbors "dropped in" that night. Plump Mrs. Bascombe and her owlish husband; later the Spragues, down from the road. They stayed only minutes, and Anna saw it was their politeness and curiosity that brought them. She felt the solid wall they placed between themselves and her, the women building it with careful words, the men with their ogling. When they had gone she remembered two statements most—Mrs. Bascombe's smiling "You always *were* cut out for that cabareting, Anna," and Mrs. Sprague's "Mr. Todd was telling Gil Norman's father that you were just on for a visit, Anna—land sakes, the menfolks will be awful disappointed!"

She remembered her own father's silence.

Afterward, outside her bedroom, Susan said, "They don't really mean to be—the way they were. They're just suspicious of anyone from New York."

Anna smiled. "No, it's more than that. They're thinking of me as something that doesn't belong. They wish I'd go away and not come back among them." She knew then she couldn't face their hatred.

She went into the bedroom. Susan stayed at the threshold. There was a moment's silence.

"Anna—you've seen him. You've seen Gil, haven't you?"

Anna swung around to her. She thought of the Bascombes and the Spragues, her father—and Susan. She said slowly, "It's all over. I told you it was all over. We just talked—polite talk. Old friends. That's all it will ever be."

She said the words, she thought, with conviction, with finality. But Susan stood, watching her from the dark hall.

Then Susan said, "Don't fight it, Anna. It isn't fair. It isn't fair to any of us."

She turned and disappeared into her room.

Anna lay quiet in the darkness. She kept remembering Gil—his voice, his hands tight on her arms, the look in his eyes. It was something, she knew, that was stronger than her will to resist it.

Gil! She lay quiet, tense, and at last she knew it was sure as the coming of dawn itself that she would yield to him if she stayed, that she could not keep holding him off. She turned in the bed, burying her face in the pillow. She said to herself, "Go back—pack up and go back to New York. Go back, Anna!"

◆

He was there, outside the boathouse, at noon the next day, Saturday. She had not packed. She had stayed in the house, waiting, thinking. She had gone at last, when she had thought he would be alone, to the boathouse. She had gone to make leaving him final.

He said quietly, as she reached him, "I'm glad, Anna." He smiled, but his eyes looked heavy-lidded, weary. She had the strong certainty that he hadn't slept, as she hadn't slept; that he had been unhappy, as she had been unhappy. She stood looking up at him.

"I only came to talk with you, Gil. Before I go back."

His eyes said he didn't believe.

"You came because you wanted to," he said.

She looked away from him. "No. No, Gil."

"And anyhow," he went on, "it would have been inconsiderate of you not to give the neighbors something more to talk about. They saw us together yesterday. I've been—getting scolded."

"I'm sorry," she muttered. "Sorry, Gil." She felt like turning around and running back.

"Forget them," he said. "Can't you forget all about them, Anna?"

He took her arm, his eyes warm now, shining. She didn't resist. She went silently by his side to the door, her heart beating wildly. They went in.

The good smell of hemp, of gasoline, and ancient wood and seaweed floated up and brought back all she had lost.

He stood near the long bench littered with engine parts and tools. The low unfinished hull of a sloop stretched proudly on the ways. She thought, fleetingly, We could build here, Gil and I; we could build fine boats and fine lives.

His shoulder touched hers. His straight blue eyes looked down at her, and his arms went swiftly around her. He held her close and hungrily against him and she didn't push him away. She knew that this, his arms around her, was what she had come back for. She knew that it was what she had come here to him for, now, in spite of all the lofty thoughts and all the denials.

"Gil!" she protested. "No, Gil—!" but her arms came up and held him, tight, and she lifted her face to his.

Then suddenly she twisted from him.

"No, Gil! It's wrong—it's all wrong! For Susan—for everybody—for you."

He stood white-faced, his eyes staring at her.

"Why?" he asked. "Why, Anna?"

She looked hopelessly up at him one last time. Then quickly she turned around. She ran from the boathouse and up the path.

◆

The house was empty. She found Sid Todd's phone number and called him at the wharf office.

"Sure," his voice came, and she caught the lilt in it. "You can just make the one-o'clock bus to Portland. Be right over."

She went upstairs. She packed with swift hands. Downstairs, she dropped the suitcase by the door and glanced out the parlor window and saw Todd's boat approaching across the harbor. She went into the kitchen and wrote a note to her father and came back into the parlor.

Susan was standing just inside the door, looking at the suitcase.

"Anna—" she started slowly. Her eyes, Anna thought, had something like hope in them at last. "I saw you coming from the boathouse. Anna, you've found out. And Gil. It's all over. Is that it?"

Anna looked straight at Susan.

"I want him more than I ever wanted anybody or anything in my life. I've got a right to say that, Susan. But I'm not for him—what I've been—what it would mean to him here—and for you, Susan. And it hasn't been—all it should be in New York—other men, the life I've lived. He wouldn't want me if he put it all together."

Todd's whistle broke in from the landing. Susan hadn't moved from where she stood by the door.

"Good-by, Susan," Anna said. "Good-by, dear." She picked up her suitcase and moved quickly to Susan and kissed her.

Then, as Todd, his old face beaming, sent the boat out into the harbor, she saw Susan again. Her slim straight form, bareheaded, came slowly out of the house. She looked toward the boat, and then Anna saw her start to run down the road.

They were halfway across the harbor when she saw the movement beside Gil's boathouse.

"Pretty short visit you made, Anna," Todd was muttering beside her and she was sure his voice held a chuckle.

She looked hard—and it was true. Gil's boat had swung out from the boathouse landing. Gil was standing in it, steering, with his body leaning tautly forward, toward her.

Her heart lifted and a kind of ecstasy ran through her. Then, back on the shore by the boathouse, she saw Susan. She was looking out toward Gil and toward her. Her hand came up. Anna saw that it was a gesture beckoning her to come back.

She pictured Susan in the boathouse, telling Gil, telling Gil everything—Susan with her inevitable sense of rightness, her solid common sense and fineness.

◆

Anna turned her face slowly from them. She had no right to stay. She had no right to take Gil as he came hurrying to her across the harbor, understanding and still wanting her.

He belonged to Susan—whether it was Susan he wanted or not. He belonged to the Harbor.

Beside her, she felt the quick movement of Todd's body. He left her and bent down over the engine. t came to her quickly that he had een Gil too—that he was trying to ake the boat hurry.

Anger and resentment stirred in er against Todd and what he stood or. But she rummaged in her handbag, found a piece of paper and a pencil. She wrote with a firm hand:

Dear Boatbuilder:
Grow up—to Susan. I'm on my way back to what I really love. New York. Not you. ANNA

They were almost at the wharf. She said, "Mr. Todd, I think Gil Norman is on his way over here. I'll be gone when he gets here. Will you—give him this?"

She folded the note and handed it to him. She hurried across the wharf and past the crowded buildings toward the gray bus.

◆

Then all at once it came to her with a hard, soaring fierceness. She asked herself why, why should she go? Why should living be ruled by everyone else and not by your own heart and need? She could go to New York, to Terry—or stay. She saw with a sudden revealing certainty that they would all be miserable if she went—she and Susan and Gil. It was she, Anna, that Gil wanted and would always want in his heart. His wanting could bring nothing but misery to Susan, as it already had. It could bring fine, useful lives to her and Gil. It might not be easy for Susan, for any of them at first. But it was right.

She turned and stared back at the wharf, and suddenly Gil was there, his searching face rising above the wharf's level, his body rising swiftly into view.

She dropped the suitcase. She had the sudden feeling that the whole town was watching her, her and Gil, in this moment. She felt that the very buildings might be watching—and disapproving. She started slowly forward. Then her steps quickened. Ahead, Gil was coming almost in a run to her. She thought, Let them watch us, let them shake their heads. She had something to regain in the town, she had something to prove to them and to Gil. She had to pick up the strands where they had become tangled and frayed and bind them together tight and strong and beyond reproach—with Gil.

"Gil!" she cried. *"Gil! Gil!"* and went running to him. ◆ ◆

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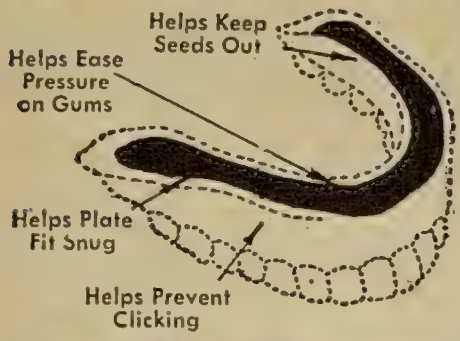

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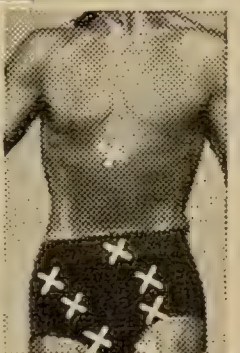

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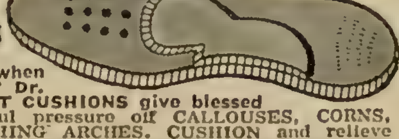

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THE LASSO *Continued from page 22*

miracles of cure; but the captain of the fleet of two little cockleshells, the Portuguese Cabrillo, dared not even drop an anchor lest his weaklings be too feeble to hoist it aboard again. Hardly any of them were strong enough even to climb the shrouds and work the stiff, tough sails.

So Bernal, believing that at any moment he, too, would be scurvy-seized, leaned on the rail and longed in vain to go ashore and cast his *lazo* at one of the antelopes playing in herds along the far-off hills, hideously beautiful with trees and shrubs laden with life-saving fruits.

◆

That very afternoon, an October afternoon it was, in 1542, the two caravels slipped into a channel so smooth and warm that Cabrillo named it after Santa Barbara, whose name-day it was. And by and by they were met by a flotilla of long canoes filled with friendly Indians who offered them fresh fish and fruits and berries, and invited them ashore to their village. Cabrillo first called it, after the canoes, the *Pueblo de las Canoas*, but later named it "Saint Good Luck," or, as he called it, San Buenaventura, which still later generations shortened to Ventura.

Now at last Cabrillo took a chance and ordered ashore such of the sailors as could clamber down into the boats and move an oar. Bernal took with him his *lazo*, of course, and his grateful feet touched land again.

The native men and children wore no clothes at all; the females hardly more; but even the withered hags looked good to Bernal's woman-famished eyes.

Then suddenly he saw, standing a little aloof, a girl, a tawny girl, beautiful with a wild beauty. He dropped the empty cask he had been lugging toward the stream that leaped and laughed through the sand.

He drew near the girl. All she wore was a wide ribbon of white rabbit fur about her proud young sunburnt breasts, and at her waist a narrow belt holding two little aprons of deerskin beaten soft, one in front of her slender loins and one back of them. Her feet were shod in sandals of rawhide. In her hair, strings of little seashells and bright berries glowed and twinkled.

She shrank back, shuddering, from Bernal's outstretched hungry hand, even though, blazing with lonely desire, he said her a prayer:

"Fear me not, O beautiful! I love you! Love me!"

She whipped away in such terror that she left in his hand the circlet of rabbit fur. He dropped the heavy musket he was carrying and fled after her—fled from the fear of losing her.

Cut off from her own people, the Fawn sped toward a narrow canyon thick with green foliage and threaded by that luminous and singing stream. Hoping that she was enticing him away from the eyes of her unheeding people, and his, into some hidden Eden made for love, Bernal lumbered after her in his heavy gear and clumsy boots.

But though she ran through arbors and little paradises of moss and flowers screened with great fans of drooping leaves, she would not let him catch her. The climb grew steep, with sharp boulders and clusters of cactus, but she skirted around or leaped across them. Bernal was their victim, torn and stabbed. Just before his desperately plunging heart died in his aching breast, she was stopped short by the brim of a sudden sheer precipice.

She was a statue of marble against the red west. Beyond her Bernal could see, far off and far below, the sunset-crimsoned sails of the toylike ships. He was glad of their distance, and he laughed with triumph, for he had her now.

But she glared at him with the desperate eyes of a doe at bay, and she made it all too clear by fierce gestures that if he came nearer she would leap into the abyss.

In despair, his pleading, bleeding hands fell to his side. They touched the coil of his *lazo*. In a surge of new hope, he smiled as she watched, with the fascinated wonder of an untamed animal, the *lazo* circling the air in curious slow loops. Awe-smitten, she saw the magic serpent leap the ravine and hiss about her, coiling around her shoulders, sliding down below her naked breasts. Now it tightened around her waist and pinned her arms fast to her sides.

◆

In horror and terror she would have leaped or toppled off the cliff; but Bernal flung all his weight backward and dragged her from the brink. She fell forward and rolled down along the steep slope. She dragged Bernal with her. The rocks and cactus needles took toll of them both till they landed together in a soft patch of beflowered turf.

The red gashes in her shoulders, her thighs, her knees, and even across her sacred breasts made Bernal's heart ache for her. He caught her close in his arms and pressed his lips to her full red mouth.

But the kiss had not yet been invented, or discovered, by that tribe of Californians. And besides, Bernal's lips were so bitter with his tears that her first kiss was hateful to her.

She tried to tear his mouth with her teeth, and he drew back. But though her arms were fastened, rigid, at her sides, her nails dug into his flesh where they found it. Still Bernal loved her the better for

(Continued on page 80)

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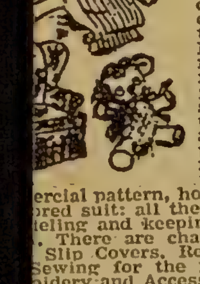

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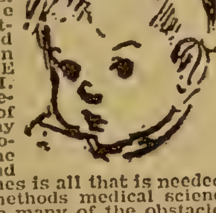

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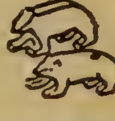

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(Continued from page 78)

her fierce hatred and fright of him.

Her heart thumped angrily through her bosom upon his own, while he murmured Spanish endearments like caresses and she snarled back strange words whose meanings were all too plain.

By now the falling sun was impaled on a crag, his red rays staining the vale as if he were bleeding to death. He sank behind the peak, and the valley was suddenly bitterly cold. But, after a while of chill and gloom, a moon swam like a white swan across the mountaintops and dreamed down upon them. Her beams were whispers, pleading, pleading with all the ancient unreason of the moon, the better than reason of the moon.

Bernal's captive was by now a saint to him. He was afraid that she might leap up and vanish forever, yet he could not but ease the rope so that her arms might be a little free. He waited for her hands to thrust him away and tear at his eyes. But her arms crept up about him. Her low moan was a surrender to contentment and longing.

The stars and the moon and the night blue were stealing away at the first hint of the scarlet dawn to come, when she gently put his arms away, stealthily slipped the noose from her waist, shrugged it from her shoulders, and silently rose to her feet.

When Bernal woke in the full dawn, the lasso was empty. And so were his arms. And so was his life. Frantically he darted this way and that. On the other side of a wall of a rock he found her. She was kneeling in a gentle glen and twirling between her palms a dry stick set in a block of dry wood. A tiny flame, a wisp of smoke were just rising. Near at hand was a rabbit she had killed with a stone. And she had plucked berries and gathered acorns and spread them on a leaf.

She turned her sweet head, laughing a welcome over her shoulder. He ran and knelt by her and saw her lips pursed for another of those mystic inventions of his. Alone in a lagoon of green solitude, they began to give each other words. He would point to this or that and tell her its name in Spanish; then she would tell him its real name in what she called Zucu.

It was two days before t wanted to, or dared, go down the village. The Spaniards had v ished; their sails could not even seen on the horizon. So her peo muttered and raged against lone invader. They would h killed Bernal had not the Fa protected him with her own bod just as that other Indian girl, Poc hontas, would save from the w clubs an Englishman named Joh Smith some fifty years later on t other side of the New World.

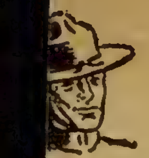
Bernal was permitted to live. H found his musket where he ha dropped it, and with it killed muc wild game for his new people. An once, when a hostile tribe raide their village, he drove them off wit the godlike lightning and thunde of his magic weapon. So his ne people made him their chief and h learned their language, and h taught them some of his own; als as much as they could understan of what he understood of his ow religion.

◆ For sixty long years never another Spanish sail visited those waters. Then Vizcaino came. But Berna Mora was not there to welcome him for he and his Fawn had gone thei ways into the unearthly mysteries There were many men and wome and boys and girls who called themselves Balnomola. They babble many words that faintly resemble Spanish, but the visitors took them for heathen gibberish.

It was nearly two hundred years before the padres established there the mission of San Buenaventura. That was in 1783, the very year when a cluster of colonies on the opposite ocean began to call themselves the United States of America—a large name for the small part of the eastern coast they occupied. Yet another sixty-odd years, and they had swept across the continent to add the Pacific to their Atlantic domain, and everybody became an American.

There was no one to record how the young god as he grew older always taught his offspring to use the *lazo,* and always laughed:

"When you want a wife and she runs away, take after her with a rope. That's how I got your mother," or "your grandmother," or "your great-grandmother." ◆ ◆



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* Posed by professional model

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Accepted for Advertising by Appointed Authorities

This sensational reducer called MYNEX is so safe it has been approved for advertising by authorities—and is now being offered in the United States on a trial offer so fair it calls for immediate acceptance With MYNEX comes full dietary directions that say EAT PLENTY, even reduced portions of food you once thought fattening—yet fat goes fast.

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WEIGHT CHART

Here's What You Should Weigh

WOMEN

Weight in Pounds
(as ordinarily dressed)

Age 20-29	30 and over	HEIGHT (with shoes on)
115	119	4'11"
117	121	5'0"
119	123	5'1"
122	125	5'2"
125	128	5'3"
128	132	5'4"
131	136	5'5"
135	140	5'6"
139	144	5'7"
143	148	5'8"
147	152	5'9"
151	155	5'10"
155	158	5'11"
159	162	6'0"

SEND NO MONEY

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Just mail coupon. When your package of MYNEX TABLETS arrives, deposit only $3.00 plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. Read the label, see how SAFE, see how easy the new MYNEX plan is. Take as directed and if in 7 days you haven't dropped from 5 to 10 pounds, if your waist, bust, thighs don't measure less, if those embarrassing bulges haven't flattened out to your satisfaction, if you haven't lost that bloated, too fat feeling—return the empty MYNEX package and we will refund your $3.00. You have nothing to lose but excess fat. Now, today, mail the coupon. Cash orders sent postage paid.

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"ARE YOU FOR REAL?"

Continued from page 21

break for lunch. Film costs money.

It has been less than three years since the boys teamed up in an Atlantic City night club. They first met at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street. Dean said, "Hiya." And Jerry said, "Hiya." It was that uneventful.

◆

Seems they were fated to get together. Jerry had a comedy single and Dean was booked as a vocalist. Every theater Jerry played, Dean would follow. Although they rarely saw each other, they would write notes to each other, usually on the dressing-room walls.

"We just sort of struck up a friendship," says Jerry, who has his sentimental moments. "Since my parents were in show business (so was my grandpop), I spent a lonely childhood backstage. Dean has always acted like my big brother. He gives me advice, and he slaps me down when I get cocky. He offered me the first warm companionship I had ever known. For this I am grateful."

In 1947 Jerry was doing a single in Atlantic City's 500 Club. He convinced the manager that the act would be much funnier as a double, and he knew exactly the guy to team with—Dean Martin. Dean, jobless at the time, was sent for. The first night the boys laid an egg. (DEAN: How big an egg can we lay? JERRY: Well, if we got a hen and had it hold back for two years . . .) The boss came backstage and delivered an ultimatum. "Get funny," he said, "or get out."

They sat up all night rehearsing a lot of routines. The opening fell flat. "Then suddenly," says Dean, "things happened. And that's the way it has been ever since." The things that happened were not exactly conventional. Jerry snatched up some dishes from a ringside table and smashed them on the floor. The audience howled with laughter. Thus encouraged, the boys tripped the waiters, threw water and steaks in abandon, heckled the orchestra, and finally coaxed the customers to form a conga line, insulting them freely as they danced. After that night they were in.

The secret of their comedy success seems to be that they are completely uninhibited. Their act has a definite format, based loosely on that amazing night at the 500 Club, but it is always different. That's the reason the same peo can see it night after night a never get bored. The boys write th own material, "mostly stuff we d as singles," and ad lib a good percentage of it. The customers lo it when the boys insult them. Ev Hollywood stars, a touchy lot us ally, never get miffed. When Jer Lewis spotted Bing Crosby at table, he said, "We can't ask Bi to sing tonight, Dean. He is wearing his rug." Never stingy wi their laughs, they sometimes sta on more than two hours.

Dean Martin started out in li in Steubenville, Ohio. His fath was a barber. Before he became singer, five years ago, he was a co miner, an amateur prizefighter, a attendant at a gasoline station, mill-hand, and a croupier in Miam and Cleveland. Dean is six feet tal weighs 176, and is quite good-look ing.

In 1940 he married Betty McDon ald and they have four childre They separated last winter.

Jerry Lewis, six feet tall an weighing 137 pounds, was born i Newark, New Jersey. His parent have been in show business for 2 years. When he was 14 the America Red Cross presented him with plaque for an amateur show he pu on at the Mosque Theater in Newar to raise money for the organization As a kid he worked as a pagebo at New York's Loew's State fo $10.75 a week. He worked at the Ne York Paramount as an usher fo $14 a week. In 1944 he married Patt Palmer, who used to sing with the Jimmy Dorsey and Ted Fio Rito bands.

They have a son, Gary, and expect a second child this fall.

It was his wife who originated "Are you for real?" One day they were having an argument. Jerry started talking so fast that Patti gave up and just stared at him. When he stopped finally, to draw a breath, she said, "Jerry, are you for real?" He liked it, and latched onto it for his trade-mark.

◆

The boys took to Hollywood like a grifter to a buck. They leased fine homes and bought fine cars. On the Paramount lot Jerry had "Jerry Lewis Child Star" painted on his bike. His shirts have "Jerry Lewis Child Star" embroidered on them. And his stationery also is so embossed. Dean has "Boy Singer" on his bike, but nothing on his shirts and stationery.

They admit they love success and luxury, but swear they will never let it go to their heads. Recently Jerry told an interviewer, "The other day Dean and I were driving down Hollywood Boulevard. We saw an organ grinder with a monkey. 'Dean,' I said, 'if our picture flops, that might be us a couple of years from now. I'll get myself a monkey's cap and you can be the grinder.' Dean just shrugged. 'So what?' he said. 'We'll still have fun.' That's my boy." ◆ ◆

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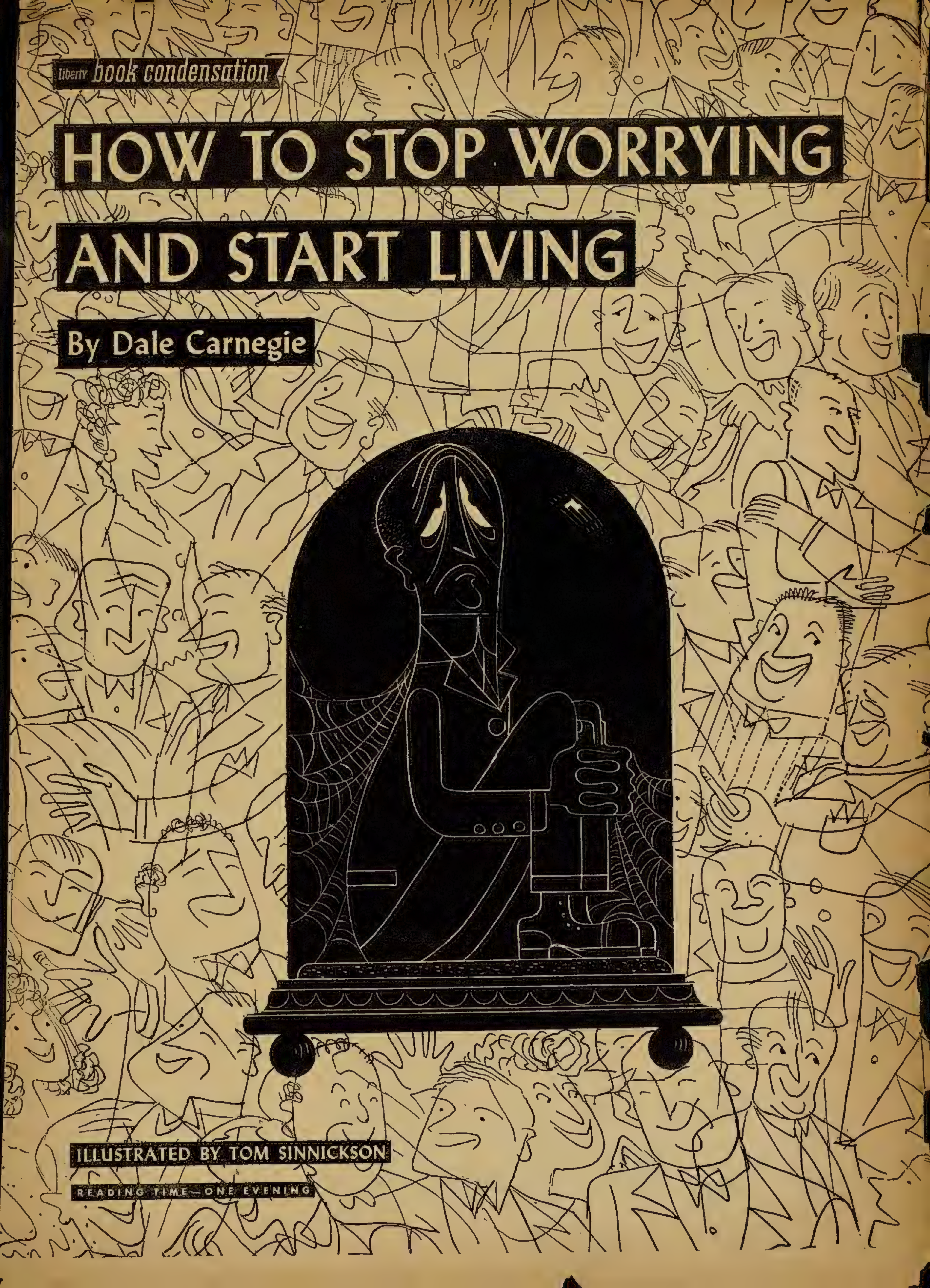
HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING

By Dale Carnegie



ILLUSTRATED BY TOM SINNICKSON

READING TIME—ONE EVENING

IN the spring of 1871, a young man picked up a book and read twenty-one words that had a profound effect on his future. A medical student at the Montreal General Hospital, he was worried about passing the final examination, worried about what to do, where to go, how to build up a practice, how to make a living.

The twenty-one words that this young medical student read in 1871 helped him to become the most famous physician of his generation. He organized the world-famous Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. He became Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford—the highest honor that can be bestowed upon any medical man in the British Empire. He was knighted by the King of England. When he died, two huge volumes containing 1466 pages were required to tell the story of his life.

His name was Sir William Osler. Here are the twenty-one words that he read in the spring of 1871—twenty-one words from Thomas Carlyle that helped him lead a life free from worry: *"Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand."*

Forty-two years later, on a soft spring night when the tulips were blooming on the campus, this man, Sir William Osler, addressed the students of Yale University. He told those Yale students that a man like himself who had been a professor in four universities and had written a popular book was supposed to have "brains of a special quality." He declared that that was untrue. He said that his intimate friends knew that his brains were "of the most mediocre character."

What, then, was the secret of his success? He stated that it was owing to what he called living in "day-tight compartments." What did he mean by that? A few months before he spoke at Yale, Sir William Osler had crossed the Atlantic on a great ocean liner where the captain, standing on the bridge, could press a button and —presto!—there was a clanging of machinery and various parts of the ship were immediately shut off from one another — shut off into watertight compartments. "Now each one of you," Dr. Osler said to those Yale students, "is a much more marvelous organization than the great liner, and bound on a longer voyage. What I urge is that you so learn to control the machinery as to live with 'day-tight compartments' as the most certain way to ensure safety on the voyage. Get on the bridge, and see that at least the great bulkheads are in working order. Touch a button and hear, at every level of your life, the iron doors shutting out the Past —the dead yesterdays. Touch another and shut off, with a metal curtain, the Future—the unborn tomorrows. Then you are safe—safe for to-day! . . . Shut off the past! Let the dead past bury its dead. . . . Shut out the yesterdays which have lighted fools the way to dusty death. . . . The load of tomorrow, added to that of yesterday, carried today, makes the strongest falter. Shut off the future as tightly as the past. . . . The future is today. . . . There is no tomorrow. The day of man's salvation is now. Waste of energy, mental distress, nervous worries dog the steps of a man who is anxious about the future. . . . Shut close, then, the great fore and aft bulkheads, and prepare to cultivate the habit of a life of 'day-tight compartments.' "

Did Dr. Osler mean to say that we should not make any effort to prepare for tomorrow? No. Not at all. But he did go on, in that address, to say that the best possible way to prepare for tomorrow is to concentrate with all your intelligence, all your enthusiasm on doing today's work superbly today. That is the only possible way you can prepare for the future.

Sir William Osler urged the students at Yale to begin the day with Christ's prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread."

Remember that that prayer asks only for *today's* bread. It doesn't complain about the stale bread we had to eat yesterday; and it doesn't say: "Oh, God, it has been pretty dry out in the wheat belt lately and we may have another drought—and then how will I get bread to eat next fall—or suppose I lose my job—oh, God, how could I get bread then?"

No, this prayer teaches us to ask for *today's* bread only. Today's bread is the only kind of bread you can possibly eat.

◆ Years ago, a penniless philosopher was wandering through a stony country where the people had a hard time making a living. One day a crowd gathered about him on a hill, and he gave what is probably the most-quoted speech ever delivered anywhere at any time. This speech contains twenty-six words that have gone ringing down across the centuries: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Many men have rejected those words of Jesus: "Take no thought for the morrow." They have rejected those words as a counsel of perfection, as a bit of Oriental mysticism. "I *must* take thought for the morrow," they say. "I *must* take out insurance to protect my family. I *must* lay aside money for my old age. I *must* plan and prepare to get ahead."

Right! Of course you must. The truth is that those words of Jesus, translated over three hundred years ago, don't mean today what they meant during the reign of King James. Three hundred years ago the word *thought* frequently meant anxiety. Modern versions of the Bible quote Jesus more accurately: "Have no anxiety for the tomorrow."

By all means take thought for the tomorrow, yes, careful thought and planning and preparation. But have no anxiety.

◆ One of the most appalling comments on our present way of life is that half of all the beds in our hospitals are reserved for patients with nervous and mental troubles, patients who have collapsed under the crushing burden of accumulated yesterdays and fearful tomorrows. Yet a vast majority of those people would be walking the streets today, leading happy, useful lives, if they had only heeded the words of Jesus: *"Have no anxiety about the morrow"*; or the words of Sir William Osler: *"Live in day-tight compartments."*

The only certainty is today. Why mar the beauty of living today by trying to solve the problems of a future that is shrouded in ceaseless change and uncertainty — a future no one can possibly see or foretell?

The old Romans had a word for it. In fact, they had two words for it. *Carpe diem.* "Enjoy the day." Or, "Seize the day." Yes, seize the day, and make the most of it.

Why not ask yourself these questions, and write down the answers?

Do I tend to put off living in the present in order to worry about the future, or to yearn for some "magical rose garden over the horizon"?

Do I sometimes embitter the present by regretting things that happened in the past—that are over and done with?

Do I get up in the morning determined to "Seize the day"—to get the

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utmost out of these twenty-four hours?

Can I get more out of life by "living in day-tight compartments"?

When shall I start to do this? Next week? . . . Tomorrow? . . . Today?

◆ Would you like a quick, sure-fire recipe for handling worry situations? Then let me tell you about the method worked out by Willis H. Carrier, the brilliant engineer who launched the air-conditioning industry.

"When I was a young man," Mr. Carrier told me, "I worked for the Buffalo Forge Company in Buffalo, New York. I was handed the assignment of installing a gas-cleaning device in a plant of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company at Crystal City, Missouri—a plant costing millions of dollars. The purpose of this installation was to remove the impurities from the gas so it could be burned without injuring the engines. This method of cleaning gas was new. It had been tried only once before—and under different conditions. In my work at Crystal City, Missouri, unforeseen difficulties arose. It worked after a fashion—but not well enough to meet the guarantee we had made.

"I was stunned by my failure. It was almost as if someone had struck me a blow on the head. My stomach, my insides, began to twist and turn. For a while I was so worried I couldn't sleep.

"Finally, common sense reminded me that worry wasn't getting me anywhere; so I figured out a way to handle my problem without worrying. It worked superbly. I have been using this same anti-worry technique for more than thirty years. It is simple. Anyone can use it. It consists of three steps:

"Step I. *I analyzed the situation fearlessly and honestly and figured out what was the worst that could possibly happen as a result of this failure.* No one was going to jail me or shoot me. That was certain. True, there was a chance that I would lose my position; and there was also a chance that my employers would have to remove the machinery and lose the twenty thousand dollars we had invested.

"Step II. *After figuring out what was the worst that could possibly happen, I reconciled myself to accepting it, if necessary.* I said to myself: This failure will be a blow to my record, and it might possibly mean the loss of my job; but if it does, I can always get another position. Conditions could be much worse; and as far as my employers are concerned—well, they realize that we are experimenting with a new method of cleaning gas, and if this experience costs them twenty thousand dollars, they can stand it. They can charge it up to research, for it is an experiment.

"After discovering the worst that could possibly happen and reconciling myself to accepting it, if necessary, an extremely important thing happened: I immediately relaxed and felt a sense of peace that I hadn't experienced in days.

"Step III. *From that time on, I calmly devoted my time and energy to trying to improve upon the worst which I had already accepted mentally.*

"I now tried to figure out ways and means by which I might reduce the loss of twenty thousand dollars that we faced. I made several tests and finally figured out that if we spent another five thousand for additional equipment, our problem would be solved. We did this, and instead of the firm losing twenty thousand, we made fifteen thousand.

"I probably would never have been able to do this if I had kept on worrying, because one of the worst features about worrying is that it destroys our ability to concentrate. When we worry, our minds jump here and there and everywhere, and we lose all power of decision. However, when we force ourselves to face the worst and accept it mentally, we then eliminate all these vague imaginings and put ourselves in a position in which we are able to concentrate on our problem."

He purchased a casket, put it aboard ship, and then set out on his trip.

At just about the same time Willis H. Carrier was worrying over the gas-cleaning equipment he was installing in a plant in Crystal City, Missouri, a chap from Broken Bow, Nebraska, was making out his will. His name was Earl P. Haney, and he had duodenal ulcers. Three doctors, including a celebrated ulcer specialist, had pronounced Mr. Haney an "incurable case." They had told him not to eat this or that, not to fret—to keep perfectly calm. They also told him to make out his will!

These ulcers had already forced Earl P. Haney to give up a fine and highly paid position. So now he had nothing to do, nothing to look forward to except a lingering death.

◆ Then he made a decision: a rare and superb decision. "Since I have only a little while to live," he said, "I may as well make the most of it. I have always wanted to travel around the world before I die. If I am ever going to do it, I'll have to do it now." So he bought his ticket.

The doctors were appalled. "We must warn you," they said to Mr. Haney, "that if you do take this trip, you will be buried at sea."

"No, I won't," he replied. "I have promised my relatives that I will be buried in the family plot at Broken Bow, Nebraska. So I am going to buy a casket and take it with me."

He purchased a casket, put it aboard ship, and then made arrangements with the steamship company —in the event of his death—to put his corpse in a freezing compartment and keep it there till the liner returned home. He set out on his trip, imbued with the spirit of old Omar:

Ah, make the most of what we yet
may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust,
to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer,
and—sans End!

However, he didn't make the trip "sans wine." "I drank highballs, and smoked long cigars on that trip," Mr.

Haney says in a letter that I have before me now. "I ate all kinds of food — even strange native foods which were guaranteed to kill me. I enjoyed myself more than I had in years! We ran into monsoons and typhoons which should have put me in my casket, if only from fright—but I got an enormous kick out of all this adventure.

"I played games aboard the ship, sang songs, made new friends, stayed up half the night. When we reached China and India, I realized that the business troubles and cares that I had faced back home were paradise compared to the poverty and hunger in the Orient. I stopped all my senseless worrying and felt fine. When I got back to America, I had gained ninety pounds. I had almost forgotten I had ever had a stomach ulcer. I had never felt better in my life. I promptly sold the casket back to the undertaker and went back to business. I haven't been ill a day since."

◆

Some time ago, a neighbor rang my doorbell one evening and urged me and my family to be vaccinated against smallpox. He was only one of thousands of volunteers who were ringing doorbells all over New York City. Frightened people stood in lines for hours at a time to be vaccinated. Vaccination stations were opened not only in all hospitals, but also in firehouses, police precincts, and in large industrial plants. More than two thousand doctors and nurses worked feverishly day and night, vaccinating crowds. The cause of all this excitement? Eight people in New York City had smallpox—and two had died. Two deaths out of a population of almost eight million.

Now, I have lived in New York for over thirty-seven years; and no one has ever yet rung my doorbell to warn me against the emotional sickness of worry—an illness that, during the last thirty-seven years, has caused ten thousand times more damage than smallpox.

No doorbell ringer has ever warned me that one person out of ten now living in these United States will have a nervous breakdown—induced in the vast majority of cases by worry and emotional conflicts. So I am writing this to ring your doorbell and warn you.

The great Nobel prize winner in medicine, Dr. Alexis Carrel, said, "Businessmen who do not know how to fight worry die young." And so do housewives and horse doctors and bricklayers.

Can any man possibly be a success who is paying for business advancement with stomach ulcers and heart trouble? What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world—and loses his health? Even if he owned the whole world, he could sleep in only one bed at a time and eat only three meals a day.

The famous Mayo brothers declared that more than half of our hospital beds are occupied by people with nervous troubles. Yet, when the nerves of these people are studied under a high-powered microscope in a post-mortem examination, their nerves in most cases are apparently as healthy as the nerves of Jack Dempsey. Their "nervous troubles" are caused not by a physical deterioration of the nerves, but by emotions of futility, frustration, anxiety, worry, fear, defeat, despair.

We are just now beginning to develop a new kind of medicine called *psychosomatic* medicine — a medicine that treats both the mind and the body. It is high time we are doing that, for medical science has largely wiped out the terrible *diseases caused by physical germs*—diseases such as smallpox, cholera, yellow fever, and scores of other scourges that swept untold millions into untimely graves.

Worry can make even the most stolid person ill. General Grant discovered that during the closing days of the Civil War. The story goes like this: Grant had been besieging Richmond for nine months. General Lee's troops, ragged and hungry, were beaten. Entire regiments were deserting at a time. Others were holding prayer meetings in their tents—shouting, weeping, and seeing visions. The end was close. Lee's men set fire to the cotton and tobacco warehouses in Richmond, burned the arsenal, and fled from the city at night while towering flames roared up into the darkness. Grant was in hot pursuit, banging away at the Confederates from both sides and the rear, while Sheridan's cavalry was heading them off in front, tearing up railway lines and capturing supply trains.

Grant, half blind with a violent sick headache, fell behind his army and stopped at a farmhouse. "I spent the night," he records in his *Memoirs*, "in bathing my feet in hot water and mustard, and putting mustard plasters on my wrists and the back part of my neck, hoping to be cured by morning."

The next morning, he was cured instantaneously. And the thing that cured him was not a mustard plaster, but a horseman galloping down the road with a letter from Lee, saying he wanted to surrender.

"When the officer [bearing the message] reached me," Grant wrote, "I was still suffering with the sick headache, but the instant I saw the contents of the note, I was cured."

Obviously it was Grant's worries, tensions, and emotions that made him ill. He was cured instantly the moment his emotions took on the hue of confidence and victory.

Worry can put you into a wheel chair with rheumatism and arthritis. Dr. Russell L. Cecil, of the Cornell University Medical School, is a world-recognized authority on arthritis; and he has listed four of the commonest conditions that bring on arthritis:

Marital shipwreck.
Financial disaster and grief.
Loneliness and worry.
Long-cherished resentments.

Few things can age and sour a woman and destroy her looks as quickly as worry. Worry curdles the expression. It makes us clench our jaws and lines our faces with wrinkles. It forms a permanent scowl. It may turn the hair gray, and, in some cases, even make it fall out. It can ruin the complexion —it can bring on all kinds of skin rashes, eruptions, and pimples.

"The Lord may forgive us our sins," said William James, "but the nervous system never does."

◆

Here is a startling and almost incredible fact: more Americans commit suicide each year than die from the five common communicable diseases.

Why? The answer is largely: "Worry."

Do you love life? Do you want to live long and enjoy good health? Here is how you can do it. I am quoting Dr. Alexis Carrel again: He said, *"Those who keep the peace of their inner selves in the midst of the tumult of the modern city are immune from nervous diseases."*

Can you keep the peace of your inner self in the midst of the tumult of a modern city? If you are a normal person, the answer is "Yes. Emphatically yes." Most of us are stronger than we realize. We have inner resources that we have probably never tapped.

The fanatical followers of the

prophet Mohammed often had verses from the Koran tattooed on their breasts. I would like to have tattooed on the breast of every reader of this book: "Businessmen who do not know how to fight worry die young."

Was Dr. Carrel speaking of *you?* Could be.

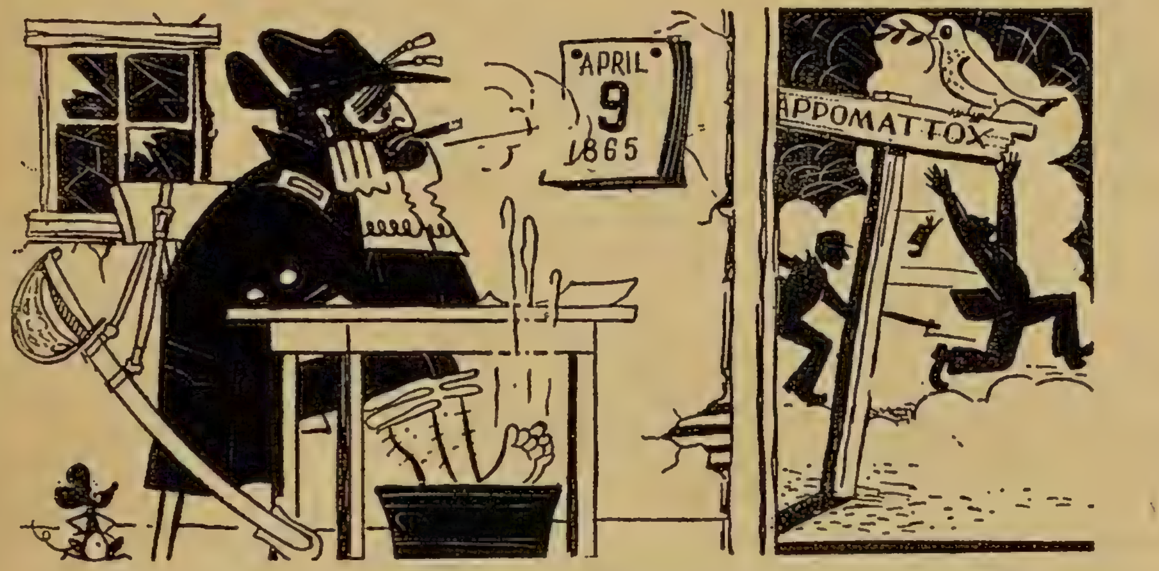
◆

We must equip ourselves to deal with different kinds of worries by learning the three basic steps of problem analysis:

Get the facts.

Analyze the facts.

Arrive at a decision—and then act on that decision.



Grant spent the night, he records, with "my feet in hot water and mustard."

Let's take the first rule: *Get the facts.* The late Herbert E. Hawkes, Dean of Columbia College, Columbia University, helped two hundred thousand students solve their worry problems; and he told me that *"confusion is the chief cause of worry."* He put it this way—he said: "Half the worry in the world is caused by people trying to make decisions before they have sufficient knowledge on which to base a decision."

Here are two ideas that I have found helpful when trying to step aside from my problems in order to see the facts in a clear, objective manner:

When trying to get the facts, I pretend that I am collecting this information not for myself, but for some other person. This helps me to take a cold, impartial view of the evidence. This helps me eliminate my emotions.

While trying to collect the facts about the problem that is worrying me, I sometimes pretend that I am a lawyer preparing to argue the other side of the issue. In other words, I try to get all the facts against myself—all the facts that are damaging to my wishes, all the facts I don't like to face.

Then I write down both my side of the case and the other side of the case—and I generally find that the truth lies somewhere in between these two extremities.

Here is the point I am trying to make. Neither you nor I nor Einstein nor the Supreme Court of the United States is brilliant enough to reach an intelligent decision on any problem without first getting the facts. Thomas Edison knew that. At the time of his death he had two thousand five hundred notebooks filled with facts about the problems he was facing.

I have found from costly experience that it is much easier to analyze the facts after writing them down. In fact, merely writing the facts on a piece of paper and stating our problem clearly goes a long way toward helping us reach a sensible decision.

Let me show you all this as it works out in practice.

Let's take the case of Galen Litchfield—a man I have known for several years; one of the most successful American businessmen in the Far East. Mr. Litchfield was in China in 1942, when the Japanese invaded Shanghai. And here is his story as he told it to me while a guest in my home:

"Shortly after the Japs took Pearl Harbor," Galen Litchfield began, "they came swarming into Shanghai. I was the manager of the Asia Life Insurance Company in Shanghai. They sent us an 'army liquidator'—he was really an admiral—and gave me orders to assist this man in liquidating our assets. I didn't have any choice in the matter. I could co-operate—or else. And the 'or else' was certain death.

"I went through the motions of doing what I was told, because I had no alternative. But there was one block of securities, worth $750,000, which I left off the list I gave to the admiral. I left that block of securities off the list because they belonged to our Hong Kong organization and had nothing to do with the Shanghai assets. All the same, I feared I might be in hot water if the Japs found out what I had done. And they soon found out.

"I wasn't in the office when the discovery was made, but my head accountant was there. He told me that the Jap admiral flew into a rage, and stamped and swore, and called me a thief and a traitor! I had defied the Japanese army! I knew what that meant. I would be thrown into the Bridgehouse!

"The Bridgehouse? The torture chamber of the Japanese Gestapo! I had had personal friends who had killed themselves rather than be taken to that prison. I had had other friends who had died in that place after ten days of questioning and torture. Now I was slated for the Bridgehouse myself!

◆

"What did I do? I heard the news on Sunday afternoon. I suppose I should have been terrified. And I would have been terrified if I hadn't had a definite technique for solving my problems. For years, whenever I was worried I had always written down two questions—and the answers to these questions:

"1. *What am I worrying about?*

"2. *What can I do about it?*

"I used to try to answer those questions without writing them down. But I stopped that years ago. I found that writing down both the questions and the answers clarifies my thinking. So, that Sunday afternoon, I went directly to my room at the Shanghai YMCA, and got out my typewriter. I wrote:

"1. What am I worrying about? I am afraid I will be thrown into the Bridgehouse tomorrow morning.

"Then I typed out the second question:

"2. What can I do about it?

"I spent hours thinking out and writing down the four courses of action I could take—and what the probable consequences of each action would be.

1. I can try to explain to the Japanese admiral. But he "no speak English." If I try to explain to him through an interpreter, I may stir him up again. That might mean death, for he is cruel, would rather dump me in the Bridgehouse than bother talking about it.

2. I can try to escape. Impossible. They keep track of me all the time. I have to check in and out of my room

at the YMCA. If I try to escape, I'll probably be captured and shot.

3. I can stay here in my room and not go near the office again. If I do, the Japanese admiral will be suspicious, will probably send soldiers to get me and throw me into the Bridgehouse without giving me a chance to say a word.

4. I can go down to the office as usual on Monday morning. If I do, there is a chance that the Japanese admiral may be so busy that he will not think of what I did. Even if he does think of it, he may have cooled off and may not bother me. If this happens, I am all right. Even if he does bother me, I'll still have a chance to try to explain to him. So, going down to the office as usual on Monday morning, and acting as if nothing had gone wrong, gives me two chances to escape the Bridgehouse.

"As soon as I thought it all out and decided to accept the fourth plan—to go down to the office as usual on Monday morning—I felt immensely relieved.

"When I entered the office the next morning, the Japanese admiral sat there with a cigarette dangling from his mouth. He glared at me as he always did; and said nothing. Six weeks later he went back to Tokyo and my worries were ended.

◆ "As I have already said, I probably saved my life by sitting down that Sunday afternoon and writing out all the various steps I could take and then writing down the probable consequence of each step and calmly coming to a decision. If I hadn't done that, I might have floundered and hesitated and done the wrong thing on the spur of the moment. If I hadn't thought out my problem and come to a decision, I would have been frantic with worry all Sunday afternoon. I wouldn't have slept that night. I would have gone down to the office Monday morning with a harassed and worried look; and that alone might have aroused the suspicion of the Japanese admiral and spurred him to act.

"Experience has proved to me, time after time, the enormous value of arriving at a decision. It is the failure to arrive at a fixed purpose, the inability to stop going round and round in maddening circles, that drives men to nervous breakdowns and living hells. I find that fifty per cent of my worries vanishes once I arrive at a clear, definite decision; and another forty per cent usually vanishes once I start to carry out that decision.

"So I banish about ninety per cent of my worries by taking these four steps:

"Writing down precisely what I am worrying about.

"Writing down what I can do about it.

"Deciding what to do.

"Starting immediately to carry out that decision."

I once asked Waite Phillips, one of Oklahoma's most prominent oil men, how he carried out decisions. He replied: "I find that to keep thinking about our problems beyond a certain point is bound to create confusion and worry. There comes a time when any more investigation and thinking are harmful. There comes a time when we must decide and act and never look back."

◆ My friend Frank Bettger, one of the top insurance men in America, tells me how he not only reduced his business worries, but nearly doubled his income.

"Years ago," says Frank Bettger, "when I first started to sell insurance, I was filled with a boundless enthusiasm and love for my work. Then something happened. I became so discouraged that I despised my work and thought of giving it up. I think I would have quit—if I hadn't got the idea, one Saturday morning, of sitting down and trying to get at the root of my worries.

"I asked myself first, *'Just what is the problem?'* The problem was: *that I was not getting high enough returns for the staggering amount of calls I was making.* I seemed to do pretty well at selling a prospect, until the moment came for closing a sale. Then the customer would say, 'Well, I'll think it over, Mr. Bettger. Come and see me again.' It was the time I wasted on these follow-up calls that was causing my depression.

"I asked myself, *'What are the possible solutions?'* But to get the answer to that one, I had to study the facts. I got out my record book for the last twelve months and studied the figures.

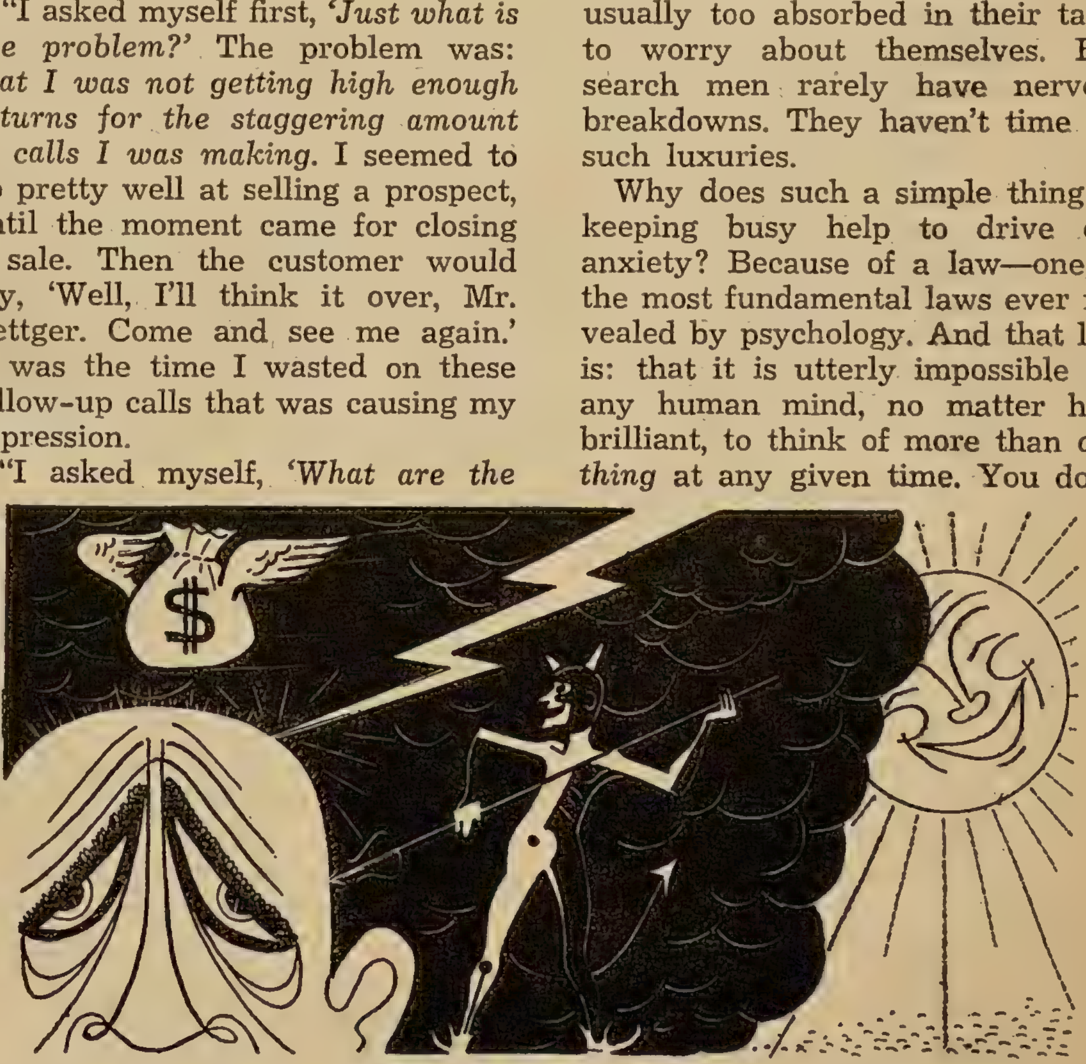
"I made an astounding discovery! Right there in black and white, I discovered that seventy per cent of my sales had been closed on the very first interview. Twenty-three per cent of my sales had been closed on the second interview. And only *seven per cent of my sales* had been closed on those third, fourth, fifth, etc., interviews, which were running me ragged and taking up time. In other words, I was wasting fully one half of my working day on a part of my business which was responsible for only seven per cent of my sales!

"*'What is the answer?'* The answer was obvious. I immediately cut out all visits beyond the second interview, and spent the extra time building up new prospects. The results were unbelievable. In a very short time I had raised the cash value of every visit I made from $2.80 to $4.27 a call!"

Can you apply his questions to *your* business problems?

◆ The great scientist Pasteur spoke of "the peace that is found in libraries and laboratories." Why is peace found there? Because the men in libraries and laboratories are usually too absorbed in their tasks to worry about themselves. Research men rarely have nervous breakdowns. They haven't time for such luxuries.

Why does such a simple thing as keeping busy help to drive out anxiety? Because of a law—one of the most fundamental laws ever revealed by psychology. And that law is: that it is utterly impossible for any human mind, no matter how brilliant, to think of more than *one thing* at any given time. You don't



Ninety-nine per cent of the things I worried about never happened.

quite believe it? Very well, then, let's try an experiment.

Suppose you lean back right now, close your eyes, and try, at the same instant, to think of the Statue of Liberty and of what you plan to do tomorrow morning. (Go on, try it.)

You found out, didn't you, that you could focus on either thought *in turn,* but never on both simultaneously? Well, the same thing is true in the field of emotions. We cannot be pepped up and enthusiastic about doing something exciting and feel dragged down by worry at the very same time. One kind of emotion drives out the other. And it was that simple discovery that enabled army psychiatrists to perform such miracles during the war. When men came out of battle so shaken by the experience that they were called "psychoneurotic," army doctors prescribed "Keep 'em busy" as a cure.

The hours after work—they are the dangerous ones. Just when we're free to enjoy our own leisure, and ought to be happiest—that's when the blue devils of worry attack us. That's when we begin to wonder whether we're getting anywhere in life; whether we're in a rut; whether the boss "meant anything" by that remark he made today; or whether we're getting bald.

When we are not busy, our minds tend to become a near-vacuum. Every student of physics knows that "nature abhors a vacuum." The nearest thing to a vacuum that you and I will probably ever see is the inside of an incandescent electric-light bulb. Break that bulb—and nature forces air in to fill the theoretically empty space.

Nature also rushes in to fill the vacant mind. With what? Usually with emotions. Why? Because emotions of worry, fear, hate, jealousy, and envy are driven by primeval vigor and the dynamic energy of the jungle. Such emotions are so violent that they tend to drive out of our minds all peaceful, happy thoughts and emotions.

◆ James L. Mursell, professor of education, Teachers College, Columbia, puts it very well when he says: "Worry is most apt to ride you ragged not when you are in action, but when the day's work is done. Your imagination can run riot then and bring up all sorts of ridiculous possibilities and magnify each little blunder. At such a time," he continues, "your mind is like a motor operating without its load. It races and threatens to burn out its bearings or even to tear itself to bits. The remedy for worry is to get completely occupied doing something constructive."

But you don't have to be a college professor to realize this truth and put it into practice.

If you and I don't keep busy—if we sit around and brood—we will hatch out a whole flock of what Charles Darwin used to call the "wibber gibbers." And the "wibber gibbers" are nothing but old-fashioned gremlins that will run us hollow and destroy our power of action and our power of will.

George Bernard Shaw summed it all up when he said: *"The secret of being miserable is to have the leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not."* So don't bother to think about it! Spit on your hands and get busy. Your blood will start circulating; your mind will start ticking—and pretty soon this whole positive upsurge of life in your body will drive worry from your mind. *Get* busy. *Keep* busy. It's the cheapest kind of medicine there is on this earth—and one of the best.

◆ We often face the major disasters of life bravely — and then let the trifles, the "pains in the neck," get us down. For example, Samuel Pepys tells in his *Diary* about seeing Sir Harry Vane's head chopped off in London. As Sir Harry mounted the platform, he was not pleading for his life, but was pleading with the executioner not to hit the painful boil on his neck!

Frank S. Hogan, District Attorney of New York County, says, "Fully half the cases in our criminal courts originate in little things. Barroom bravado, domestic wrangling, an insulting remark, a disparaging word, a rude action—those are the little things that lead to assault and murder. Very few of us are cruelly and greatly wronged. It is the small blows to our self-esteem, the indignities, the little jolts to our vanity, which cause half the heartaches in the world."

Mrs. Carnegie and I had dinner at a friend's house. While carving the meat, he did something wrong. I didn't notice it; and I wouldn't have cared even if I had noticed it. But his wife saw it and jumped down his throat right in front of us. "John," she cried, "watch what you are doing! Can't you ever learn to serve properly!"

Then she said to us: "He is always making mistakes. He just doesn't try." Maybe he didn't try to carve; but I certainly give him credit for trying to live with her for twenty years. Frankly, I would rather have eaten a couple of hot dogs with mustard—in an atmosphere of peace—than to have dined on Peking duck and shark fins while listening to her scolding.

Shortly after that experience, Mrs. Carnegie and I had some friends at our home for dinner. Just before they arrived, Mrs. Carnegie found that three of the napkins didn't match the tablecloth.

"I rushed to the cook," she told me later, "and found that the other three napkins had gone to the laundry. The guests were at the door. There was no time to change. I felt like bursting into tears! All I could think was, Why did this stupid mistake have to spoil my whole evening? Then I thought—Well—why let it? I went in to dinner, determined to have a good time. And I did. I would much rather have our friends think I was a sloppy housekeeper," she told me, "than a nervous, bad-tempered one. And anyhow, as far as I could make out, no one noticed the napkins!"

A well-known legal maxim says: *De minimis non curat lex*—"the law does not concern itself with trifles." And neither should the worrier—if he wants peace of mind.

Disraeli said: "Life is too short to be little."

◆ A few years ago I traveled through the Teton National Park, in Wyoming, with Charles Seifred, highway superintendent for the state of Wyoming, and some of his friends. We were all going to visit the John D. Rockefeller estate in the park. But the car in which I was riding took the wrong turn, got lost, and drove up to the entrance of the estate an hour after the other cars had gone in. Mr. Seifred had the key that unlocked the private gate, so he waited in the hot, mosquito-infested woods for an hour until we arrived. The mosquitoes were enough to drive a saint insane. But they couldn't triumph over Charles Seifred. While waiting for us, he cut a limb off an aspen tree—and made a whistle of it. When we arrived, was he cussing the mosquitoes? No, he was playing his whistle. I have kept that whistle as a memento of a man who knew how to put trifles in their place.

Let's not allow ourselves to be upset by small things we should despise and forget. Remember "Life is too short to be little."

◆

As a child, I grew up on a Missouri farm; and one day, while helping my mother pit cherries, I began to cry. My mother said, "Dale, what in the world are you crying about?" I blubbered, "I'm afraid I am going to be buried alive!"

I was full of worries in those days. When thunderstorms came, I worried for fear I would be killed by lightning. When hard times came, I worried for fear we wouldn't have enough to eat. I worried for fear I would go to hell when I died. I was terrified for fear an older boy, Sam White, would cut off my big ears—as he threatened to do. I worried for fear girls would laugh at me if I tipped my hat to them. I worried for fear no girl would ever be willing to marry me. I worried about what I would say to my wife immediately after we were married. I imagined that we would be married in some country church, and then get in a surrey with fringe on the top and ride back to the farm . . . but how would I be able to keep the conversation going on that ride back to the farm? How? How? I pondered over that earth-shaking problem for many an hour walking behind the plow.

As the years went by, I gradually discovered that ninety-nine per cent of the things I worried about never happened.

◆

The most famous insurance company on earth—Lloyd's of London—has made countless millions of dollars out of the tendency of everybody to worry about things that rarely happen. Lloyd's of London bets people that the disasters they are worrying about will never occur. However, *they don't call it betting. They call it insurance. But it is really betting based on the law of averages.* This great insurance firm has been going strong for two hundred years; and unless human nature changes, it will still be going strong fifty centuries from now by insuring shoes and ships and sealing wax against disasters that, *by the law of averages,* don't happen nearly so often as people imagine.

When Al Smith was Governor of New York, I heard him answer the attacks of his political enemies by saying over and over: "Let's examine the record . . . let's examine the record." Then he proceeded to give the facts. The next time you and I are worrying about what may happen, let's take a tip from wise old Al Smith: let's examine the record and see what basis there is, if any, for our gnawing anxieties.

The United States Navy used the statistics of the law of averages to buck up the morale of their men. One ex-sailor told me that when he and his shipmates were assigned to high-octane tankers, they were worried stiff. They all believed that if a tanker loaded with high-octane gasoline was hit by a torpedo, it exploded and blew everybody to kingdom come.

But the U. S. Navy knew otherwise; so the Navy issued exact figures, showing that out of one hundred tankers hit by torpedoes, sixty stayed afloat; and of the forty that did sink, only five sank in less than ten minutes. That meant time to get off the ship—it also meant casualties were exceedingly small.

"This knowledge of the law of averages wiped out my jitters," said the man who told this story. "The whole crew felt better. We knew we had a chance; and that, by the law of averages, we probably wouldn't be killed."

◆

When I was a little boy, I was playing with some of my friends in the attic of an old, abandoned log house in northwest Missouri. As I climbed down out of the attic, I rested my feet on a window sill for a moment—and then jumped. I had a ring on my left forefinger; and as I jumped, the ring caught on a nailhead and tore off my finger.

I screamed. I was terrified. I was positive I was going to die. But after the hand healed, I never worried about it for one split second. What would have been the use? . . . I accepted the inevitable.

Now I often go for a month at a time without even thinking about the fact that I have only three fingers and a thumb on my left hand.

A few years ago I met a man who was running a freight elevator in one of the downtown office buildings in New York. I noticed that his left hand had been cut off at the wrist. I asked him if the loss of that hand bothered him. He said, "Oh, no, I hardly ever think about it. I am not married; and the only time I ever think about it is when I try to thread a needle."

It is astonishing how quickly we can accept almost any situation—if we have to—and adjust ourselves to it and forget about it.

The late Booth Tarkington always said: "I could take anything that life could force upon me except one thing: blindness. I could never endure that."

Then one day, when he was along in his sixties, Tarkington glanced down at the carpet on the floor. The colors were blurred. He couldn't see the pattern. He went to a specialist. He learned the tragic truth: he was losing his sight. One eye was nearly blind; the other would follow. That which he feared most had come upon him.

And how did Tarkington react to this "worst of all disasters"? Did he feel, "This is *it!* This is the end of my life"? No, to his amazement, he felt quite gay. He even called upon his humor. Floating "specks" annoyed him; they would swim across his eyes and cut off his vision. Yet when the largest of these specks would swim across his sight, he would say, "Hello! There's Grandfather again! Wonder where he's going on this fine morning!"

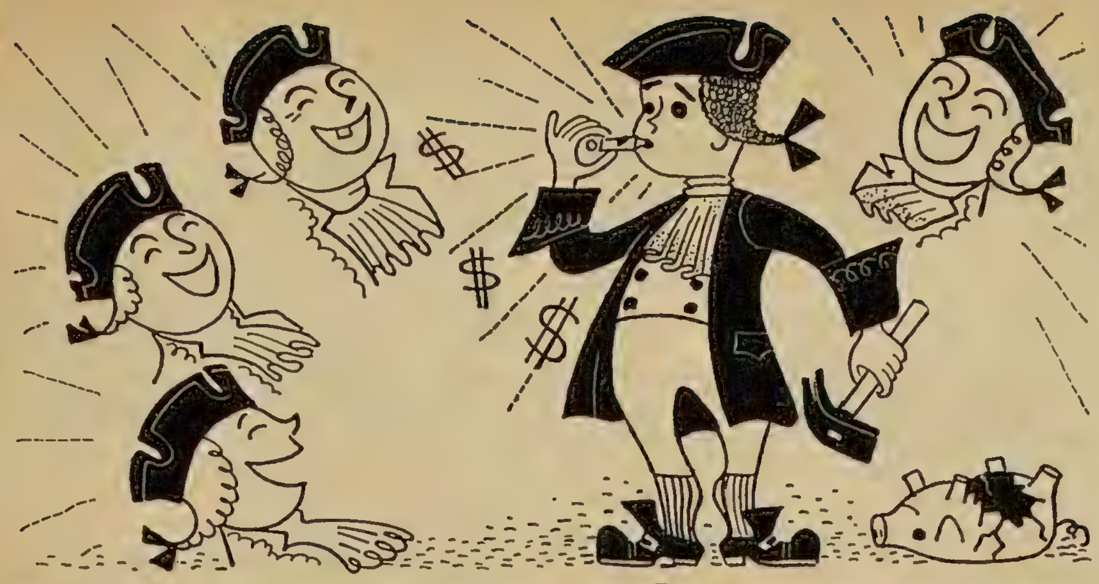
How could fate ever conquer a spirit like that? The answer is it couldn't. When total darkness closed in, Tarkington said, "I found I could take the loss of my eyesight, just as a man can take anything else. If I lost *all five* of my senses, I know I could live on inside my mind. For it is in the mind we see, and in the mind we live, whether we know it or not."

◆

In the hope of restoring his eyesight, Tarkington had to go through more than twelve operations within one year. With *local* anesthetic! Did he rail against this? He knew it had to be done. He knew he couldn't escape it, so the only way to lessen his suffering was to take it with grace. He refused a private room at the hospital and went into a ward, where he could be with other people who had troubles, too. He tried to cheer them up. And when he had to submit to repeated operations—fully conscious of what was being done to his eyes—he tried to remember how fortunate he was. "How wonderful!" he said. "How wonderful that science now has the skill to operate on anything so delicate as the human eye!"

The average man would have been a nervous wreck if he had to endure more than twelve operations and blindness. Yet Tarkington said, "I would not exchange this experience for a happier one." It taught him that nothing life could bring him was beyond his strength to endure.

Margaret Fuller, the famous New England feminist, once offered as her credo: "I accept the Universe!"



When Franklin was seven, he made a mistake. He fell in love with a whistle.

When grouchy old Thomas Carlyle heard that in England, he snorted, "By gad, she'd better!" Yes, and by gad, you and I had better accept the inevitable, too!

Am I advocating that we simply bow down to *all* the adversities that come our way? Not by a long shot! That is mere fatalism. As long as there is a chance that we can save a situation, let's fight! But when common sense tells us that we are up against something that is so—and cannot be otherwise—then, in the name of our sanity, let's not look before and after and pine for what is not.

No one living has enough emotion and vigor to *fight* the inevitable and, at the same time, enough left over to create a new life. Choose one or the other. You can either bend with the inevitable sleetstorms of life—or you can resist them and break!

Why do you think your automobile tires stand up on the road and take so much punishment? At first, the tire manufacturers tried to make a tire that would resist the shocks of the road. It was soon cut to ribbons. Then they made a tire that would absorb the shocks of the road. That tire could "take it." You and I will last longer, and enjoy smoother riding, if we learn to absorb the shocks and jolts along the rocky road of life.

What will happen to you and me if we resist the shocks of life instead of absorbing them? The answer is easy. We will set up a series of inner conflicts. We will be worried, tense, strained, and neurotic.

During the past eight years I have been reading practically every book and magazine article I could find that dealt even remotely with banishing worry. . . . Would you like to know what is the best single bit of advice about worry that I have ever discovered in all that reading? Well, here it is—summed up in twenty-seven words—words that you and I ought to paste on our bathroom mirrors, so that each time we wash our faces we could also wash away all worry from our minds. This priceless prayer was written by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Professor of Applied Christianity, Union Theological Seminary, New York.

God grant me the serenity
To accept the things I cannot
change;
The courage to change the things
I can;
And the wisdom to know the
difference.

◆

Man alive! How I wish I had had the sense, years ago, to put stop-loss orders on my impatience, on my temper, on my desire for self-justification, on my regrets, and on all my mental and emotional strains. Why didn't I have the horse sense to size up each situation that threatened to destroy my peace of mind and say to myself: "See here, Dale Carnegie, this situation is worth just so much fussing about—and no more"? . . . Why didn't I?

However, I must give myself credit for a little sense on one occasion, at least. And it was a serious occasion, too—a crisis in my life—a crisis when I stood watching my dreams and my plans for the future and the work of years vanish into thin air. It happened like this: In my early thirties, I had decided to spend my life writing novels. I was going to be a second Frank Norris or Jack London or Thomas Hardy. I was so in earnest that I spent two years in Europe—where I could live cheaply with dollars during the period of wild, printing-press money that followed the First World War. I spent two years there, writing my magnum opus. I called it *The Blizzard.* The title was a natural, for the reception it got among publishers was as cold as any blizzard that ever howled across the plains of the Dakotas. When my literary agent told me it was worthless, that I had no gift, no talent, for fiction, my heart almost stopped. I left his office in a daze. I couldn't have been more stunned if he had hit me across the head with a club. I was stupefied. I realized that I was standing at the crossroads of life, and had to make a tremendous decision.

What should I do? Which way should I turn? Weeks passed before I came out of the daze. At that time, I had never heard of the phrase "put a stop-loss order on your worries." But as I look back now, I can see that I did just that. I wrote off my two years of sweating over that novel for just what they were worth —a noble experiment—and went forward from there. I returned to my work of organizing and teaching adult-education classes, and wrote biographies in my spare time—biographies and nonfiction books such as the one you are reading now.

Am I glad now that I made that decision? Glad? Every time I think about it now I feel like dancing in the street for sheer joy! I can honestly say that I have never spent a day or an hour since, lamenting the fact that I am not another Thomas Hardy.

◆

When Benjamin Franklin was seven years old, he made a mistake that he remembered for seventy years. When he was a lad of seven he fell in love with a whistle. He was so excited about it that he went into the toyshop, piled all his coppers on the counter, and demanded the whistle without even asking the price. "I then came home," he wrote to a friend seventy years later, "and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle." But when his older brothers and sisters found out that he had paid far more for the whistle than he should have paid, they gave him the horse laugh; and, as he said, "I cried with vexation."

Years later, when Franklin was a world-famous figure, and Ambassador to France, he still remembered that the fact that he had paid too much for his whistle had caused him "more chagrin than the whistle gave him pleasure."

But the lesson it taught Franklin was cheap in the end. "As I grew up," he said, "and came into the world and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave *too much for the whistle.* In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving *too much for their whistles."*

I honestly believe that this is one of the greatest secrets of true peace of mind—a decent sense of values. And I believe we could annihilate fifty per cent of all our worries at once if we would develop a sort of private gold standard—a gold standard of what things are worth to us in terms of our lives.

Whenever we are tempted to throw good money after bad in terms of human living, let's stop and ask ourselves these three questions:

How much does this thing I am worrying about really matter to me?

At what point shall I set a "stop-loss" order on this worry—and forget it?

Exactly how much shall I pay for this whistle? Have I already paid more than it is worth?

◆

Let me tell you about a fantastic experience I had years ago. I let more than three hundred thousand dollars slip through my fingers without making a penny's profit. It happened like this: I launched a large-scale enterprise in adult education, opened branches in various cities, and spent money lavishly in overhead and advertising. I was so busy with teaching that I had neither the time nor the desire to look after finances. I was too naïve to realize that I needed an astute business manager to watch expenses.

Finally, after about a year, I discovered a sobering and shocking truth. I discovered that in spite of our enormous intake, we had not netted any profit whatever. After discovering that, I should have done two things. First, I should have had the sense to do what George Washington Carver, the Negro scientist, did when he lost forty thousand dollars—the savings of a lifetime—in a bank crash. When someone asked him if he knew he was bankrupt, he replied, "Yes, I heard"—and went on with his teaching. He wiped the loss out of his mind so completely that he never mentioned it again.

Here is the second thing I should have done: I should have analyzed my mistakes and learned a lasting lesson.

But frankly, I didn't do either one of these things. Instead, I went into a tailspin of worry. For months I was in a daze. I lost sleep and I lost weight. Instead of learning a lesson from this enormous mistake, I went right ahead and did the same thing again on a smaller scale!

It is embarrassing for me to admit all this stupidity; but I discovered long ago that "it is easier to teach twenty what were good to be done than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching."

If you were to read everything that has ever been written about worry by the great scholars of all time, you would never read anything more basic or more profound than such hackneyed proverbs as "Don't cross your bridges until you come to them" and "Don't cry over spilt milk." If we only applied those two proverbs—instead of snorting at them—we wouldn't need this book at all. In fact, if we applied most of the old proverbs, we would lead almost perfect lives. However, knowledge isn't power until it is applied; and the purpose of this book is not to tell you something new. The purpose of this book is to remind you of what you already know and to kick you in the shins and inspi you to do something about it.

For months I was in a daze.

I have always admired a man like the late Fred Fuller Shedd, who had a gift for stating an old truth in a new and picturesque way. He was editor of the *Philadelphia Bulletin;* and while addressing a college graduating class, he asked: "How many of you have ever sawed wood? Let's see your hands." Most of them had. Then he inquired: "How many of you have ever sawed *sawdust?"* No hands went up.

"Of course, you can't saw sawdust!" Mr. Shedd exclaimed. "It's already sawed! And it's the same with the past. When you start worrying about things that are over and done with, you're merely trying to saw sawdust."

Don't try to saw sawdust.

◆

As I have said, I was born and brought up on a Missouri farm. Like most farmers of that day, my parents had pretty hard scratching. My mother had been a country schoolteacher and my father had been a farm hand working for twelve dollars a month. Mother made not only my clothes, but also the soap with which we washed our clothes.

We rarely had any cash—except once a year when we sold our hogs. We traded our butter and eggs at the grocery store for flour, sugar, coffee. When I was twelve years old, I didn't have as much as fifty cents a year to spend on myself. I can still remember the day we went to a Fourth-of-July celebration and Father gave me ten cents to spend as I wished. I felt the wealth of the Indies was mine.

I walked a mile to attend a one-room country school. I walked when the snow was deep and the thermometer shivered around twenty-eight degrees below zero. Until I was fourteen, I never had any rubbers or overshoes. During the long, cold winters, my feet were always wet and cold. As a child, I never dreamed that anyone had dry, warm feet during the winter.

My parents slaved sixteen hours a day, yet we constantly were oppressed by debts and harassed by hard luck. One of my earliest memories is watching the flood waters of the 102 River rolling over our corn and hayfields, destroying everything. The floods destroyed our crops six years out of seven. Year after year, our hogs died of cholera and we burned them. I can close my eyes now and recall the pungent odor of burning hog flesh.

One year, the floods didn't come. We raised a bumper corn crop, bought feed cattle, and fattened them with our corn. But the floods might just as well have drowned our corn that year, for the price of fat cattle fell on the Chicago market; and after feeding and fattening the cattle, we got only thirty dollars more for them than what we had paid for them. Thirty dollars for a whole year's work!

No matter what we did, we lost money. I can still remember the mule colts that my father bought. We fed them for three years, hired men to break them, then shipped them to Memphis, Tennessee—and sold them for less than what we had paid for them three years previously.

After ten years of hard, grueling work, we were not only penniless; we were heavily in debt. Our farm was mortgaged. Try as hard as we might, we couldn't even pay the interest on the mortgage. The bank that held the mortgage abused and insulted my father and threatened to take his farm away from him. Father was forty-seven years old. After more than thirty years of hard work, he had nothing but debts and humiliation. It was more than he could take. He worried. His health broke. He had no desire for food; in spite of the hard physical work he was doing in the field all day, he had to take medicine to give him an appetite. He lost flesh. The doctor told my mother that he would be dead within six months.

Father was so worried that he no longer wanted to live. I have often heard my mother say that when Father went to the barn to feed the horses and milk the cows, and didn't come back as soon as she expected, she would go out to the barn, fearing that she would find his body dangling from the end of a rope.

◆ One day as he returned home from Maryville, where the banker had threatened to foreclose the mortgage, he stopped his horses on a bridge crossing the 102 River, got off the wagon, and stood for a long time looking down at the water, debating with himself whether he should jump in and end it all.

Years later, Father told me that the only reason he didn't jump was because of my mother's deep, abiding, and joyous belief that if we loved God and kept His commandments everything would come out all right. Mother was right. Everything did come out all right in the end. Father lived forty-two happy years longer, and died in 1941, at the age of eighty-nine.

During all those years of struggle and heartache, my mother never worried. She took all her troubles to God in prayer. Every night before we went to bed, Mother would read a chapter from the Bible; frequently Mother or Father would read these comforting words of Jesus: "In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you . . . that where I am, there ye may be also." Then we all knelt down and prayed for God's protection.

When William James was professor of philosophy at Harvard, he said, "Of course, the sovereign cure for worry is religious faith."

You don't have to go to Harvard to discover that.

◆ My mother wanted me to devote my life to religious work. I thought seriously of becoming a foreign missionary. Then I went away to college; and gradually, as the years passed, a change came over me. I studied biology, science, philosophy, and comparative religions. I read books on how the Bible was written. I began to question many of its assertions. I began to doubt many of the then narrow doctrines taught by the country preachers of that day. I was bewildered. Like Walt Whitman, I "felt the curious, abrupt questionings stir within me." I didn't know what to believe. I saw no purpose in life. I stopped praying. I became an agnostic. I believed that all life was planless and aimless. I believed that human beings had no more divine purpose than had the dinosaurs that roamed the earth two hundred million years ago.

I felt that someday the human race would perish—just as the dinosaurs had. I knew that science taught that the sun was slowly cooling and that when its temperature fell even ten per cent, no form of life could exist on earth. I sneered at the idea of a beneficent God who had created man in His own likeness. I believed that the billions upon billions of suns whirling through black, cold, lifeless space had been created by blind force. Maybe they had never been created at all. Maybe they had existed forever—just as time and space have always existed.

Do I profess to know the answers to all those questions now? No. No man has ever been able to explain the mystery of the universe—the mystery of life. We are surrounded by mysteries. The fact that I don't understand the mysteries of prayer and religion no longer keeps me from enjoying the richer, happier life that religion brings. At long last, I realize the wisdom of Santayana's words: "Man is not made to understand life, but to live it."

I have gone back—well, I was about to say that I had gone *back* to religion; but that would not be accurate. I have gone *forward* to a new concept of religion. I no longer have the faintest interest in the differences in creeds that divide the churches. But I am tremendously interested in what religion does for me, just as I am interested in what electricity and good food and water do for me.

But religion does far more than that. It brings me spiritual values. It gives me faith, hope and courage. It banishes tensions, anxieties, fears, and worries. It gives purpose to my life—and direction. It vastly improves my happiness. It gives me abounding health. It helps me to create for myself "an oasis of peace amidst the whirling sands of life."

Yes, the Christian religion is an inspiring, health-giving activity. Jesus said: "I came that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." Jesus denounced and attacked the dry forms and dead rituals that passed for religion in His day. He was a rebel. He preached a new kind of religion—a religion that threatened to upset the world. That is why He was crucified. He preached that religion should exist for man—not man for religion; that the Sabbath was made for man—not man for the Sabbath. He talked more about fear than He did about sin. *The wrong kind of fear is a sin*—a sin against your health, a sin against the richer, fuller, happier, courageous life that Jesus advocated.

◆ Jesus declared that there were only two important things about religion: loving God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves. Any man who does that is religious, regardless of whether he knows it. For example, my father-in-law, Henry Price, of Tulsa, Oklahoma. He tries to live by the golden rule; and he is incapable of doing anything mean, selfish, or dishonest. However, he doesn't attend church, and regards himself as an agnostic. Nonsense! What makes a man a Christian? I'll let John Baillie answer that. He was probably the most distinguished professor who ever taught theology at the University of Edinburgh. He said: "What makes a man a Christian is neither his intellectual acceptance of certain ideas, nor his conformity to a certain rule, but his possession of a certain Spirit, and his participation in a certain Life."

The late Mahatma Gandhi, the greatest Indian leader since Buddha, would have collapsed if he had not been inspired by the sustaining power of prayer. "Without prayer," he wrote, "I should have been a lunatic long ago."

When we are harassed and reach the limit of our own strength, many of us then turn in desperation to God—"There are no atheists in foxholes." But why wait till we are desperate? Why not renew our strength every day? Why wait even until Sunday? For years I have had the habit of dropping into empty churches on *weekday afternoons.* When I feel that I am too rushed and hurried to spare a few minutes to think about spiritual things, I say to myself: "Wait a minute, Dale Carnegie, wait a minute. Why all the feverish hurry and rush, little man? You need to pause and acquire a little perspective." At such times I frequently drop into the first church that I find open. Although I am a Protestant, I frequently, on weekday afternoons, drop into St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, and remind myself that I'll be dead in another thirty years, but that the great spiritual truths that all churches teach are eternal. I close my eyes and pray. I find that doing this calms my nerves, rests my body, clarifies my perspective, and helps me revalue my values. May I recommend this practice to you?

I know men who regard religion as something for women and children and preachers. They pride themselves on being "he-men" who can fight their battles alone.

How surprised they might be to learn that some of the most famous "he-men" in the world pray every day. For example, "he-man" Jack Dempsey told me that he never goes to bed without saying his prayers. He told me that he prayed every day when he was training for a bout, and that when he was fighting, he always prayed just before the bell sounded for each round. "Praying," he said, "helped me fight with courage and confidence."

When "he-man" Eisenhower flew to England to take supreme command of the British and American forces, he took only one book on the plane with him—the Bible.

"He-man" General Mark Clark told me that he read his Bible every day during the war and knelt down in prayer. So did Chiang Kai-shek, and General Montgomery—"Monty of El Alamein." So did Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. So did General Washington, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and scores of other great military leaders.

These "he-men" discovered the truth of William James's statement: "We and God have business with each other; and in opening ourselves to His influence, our deepest destiny is fulfilled."

Even if you are not a religious person by nature or training—even if you are an out-and-out skeptic—prayer can help you much more than you believe, for it is a *practical* thing. What do I mean, practical? I mean that prayer fulfills these three very basic psychological needs which all people share, whether they believe in God or not:

1. Prayer helps us to put into words exactly what is troubling us. Praying, in a way, is very much like writing our problem down on paper. If we ask help for a problem—even from God—we must put it into words.

2. Prayer gives us a sense of sharing our burdens, of not being alone. Few of us are so strong that we can bear our heaviest burdens, our most agonizing troubles, all by ourselves. Sometimes our worries are of so intimate a nature that we cannot discuss them even with our closest relatives or friends. Then prayer is the answer. Any psychiatrist will tell us that when we are pent-up and tense, and in an agony of spirit, it is therapeutically good to tell someone our troubles. When we can't tell anyone else—we can always tell God.

3. Prayer puts into force an active principle of *doing.* It's a first step toward *action.* I doubt if anyone can pray for some fulfillment, day after day, without benefiting from it—in other words, without taking some steps to bring it to pass.

If you don't know how to pray, repeat the prayer of the Khond tribe in India: "O God, we do not know what is best for us, but You do—and for that we pray."

◆ An event occurred in 1929 that created a national sensation in educational circles. Learned men from all over America rushed to Chicago to witness the affair. A few years earlier, a young man by the name of Robert Hutchins had worked his way through Yale, acting as a waiter, a lumberjack, a tutor, and a clothesline salesman. Now, only eight years later, he was being inaugurated as president of the fourth richest university in America, the University of Chicago. His age? Thirty. Incredible! The older educators shook their heads. Criticism came roaring down upon this "boy wonder" like a rockslide. He was this and he was that—too young, inexperienced—his educational ideas were cockeyed. Even the newspapers joined in the attack.

The day he was inaugurated, a friend said to the father of Robert Maynard Hutchins: "I was shocked this morning to read that newspaper editorial denouncing your son."

"Yes," the elder Hutchins replied, "it was severe, but remember that no one ever kicks a dead dog."

◆ Yes, and the more important a dog is, the more satisfaction people get in kicking him. The Prince of Wales who later became Edward VIII (now Duke of Windsor) had that brought home to him in the seat of his pants. He was attending Dartmouth College in Devonshire at the time—a college that corresponds to our Naval Academy at Annapolis. The Prince was about fourteen. One day one of the naval officers found him crying, and asked him what was wrong. He refused to tell at first, but finally admitted the truth: he was being kicked by the naval cadets. The commodore of the college summoned the boys and explained to them that the Prince had not complained, but he wanted to find out why the Prince had been singled out for this rough treatment.

After much hemming and hawing and toe scraping, the cadets finally confessed that when they themselves became commanders and captains in the King's Navy, they wanted to be able to say that they had kicked the king!

So when you are kicked and criticized, remember that it is often done because it gives the kicker a feeling of importance. It often means that you are accomplishing something and are worthy of attention. Many people get a sense of savage satisfaction out of denouncing those who are better educated than they are or more successful.

What American do you suppose was denounced as a "hypocrite," an "impostor," and as "little better than a murderer"? A newspaper cartoon depicted him on a guillotine, the big knife ready to cut off his head.

Crowds jeered at him and hissed him as he rode through the streets. Who was he? George Washington.

But that occurred a long time ago. Maybe human nature has improved since then. Let's see. Let's take the case of Admiral Peary—the explorer who startled and thrilled the world by reaching the North Pole with dog sleds—a goal that brave men for centuries had suffered and starved and died to attain. Peary himself almost died from cold and starvation; and eight of his toes were frozen so hard they had to be cut off. He was so overwhelmed with disasters that he feared he would go insane. His superior naval officers in Washington accused him of collecting money for scientific expeditions and then "lying around and loafing in the Arctic." And they probably believed it, because it is almost impossible not to believe what you want to believe. Their determination to humiliate and block Peary was so violent that only a direct order from President McKinley enabled Peary to continue his career in the Arctic.

Would Peary have been denounced if he had had a desk job in the Navy Department in Washington? No. He wouldn't have been important enough then to have aroused jealousy.

Remember that unjust criticism is often a disguised compliment.

Remember that no one ever kicks a dead dog.

◆ I once interviewed Major General Smedley Butler—old "Gimlet-Eye." Old "Hell-Devil" Butler! Remember him? The most colorful, swashbuckling general who ever commanded the United States Marines.

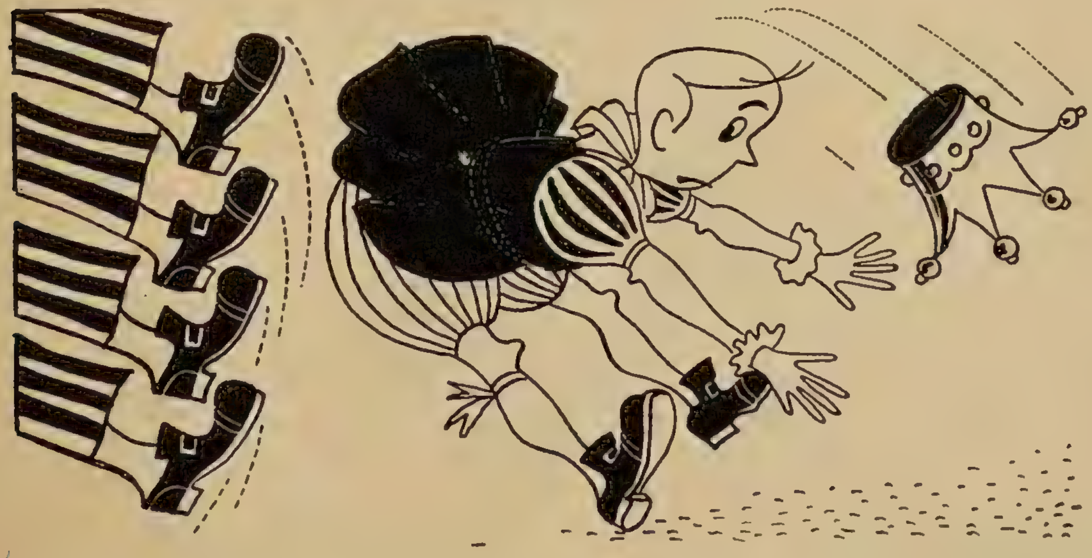
He told me that when he was young, he was desperately eager to be popular, wanted to make a good impression on everyone. In those days the slightest criticism smarted and stung. But he confessed that thirty years in the Marines had toughened his hide.

"I have been berated and insulted," he said, "and denounced as a yellow dog, a snake, and a skunk. I have been cursed by the experts. I have been called every possible combination of unprintable cuss words in the English language. Bother me? Huh! When I hear somebody cussing me now, I never turn my head to see who is talking."

Maybe old "Gimlet-Eye" Butler was too indifferent to criticism; but one thing is sure: most of us take the little jibes and javelins that are hurled at us far too seriously. I remember the time, years ago, when a reporter from the New York *Sun* attended a demonstration meeting of my adult-education classes and lampooned me and my work. Was I burned up? I took it as a personal insult. I telephoned the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the *Sun*, and practically demanded he print an article stating the facts—instead of ridicule. I was determined to make the punishment fit the crime.

I am ashamed now of the way I acted. I realize now that half the people who bought the paper never saw that article. Half of those who read it regarded it as a source of innocent merriment. Half of those who gloated over it forgot all about it in a few weeks.

I realize now that people are not thinking about you and me or caring what is said about us. They are thinking about themselves—before breakfast, after breakfast, and right on until ten minutes past midnight. They would be a thousand times more concerned about a slight headache of their own than they would about the news of your death or mine.



Edward VIII (now Duke of Windsor) admitted being kicked by naval cadets.

Even if you and I are lied about, ridiculed, double-crossed, knifed in the back, and sold down the river by one out of every six of our most intimate friends—let's not indulge in an orgy of self-pity. Instead, let's remind ourselves that that's precisely what happened to Jesus. One of His twelve most intimate friends turned traitor for a bribe that would amount, in our modern money, to about nineteen dollars. Another one of His twelve most intimate friends openly deserted Jesus the moment He got into trouble, and declared three times that he didn't even know Jesus—and he swore as he said it. One out of six! That is what happened to Jesus. Why should you and I expect a better score?

I discovered years ago that although I couldn't keep people from criticizing me unjustly, I could do something infinitely more important: I could determine if I would let the unjust condemnation disturb me.

◆ Let's be clear about this: I am not advocating ignoring all criticism. Far from it. I am talking about *ignoring only unjust criticism.* I once asked Eleanor Roosevelt how she handled unjust criticism—and Allah knows she's had a lot of it. She told me that as a young girl she was almost morbidly shy, afraid of what people might say. She was so afraid of criticism that one day she asked her aunt, Theodore Roosevelt's sister, for advice. She said: "Auntie Bye, I want to do so-and-so. But I'm afraid of being criticized."

Teddy Roosevelt's sister looked her in the eye and said: "Never be bothered by what people say, as long as you know in your heart you are right." Eleanor Roosevelt told me that that bit of advice proved to be her Rock of Gibraltar years later, when she was in the White House.

When Charles Schwab was addressing the student body at Princeton, he confessed that one of the most important lessons he had ever learned was taught to him by an old German who worked in Schwab's steel mill. This old German got involved in a hot wartime argument with the other steelworkers, and they tossed him into the river. "When he came into my office," Mr. Schwab said, "covered with mud and water, I asked him what he said to the men who had thrown him into the river, and he replied: 'I yust laughed.'"

Mr. Schwab declared that he had adopted that old German's words as his motto: "Yust laugh."

That motto is especially good when you are the victim of unjust criticism. You can answer the man who answers you back, but what can you say to the man who "yust laughs"?

Do the very best you can; and then put up your old umbrella and keep the rain of criticism from running down the back of your neck.

◆

I have a folder in my private filing cabinet marked "FTD"—short for "Fool Things I Have Done." I put in that folder written records of the fool things I have been guilty of. I sometimes dictate these memos to my secretary, but sometimes they are so personal, so stupid, that I am ashamed to dictate them, so I write them out in longhand.

I can still recall some of the criticisms of Dale Carnegie that I put in my "FTD" folders fifteen years ago. If I had been utterly honest with myself, I would now have a filing cabinet bursting out at the seams with these "FTD" memos. I can truthfully repeat what the Apostle Paul said nineteen centuries ago: "I have played the fool and have erred exceedingly."

When I get out my "FTD" folders and reread the criticisms I have written of myself, they help me deal with the toughest problem I shall ever face: the management of Dale Carnegie.

I used to blame my troubles on other people; but as I have grown older—and wiser, I hope—I have realized that I myself, in the last analysis, am to blame for almost all my misfortunes. Lots of people have discovered that, as they grow older.

Elbert Hubbard said: "Every man is a damn fool for at least five minutes every day. Wisdom consists in not exceeding that limit."

Suppose someone denounced you as "a damn fool"—what would you do? Get angry? Indignant? Here is what Lincoln did: Edward M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, once called Lincoln "a damn fool." Stanton was indignant because Lincoln had been meddling in Stanton's affairs. In order to please a selfish politician, Lincoln had signed an order transferring certain regiments. Stanton not only refused to carry out Lincoln's orders, but swore that Lincoln was a damn fool for ever signing such orders. What happened? When Lincoln was told what Stanton had said, Lincoln calmly replied: "If Stanton said I am a damned fool, then I must be, for he is nearly always right. I'll just step over and see for myself."

Lincoln did go to see Stanton. Stanton convinced him that the order was wrong, and Lincoln withdrew it. Lincoln welcomed criticism when he knew it was sincere, founded on knowledge, and given in a spirit of helpfulness.

You and I ought to welcome that kind of criticism, too, for we can't even hope to be right more than three times out of four. Einstein, the most profound thinker now living, confesses that his conclusions are wrong ninety-nine per cent of the time!

We all tend to resent criticism and lap up praise, regardless of whether either the criticism or the praise is justified. We are not creatures of logic. We are creatures of emotions. Our logic is like a canoe tossed about on a deep, dark, stormy sea of emotion. Most of us have a pretty good opinion of ourselves as we are now. But in forty years from now, we may look back and laugh at the persons we are today.

When your anger is rising because you feel you have been unjustly condemned, why not stop and say: "Just a minute. . . . I am far from perfect. If Einstein admits he is wrong ninety-nine per cent of the time, maybe I am wrong at least eighty per cent of the time. Maybe I deserve this criticism. If I do, I ought to be thankful for it, and try to profit by it."

I know a former soap salesman who used even to *ask* for criticism. When he first started out selling soap for Colgate, orders came slowly. He worried about losing his job. Since he knew there was nothing wrong with the soap or the price, he figured that the trouble must be himself. When he failed to make a sale, he would often walk around the block trying to figure out what was wrong. Had he been too vague? Did he lack enthusiasm? Sometimes he would go back to the merchant and say: "I haven't come back here to try to sell you any soap. I have come back to get your advice and your criticism. Won't you please tell me what I did that was wrong when I tried to sell you soap a few minutes ago? You are far more experienced and successful than I am. Please give me your criticism. Be frank. Don't pull your punches."

This attitude won him a lot of friends and priceless advice.

What do you suppose ever happened to him? Today he is president of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Soap Company—the world's largest makers of soap. His name is E. H. Little.

Let's keep a record of the fool things we have done and criticize ourselves. Since we can't hope to be perfect, let's do what E. H. Little did, let's ask for unbiased, helpful, constructive criticism.

◆

I once asked David M. Goodrich, Chairman of the Board, B. F. Goodrich Company—tire manufacturers—what he considered the first requisite of success in business, and he replied—"Having a good time at your work. If you enjoy what you are doing," he said, "you may work long hours, but it won't seem like work at all. It will seem like play."

Edison was a good example of that. Edison—the unschooled newsboy who grew up to transform the industrial life of America—Edison, the man who often ate and slept in his laboratory and toiled there for eighteen hours a day. But it wasn't toil to him. "I never did a day's work in my life," he exclaimed. "It was all fun."

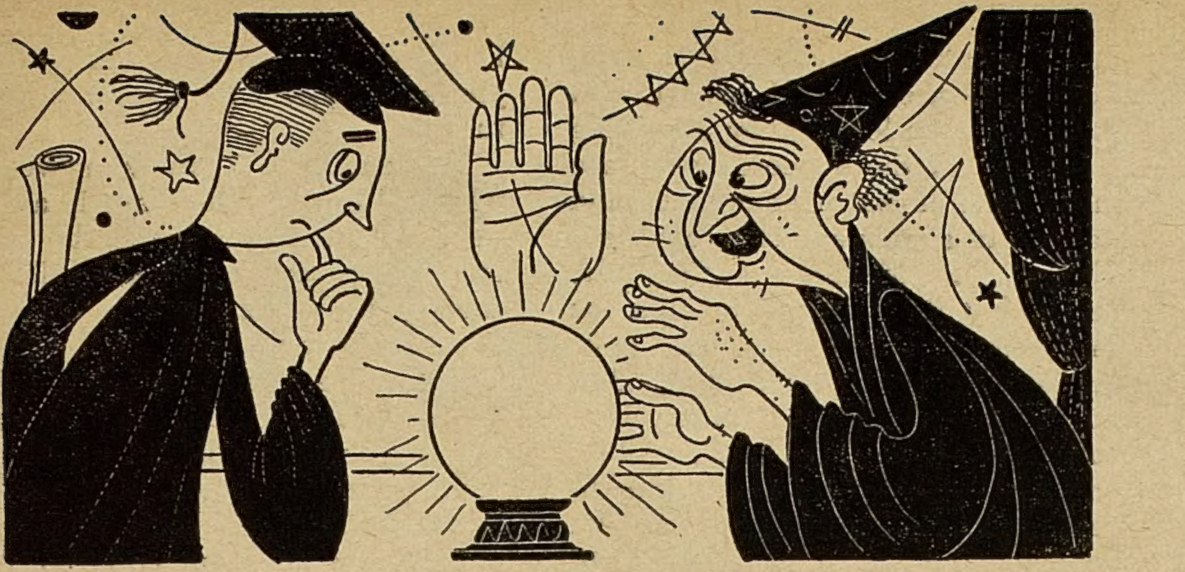
No wonder he succeeded!

I once heard Charles Schwab say much the same thing. He said: "A man can succeed at almost anything for which he has unlimited enthusiasm."

Among the unhappiest people on this earth are "industrial misfits" who hate their daily work! Do you know the kind of man who "cracked up" in the Army? The man who was misplaced! I'm not talking about battle casualties, but about the men who cracked up in ordinary service. Dr. William Menninger, one of our greatest living psychiatrists, was in charge of the Army's neuropsychiatric division during the war, and he says: "We learned much in the Army as to the importance of selection and of placement, of putting the right man in the right job. . . . A conviction of the importance of the job at hand was extremely important. *Where a man had no interest, where he felt he was misplaced, where he thought he was not appreciated, where he believed his talents were being misused, invariably we found a potential if not an actual psychiatric casualty.*"

Yes—and for the same reasons, a man may "crack up" in industry. If he despises his business, he can crack it up, too.

Take, for example, the case of Phil Johnson. Phil Johnson's father owned a laundry, so he gave his son a job, hoping the boy would work



"Don't go to anyone who tells you that he has a magic system."

into the business. But Phil hated the laundry, so he dawdled, loafed, did what he had to do and not a lick more. Some days he was "absent." His father was so hurt to think he had a shiftless, ambitionless son that he was actually ashamed before his employees.

One day Phil Johnson told his father he wanted to be a mechanic —work in a machine shop. What? Go back to overalls? The old man was shocked. But Phil had his way. He worked in greasy dungarees. He did much harder work than was required at the laundry. He worked longer hours, and he whistled at his job! He took up engineering, learned about engines, puttered with machines—and when Philip Johnson died, in 1944, he was president of the Boeing Aircraft Company, and was making the Flying Fortresses that helped to win the war! If he had stuck with the laundry, what would have happened to him and the laundry — especially after his father's death? My guess is he would have ruined the business—cracked it up and run it into the ground.

Even at the risk of starting family rows, I would like to say to young people: *Don't feel compelled to enter a business or trade just because your family wants you to do it!* Don't enter a career unless you want to do it! However, consider carefully the advice of your parents. They have probably lived twice as long as you have. They have gained the kind of wisdom that comes only from much experience and the passing of many years. But, in the last analysis, you are the one who has to make the final decision. You are the one who is going to be either happy or miserable at your work.

The following five suggestions about selecting a vocational-guidance counselor were made by one of America's leading vocational-guidance experts, Professor Harry Dexter Kitson:

a. "Don't go to anyone who tells you that he has a magic system that will indicate your 'vocational aptitude.' In this group are phrenologists, astrologers, 'character analysts,' handwriting experts. Their 'systems' do not work."

b. "Don't go to anyone who tells you that he can give you a test that will indicate what occupation you should choose. Such a person violates the principle that a vocational counselor must take into account the physical, social, and economic conditions surrounding the counselee; and he should render his service in the light of the occupational opportunities open to the counselee."

c. "Seek a vocational counselor who has an adequate library of information about occupations and uses it in the counseling process."

d. "A thorough vocational-guidance service generally requires more than one interview."

e. "Never accept vocational guidance by mail."

Keep out of business and professions that are already jam-packed and overflowing! There are more than twenty thousand different ways of making a living in America. Think of it! Over twenty thousand. Beware especially of trying to elbow your way into such overcrowded fields as law, journalism, radio, motion pictures, and the "glamour occupations."

Stay out of activities where the chances are only one out of ten of your being able to make a living. As an example, take selling life insurance.

Spend weeks—even months, if necessary—finding out all you can about an occupation before deciding to devote your life to it! How? By interviewing men and women who have already spent ten, twenty, or forty years in that occupation.

When I was in my early twenties, I sought the vocational advice of two older men. As I look back now, I can see that those two interviews were turning points in my career. In fact, it would be difficult for me even to imagine what my life would have been like had I not had those two interviews.

If you can afford to do so, offer to pay a man for a half-hour of his time and advice.

Get over the mistaken belief that you are fitted for only a single occupation! Every normal person can succeed at a number of occupations, and every normal person would probably fail in many occupations.

◆ Seventy per cent of all our worries, according to a survey, are about money. An expert on budgets told me: "More money is *not* the answer to most people's financial worries. In fact, I have often seen it happen that an increase in income accomplished nothing but an increase in spending —and an increase in headaches. What causes most people to worry," she said, "is not that they haven't enough money, but that *they don't know how to spend the money they have!*" . . . You snorted at that last sentence, didn't you? Well, before you snort again, please remember that she said, *"most people."* She didn't mean you. She meant your sisters and your cousins, whom you reckon by the dozens.

A lot of readers are going to say, "I wish this guy Carnegie had *my* bills to meet, *my* obligations to keep up—on *my* weekly salary. If he did, I'll bet he would change his tune." Well, I have had my financial troubles: I have worked ten hours a day at hard physical labor in the cornfields and hay barns of Missouri— worked until my one supreme wish was to be free from the aching pains of utter physical exhaustion. I was paid five cents an hour for a ten-hour day.

I know what it means to walk miles to save a nickel carfare and have holes in the bottom of my shoes and patches on the seat of my pants. I know what it means to order the cheapest dish on a restaurant menu.

Yet, even during those times, I usually managed to save a few dimes and quarters out of my income because I was *afraid* not to. As a result of this experience, I realized that if you and I long to avoid debt and financial worries, then we have to do what a business firm does: we have to have a plan for spending our money and spend according to that plan.

Here's something to consider—*where your money is concerned, you're in business for yourself!* And it is literally "your business" what you do with your money.

The idea of a budget is not to wring all the joy out of life. The idea is to give us a sense of material security—which in many cases means emotional security and freedom from worry.

We all want to get more out of life. But in the long run, which is going to bring us more happiness—forcing ourselves to live within a tight budget, or having dunning letters in the mail and creditors at the door?

If you are faced with an emergency and find you must borrow, life-insurance policies and U. S. Treasury Bonds are literally money in your pocket. However, be sure your insurance policies have a savings aspect, if you want to borrow on them, for this means a cash value. Certain types of insurance, called "term insurance," are merely for your protection over a given period of time and do not build up reserves.

◆ Now, suppose you haven't insurance you can borrow on, and you haven't any bonds, but you do own a house, or a car, or some other kind of collateral. Where do you go to borrow? By all means, to a bank! Banks all over this land are subject to strict regulation; they have a reputation to maintain in the community; the rate of interest they can charge is fixed firmly by law; and they will deal with you fairly. Frequently, if you are in a financial jam, the bank will go so far as to discuss your problems with you, make a plan, and help you work your way out of your worry and indebtedness. I repeat, I repeat, if you have collateral, go to a bank!

However, suppose you are one of the thousands who don't have collateral, don't own any property, and have nothing to offer as guarantee except your wages or salary? Then, as you value your life, heed this word of warning! Do not—do not—apply to the first "loan company" whose alluring advertisements you see in the paper. These people, to read some of their ads, are as generous as Santa Claus. Don't you believe it! However, there are some companies with nation-wide reputations that are ethical, honest, and strictly on the level. They are doing a service to those people who are faced with illness or emergency and have to raise money. They charge a higher rate of interest than the banks, but they have to do this, for they take greater risks and have greater expenses in collecting. But, before doing business with any loan company, go to your bank, talk to one of its officers, and ask him to recommend a loan company that he *knows* to be fair. Otherwise—well, but here is what can happen:

At one time a newspaper in Minneapolis conducted an investigation into loan companies that were supposedly operating within the regulations laid down by the Russell Sage Foundation. I know a man who worked on that investigation—his name is Douglas Lurton. Doug Lurton tells me that the abuses he saw among the poorer class of debtors would make your hair stand on end. Loans that had begun as a mere fifty dollars had soared and multiplied to three and four hundred dollars before they were paid. Wages were garnisheed; and, frequently, the man whose wages were attached was fired by his company. People were found who had been paying on small loans for four and five years and still owed money! Unusual cases? To quote Doug Lurton: "In our campaign, we so flooded the court with cases of this sort that the judges cried uncle, and the newspaper itself had to set up an arbitration bureau to take care of the hundreds of cases."

◆ How is such a thing possible? Well, the answer, of course, is in all sorts of hidden charges and extra "legal fees." Here is a rule to remember in dealing with loan companies: if you are absolutely certain you can pay the money off quickly, then your interest will be low, or reasonably low, and you will get off fairly. But if you have to renew, and keep on renewing, then your interest can mount into figures that would make Einstein dizzy. Doug Lurton tells me that in some cases these additional fees had swollen the original indebtedness to two thousand per cent.

Insurance is available, for relatively small sums, on all kinds of accidents, misfortunes, and conceivable emergencies. I am not suggesting that you cover yourself for everything from slipping in the bathtub to catching German measles—but I do suggest that you protect yourself against the major misfortunes.

For example, I know a woman who had to spend ten days in a hospital last year and, when she came out, was presented with a bill—*for exactly eight dollars!* The answer? She had hospital insurance.

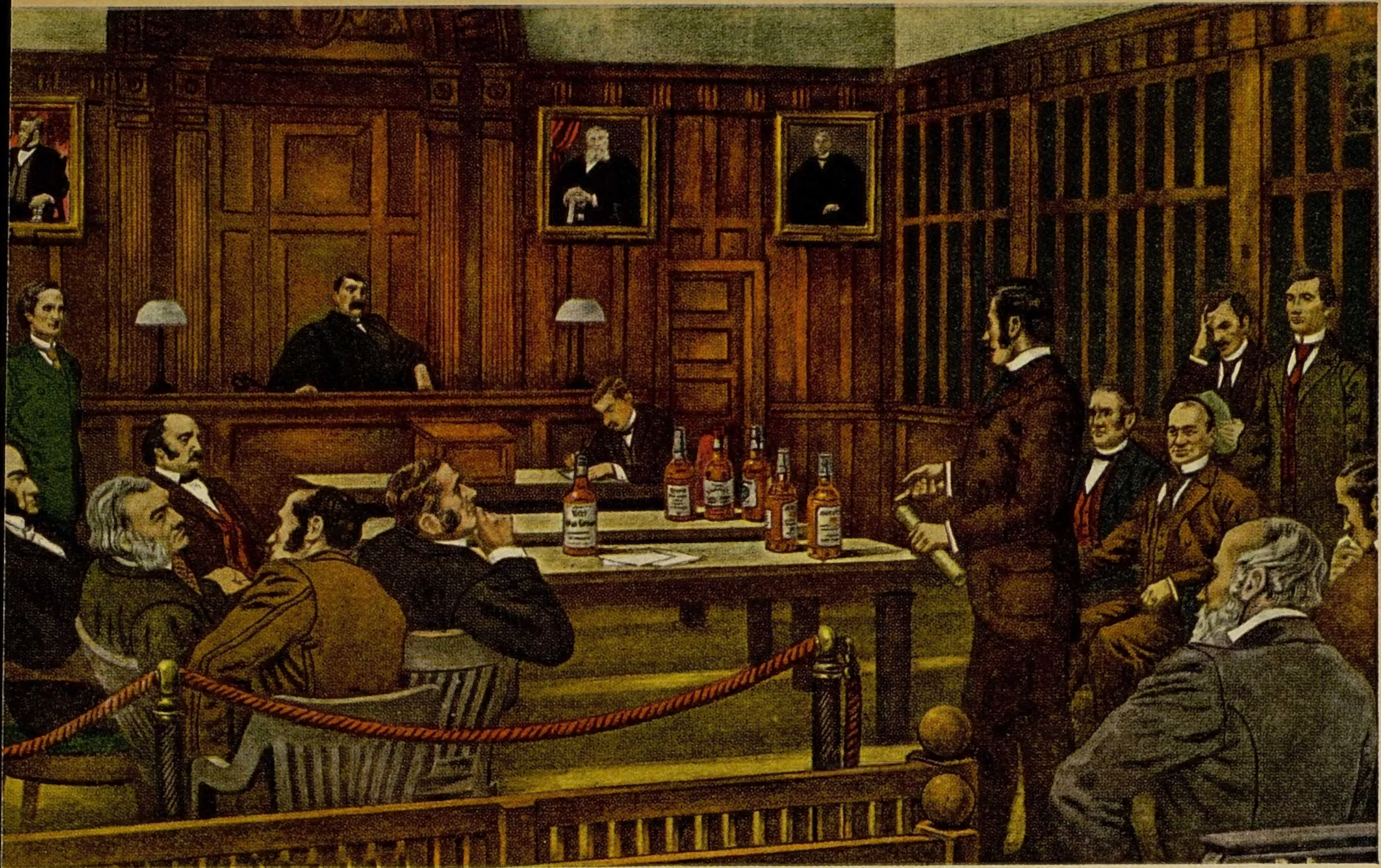
If you are carrying life insurance to provide for your family after you're gone, *do not,* I beg of you, have your insurance paid in one lump sum. If you want to protect your widow and your children, why not take a tip from J. P. Morgan—one of the wisest financiers who ever lived? He left money in his will to sixteen principal legatees. Twelve were women. Did he leave these women cash? No. He left trust funds that insured these women a monthly income for life.

◆ We may be worried because we can't keep up with the Joneses; but the Joneses are probably worried because they can't keep up with the Ritzes; and the Ritzes are worried because they can't keep up with the Vanderbilts. Some of the most famous men in American history have had their financial troubles. Both Lincoln and Washington had to borrow money to make the trip to be inaugurated as President.

If we can't have all we want, let's not poison our days and sour our dispositions with worry and resentment. And let's remember this: even if we owned the entire United States with a hog-tight fence around it, we could eat only three meals a day and sleep in only one bed at a time.

To lessen financial worries, let's try to follow these eleven rules:

1. Get the facts down on paper!
2. Get a tailor-made budget that really fits your needs!
3. Learn how to spend wisely.
4. Don't increase your headaches with your income.
5. Try to build credit, in the event you must borrow.
6. Protect yourself against illness, fire, and emergency expenses.
7. Do not have your life-insurance proceeds paid to your widow in cash.
8. Teach your children a responsible attitude toward money.
9. If you are a housewife, maybe you can make a little extra money off your kitchen stove.
10. Don't gamble—ever.
11. If we can't possibly improve our financial situation, let's be good to ourselves and stop resenting what can't be changed. ◆ ◆



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